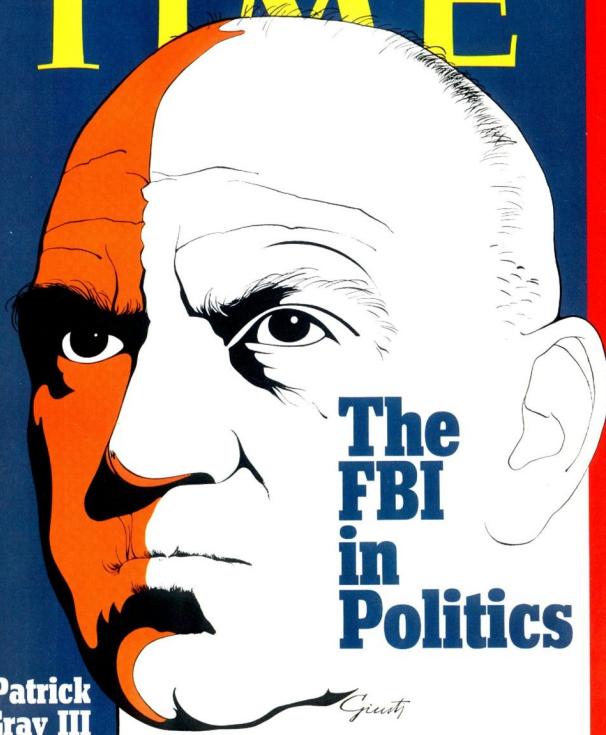


FIFTY CENTS

MARCH 26, 1973

TIME



The FBI in Politics

**L. Patrick
Gray III**

This demonstration recreates the powerful cleaning ability of Sears Lady Kenmore Dishwasher (Certified by the Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute).



Sears Lady Kenmore. The do-it-itself dishwasher.

No scraping. No pre-rinsing. Lady Kenmore has 6 powerful hot water jets for the bottom rack, surging hot water with enough force to scrub every dish, pot and pan really clean. Even baked-on food comes off.

And the dishes on top get as clean as those on the bottom. Because every cup and glass is scoured inside and out by a field of eight upper jets.

Then there's Lady Kenmore's protected pulverizer for leftovers. It's kind of a mini-grinder with 12 stainless steel teeth that grind soft foods into tiny particles that wash right down the drain. (Of course, water is always

fresh and clean—the water that rinses your dishes hasn't washed them.)

And our 8 different cycles include Sani-wash, which gives your dishes an extra-hot 155° final rinse. So everything is hygienically clean.

What's more, Sears Lady Kenmore is built to perform. But if you ever do have a problem, you can rely on Sears service.

Sears Lady Kenmore does just about everything, itself. So you really do have freedom from scraping and pre-rinsing. That's why we call it The Freedom Maker. The Freedom Maker, both built-in and portable, is

available at Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores and through the catalog.



Sears



The Freedom Maker™



**Is "burial insurance" all you have?
New York Life suggests you should provide
your family with considerably more.**

If you're like most people, you already have some life insurance. Your mind is at ease.

But take a look at it. If all you've got is \$5,000 worth, you really only have what people used to call "burial insurance"—enough for final expenses, a decent funeral, and that's about it.

And if "burial insurance" is what you own, then obviously you don't have enough to do what life insurance is designed primarily to do: protect the living.

The soundest, surest way to provide basic financial

security for your family is through an adequate and well-planned life insurance program. If you should die, it will guarantee your wife and children the money to continue living a decent life.

How much life insurance would that take?

That depends on your special needs.

Your New York Life Agent can help you analyze your requirements, then develop a program within your means. See him soon.

We guarantee tomorrow today.



A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

AS A TIME correspondent in Canada for 14 years, Ed Ogle had seen it all before. He watched as the nation's Red Ensign, with its British Union Jack, was replaced by the red and white maple leaf flag; he heard the familiar strains of *God Save the Queen* fade out when *O Canada* became the national anthem. Now based in Australia, Ogle is again witness to a growing spirit of nationalism in another Commonwealth nation. The new mood Down Under has been fostered largely by Gough Whitlam, Australia's first Labor Party Prime Minister in 23 years and—as Ogle discovered—a hard man to interview. After doggedly trailing the Prime Minister, who could not find a break in his busy schedule, Ogle finally decided to camp on Whitlam's doorstep. He was rewarded one morning when Whitlam suddenly appeared and invited him in.



JOHN YATES



REOUL GATCHELSON

"Whitlam could squeeze me in," Ogle reports, "only because a diplomat from one of the Southeast Asian countries had not shown up." The interview that followed was the first that Whitlam had given to any correspondent, foreign or Australian, since taking office. Ogle's report on Whitlam and the new course he has set for his nation is the basis of this week's World story, written in New York by Associate Editor Edwin Bolwell, who has a special affection for Australia. He was born and lived there for 25 years.

Another Australian-born writer, Associate Editor Robert Hughes, was also involved with a subject that seemed close to home. Working with files from TIME correspondents in Italy, Turkey and Switzerland, he wrote this week's Art story on archaeological thievery. Hughes brought to the story a firsthand knowledge gained while he was living in Port' Ercole, Italy, in 1964 and 1965. It was an area settled by the ancient Etruscans, and was honeycombed with tombs. "Every farmer you met had an ancient pot or two in his house," Hughes recalls, "except the ones who were off in Tuscany making fakes. Tomb-robbing was the local cottage industry." Hughes made his contribution to the local economy. Buying Etruscan pots from farmers and amateur dealers at top prices of from \$15 to \$20 each, he eventually accumulated some 40 pieces, at least half of them fake. "My eye was very naive," he confesses. During his later travels, he stored the collection with a friend in Florence where it was destroyed in the great flood of 1966. "Maybe if I hadn't bought them," says Hughes ruefully, "they'd still exist."

Ralph P. Davidson

INDEX

Cover Story.....17	Environment.....79	Press.....67
Color.....99	Law.....68	Religion.....111
Essay.....68	Letters.....8	Sexes.....64
	Milestones.....96	Show Business.....75
Art.....93	Modern Living.....98	& Television.....75
Books.....104	Nation.....16	Sport.....70
Cinema.....90	People.....61	Theater.....101
Economy.....		World.....34
& Business.....82		

The Cover: Pen and ink drawing by George Giusti.

TIME is published weekly, \$14.00 per year, by Time Inc., 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Shepley, President; Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Vol. 101, No. 13 © 1973 Time Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited.

ME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Founders: BRITON HAZARD 1896-1920
HENRY R. LUCE 1898-1967

Editor-in-Chief: Hedley Donovan
Chairman of the Board: Andrew Heikell
President: James R. Shepley
Chairman Executive Committee: James A. Linen
Group Vice President, Magazines: Arthur W. Keylor
Vice Chairman: Roy E. Larsen

MANAGING EDITOR

Henry Andole Onizwald

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITORS

Murray J. Gant, Edward L. Jamieson, Richard M. Seamon

SENIOR EDITORS: A. T. Baker, Laurence L. Barrett, Ruth Brine, John T. Elson, Timothy Foote, Otto Friedrich, Leon Joffe, Marshall Laeb, Jason McManus, Donald Neff, Christopher Porterfield.
Diplomatic Editor: Jerrold L. Schecter
International Editor: R. Edward Jackson
European Editor: Jesse L. Binswam. Associate: Curtis Prendergast.

ART DIRECTOR

Louis R. Gleason

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Edwin Bolwell, Ciel Bryant, Gilbert Cant, George J. Church, Gerald Clarke, William R. Danner, Martha M. Duffy, Frederic Golden, Philip Herrera, Robert Hughes, Geoffrey Johns, Timothy M. James, T. E. Kaler, Stefan Kanfer, Roy Kennedy, Jonathan L. Larson, Ed Magnusson, Lance Marlow, R. Z. Sheppard, William E. Smith, Edwin G. Warner.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Virginia Adams, Christopher P. Anderson, William Barber, Patricia Baker, John J. Burt Foster, Jr., John C. H. Fisher, III, Mark S. Goodman, James Grant, Marguerite Johnson, Robert T. Jones, Bob McCabe, Frank B. Merrick, Maya M. M. M., Thomas Moore, Donald M. Morrison, Mark Nichols, James Randall, Clare M. Rosen, Peter Sioer, Mark Vishniak, Sam R. Washington, Jack E. White, Roger Wolymuth.

REPORTER-RESEARCHERS: Marylou Purdy Vega (Chief), Nancy L. Williams (Deputy)

Department Heads: Priscilla B. Badger, Maria Luisa Caneros (Letters), Marta Fitzgerald-Damon, Dorothy Haymes, Urtula Noddy, Raissa Silverman.
Senior Staff: Audrey Ball, Jean Bergerud, Margaret G. Booth, Nancy M.C. Chase, Anne Constable, Kathleen Cool, Leah Shanks Gordon, Patricia N. Gordan, Harriet Heck, Anne Houghton, Nancy Newman, Sue Roffey, Enka K. Sordani, Eileen Shields, Betty Sykes, F. Sydney Vanderschuer, Rosemary T. Zadok.
Susan Alkhal, Harriet Baumgarten, Patricia Beckett, Laura Bell, Peggy T. Ben-Sasson, Diana Crosby, Rosamond Draper, Mary Earle, Robert L. Goldstein, Rosalind Hughes, Georgia Harbison, Marian Knox, Janet Leaman, Amanda MacIntosh, Grace Malabar, Richard L. Duncan, Patricia Delaney, David De Vass, Diane F. Downing, Judy Fawcett, Roland Fiammi, John L. Wilhem, New York: Frank Clark, Marisa Greger, Christopher Byron, Mary Cronin, Ted Hall, Richard N. Ostling, James F. Simon, Stanley W. Shilman, John Tompkins, James Willwerth, Atlanta: James Bell, Peter Range, Boston: Sandra Burton, Ruth Melchers Grabin, Philadelphia: Edward M. Reingold, K. L. Hall, Houston: Leo Jones, San Francisco: Karsten Proger, John J. Austin, Utah: Friedel Ungeheuer.

CORRESPONDENTS: Murray J. Gant (Chief), Benjamin W. Cate (Deputy) Senior Correspondents: John L. Steele, Champ Clark

Washington: Hugh Sides, John F. Stocks, Bonnie Angela, David Beckwith, Henry Muller, Roman J. Wynn, Jerusalem: William F. Marmon Jr., Martin Levin, Eastern Europe: Sroble Talbot, Beirut: Spencer Davidson, Moscow: Ivan Shapovalov, Hong Kong: Roy Rosen, David A. Simon, Bing W. Wong, Saigon: Gavin Scott, Phnom Penh: Ann Barry Hillenbrand, Nairobi: Lisa Griggs, Eric Roberts, New Delhi: William Stewart, James Shephard, Tokyo: Harriet Nickel, Bangkok: Frank Iwama, Sydney: Ed Ogle, Canada: Loring Lamont, Geoffrey Stevens (Ottawa), James Wade (National City), Robert Lewis (Toronto), John Bushell (Montreal), Buenos Aires: Vincent Puglisi, John A. Roberts (London), Ralph S. Roush III, Mexico City: Bernard Diederich.

News Desk: Rosemary Byrnes, Cable Desk: Minnie Magazine, Administration: Marilyn Chanin, Emily Friedrich.

OPERATIONS MANAGER: Eugene F. Coyle. PRODUCTION: Charles P. Jackson (Makeup Editor), John M. Cavanaugh (Editor), Production Staff: Alton L. Stengen, Manuel Delgado, John L. Layton, Austin Metz.

(Computer Composition) Robert Fugli, John J. Ray Jr.

ART DEPARTMENT: Arthur Cazeneuve, David Merrill (Assistant Art Director), Rosemary L. Frank (Cover), Layout Staff: Burton Nargolwalla, Anthony J. Liardi, Leonard Schiller, John L. Layton, Austin Metz.

PHOTOGRAPHY: John Durkin (Picture Editor), Arnold M. Dragkin (Color Editor), Deborah Fane, Michele Stephenson (Assistant Picture Editor), Picture Researchers: Evelyn Merrin, Mary Dunn, Alice Rose (George, Francine M. Hyland, Kate King, Antonette Mellis, Sue Quinn, Carol Sanner, Nancy L. Smith, Elizabeth Stoffer).

COPY DESK: Harriet Bachman (Chief), Jay Hovden (Deputy), Madeline Butler, John Hahn, Katherine H. Hahn, Sherry Hahn, Michael C. Hahn, Mary Hahn.

EDITORIAL SERVICES: Paul Welch (Director), Norman Airey, Nicholas Cassing, J. George Kora, Benjamin Lightman, Doris O'Neil, Frederick L. Redpath.

PUBLISHER

Ralph P. Davidson

General Manager: Donald J. Barr

Assistant Publisher: Lane Farberberry

Circulation Director: George S. Wiedemann III

Business Manager: Louis B. Cuff Jr.

ADVERTISING SALES DIRECTOR

Robert C. Barr
U.S. Advertising Sales Director: John C. Thomas Jr.
Associate U.S. Advertising Sales Director: Kenneth E. Clarke



With over 400 Ramada Inns, your business is never far from ours.

We're never far from some other important places, either. Places like the airport you might fly into and out of, most interstate highways and the towns you visit.

So almost anywhere your business takes you, you can stay with us. At a Ramada Inn, where your comfort is our goal.

We try to make every Ramada Inn a place you can relax and feel at home. With clean, comfortable rooms. Good restaurants. Pleasant cocktail lounges and inviting swimming pools. And we ask our people to go out of their way to make your stay with us pleasant. Because we believe if you feel at home with us, we'll see you next time you're in town.

You can make a reservation at any Ramada Inn by calling the nearest Ramada Inn. Try it next time your business takes you away from home. And stay where you'll feel welcome home.

RAMADA INNS
Welcome home.



"Daddy, our grass had babies!"

Feed your grass regularly with Scotts® Turf Builder and a wonderful thing happens.

Not only do you get greener grass, you get more grass. Lots more grass.

(The nutrients in Turf Builder stimulate new root growth, and help grow new plants.)

In time, your bare spots disappear. And your thin lawn becomes a thicker lawn.

And people will say, "Doesn't so-and-so have a beautiful lawn."

And wonder how you did it.

America's favorite way to grow thick, green grass.



Isn't this an exceptional time to join the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB?

276. THE McCALL'S BOOK OF HANDCRAFTS
Compiled by NANINA COMSTOCK
Photographs (Pub price \$10)

278. ON BEING A WOMAN by W. GIFFORD-JONES, M.D.
(Pub price \$6.95)

125. THE POLITICS OF HEROISM IN SOUTHEAST ASIA
by ALFRED W. MCCOY with CATHERINE B. READ and LEONARD P. ADAMS II
(Pub price \$10.95)

363. POWER AND INDIGENCE by ROLLO MAY
(Pub price \$7.95)



402. Pub price \$7.95

387. THE MAKING OF A PSYCHIATRIST by DAVID S. VINCOTT, M.D.
(Pub price \$4.95)

391. BURY MY HEART AT WOODS KNEE by DEE BROWN
Photographs (Pub price \$10.95)

140. THE COMPLETE MEDICAL GUIDE by BENJAMIN F. MILLER, M.D.
3rd rev. ed. Illus. (Pub price \$9.95)



114. Pub price \$15

161. JOY OF COOKING by IRMA S. BOMBAUER and MARION E. BECKER. Illus. (Pub price \$6.95)

206. EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX by DAVID REUBEN, M.D.
(Pub price \$6.95)

260. THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS (Pub price \$12.50)

351. INSIDE THE THIRD REICH Memoirs by Albert Speer. Photos (Pub price \$12.50)



379. Pub price \$6.95

327. THE CAMERONS by ROBERT CRICHTON
(Pub price \$7.95)

255. SEXUALITY AND HOMOSEXUALITY A New View by ARNO KARLEN
(Pub price \$15)

244. THE NEW YORK TIMES COOK BOOK by CRAIG CLAIRBORNE
Illustrated (Pub price \$9.95)

254. WOMEN AND MADNESS by PHYLLIS CHESTER, Ph.D.
(Pub price \$8.95)

580. MASTERING THE ART OF FRENCH COOKING - Vol. I by JULIA CHILD, LOUISE BERTHOUD, SIMON BECK. Illustrated (Pub price \$12.50)

401. THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE by COLIN TURNBULL. Photos (Pub price \$7.95)

431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH by WILLIAM L. SHIRER
(Pub price \$15)

127. THE POETRY OF ROBERT FROST Edited by EDWARD CONNERY LATHAM
(Pub price \$10.95)

124. THE DAY OF THE JACKAL by FREDERICK FORSYTH
(Pub price \$7.95)

155. PLAYBOY'S HOST & BAR BOOK by THOMAS MARIO
Photographs (Pub price \$12.95)

119. ELEANOR The Years Alone by JOSEPH P. LASH
Photographs (Pub price \$9.95)

142. LUCE AND HIS EMPIRE by W. A. SWANBERG. Photos (Pub price \$12.50)

231. SEMI-TOUGH by DAN JENKINS
(Pub price \$7.95)

345. THE EUROPEAN DISCOVERY OF AMERICA: The Northern Voyages by SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON. Illus. (Pub price \$15)

234. THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE by SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON. Illus. (Pub price \$15)

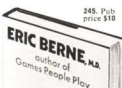


371. Pub price \$10

101. THE EIDER SANCTION by TREYANIAN
(Pub price \$6.95)

208. FIRE IN THE LAKE by FRANCES FITZGERALD
(Pub price \$12.50)

207. THE HAMMOND WORLD ATLAS
(Pub price \$12)



245. Pub price \$10



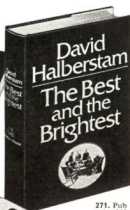
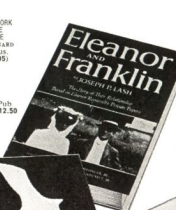
295. Pub price \$6.95

353. THE NEW YORK TIMES COMPLETE MANUAL OF HOME REPAIR by BERNARD GLADSTONE. Illus. (Pub price \$7.95)

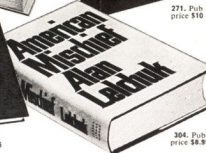
177. Pub price \$12.50



364. Pub price \$4.95



271. Pub price \$10



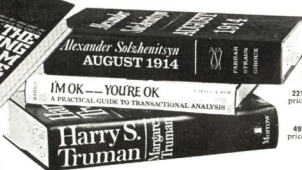
304. Pub price \$9.95

TAKE ANY FOUR FOR ONLY \$1

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at special members' prices

Outstanding books at true savings

THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB promises you not only good reading but also that each book will be identical in quality to the original publisher's edition . . . the same size and format, the same quality binding and paper, the same jacket and the same size type. Therefore, the discount price of a Book-of-the-Month Club book represents a true saving and not a cheaper price for a cheaper edition.



132. Pub price \$10



221. Pub price \$5.95



495. Pub price \$10.95

LETTERS

Out of the Wilderness

Sir / Truth reveals its secrets only to those who search for it, and no one will ever corner the market. Each age produces its own men of destiny who recognize their role and play their inevitable part in the gigantic cosmic drama that is life. Bless Castaneda [March 5] and his kind! May their number increase! Perhaps they will lead us out of the wilderness of this plane and into that which is our true home, or at least alert those unaware that more is happening to many who are ready than has been reported by the media of every description.

KATHLEEN M. SLEIGHT

Dearborn, Mich.

Sir / Who cares if Carlos Castaneda was born in Tahiti in 1945, served in the French Foreign Legion and hides it all from your clever journalists?

If he invented this fantasy, it is no less honest or true than if he did not, but to see you subject his work and his person to your hired leeches under the pretense of understanding is not easy to bear.

RON FISHER

Paris

Sir / "Lo, the poor Indian." The ways of exploiting him appear to be infinite. One hopes that Juan Matus' sorcery will provide him with the necessities of life while his apprentice watches the money roll in.

NANCY WOOD
Schenectady, N.Y.

Sir / The most significant part of the article was Castaneda's statement, "Oh, I am a bull-shitter!" How true.

LANNY R. MIDDINGS

San Ramon, Calif.

Sir / Why try Mescalito, Jimson weed and "little smoke" if they cause you to meet up with a cricket-like being with a wary head, or a 100-ft.-high gnat with spiky hair and drooling jaws? Please pass me an aspirin.

JEAN SCOVILLE
Palm Beach, Fla.

Sir / It is a disgrace that scholarship in this country has deteriorated to the point where Carlos Castaneda and his ramblings could be considered, let alone accepted, as works of scholarship.

CHRISTOPHER SOLER TORQUEMADA
Los Angeles

Sir / I have the nagging feeling that Castaneda's Don Juan is Warhol's tomato-soup can.

ELLEN SAUNDERS
Detroit

Legal Euthanasia

Sir / It is to be hoped that the publicizing of Dr. Geertruida Postma's courage [March 5] will start the changing of laws against voluntary euthanasia.

What right has the law to make pathetic prisoners of human beings who feel their proper time has come and beg release?

Euthanasia could so benefit the world.

BEATRICE BRAUN
Los Angeles

Sir / No wonder Dr. Postma's mother wanted "to leave this life." The best thing her "merciful" doctor-daughter had to give her was a fatal shot of morphine to relieve her

"unbearable mental suffering," instead of taking her home and giving her a daughter's love and care.

DIANA ESCOBAR
Pensacola, Fla.

The Plaid Coat

Sir / I was surprised to read [March 5] of the addition of Cecil Stoughton to the ranks of the white-collar unemployed. It would have been more appropriate for the President to keep him around as evidence that the Nixon economic game plan is working by showing that you can still buy a coat for \$19.95, even if you do have to go to Canada to do it.

DICK DIEFFENDERFER
Columbus

Sir / What's the problem? Stoughton is croppable, no pun intended.

R.W. CONKLIN
South Bend, Ind.

Bread and Fish

Sir / Regarding Mr. Nixon's suggestion [March 5] that a diet of fish is more patriotic than one of beef, might I, a humble subject, suggest King Richard I check on today's price of fish?

BARBARA A. CORNWALL
Buffalo

Sir / The truth of the following jingle is unavoidable:

*The high price of steak
Leaves this to be said:
Most eaters of cake
Have plenty of bread.*
COLIN G. JAMESON
Key West, Fla.

Sinai Incident

Sir / Call it extremely bad judgment, but do not describe the tragic downing of the Libyan Arab Airlines plane east of Suez [March 5] as carrying "aggression to new heights."

Given the troubled, warlike atmosphere pervading the area, the response of the Israeli military to an "enemy" airliner overflying the territory it controls was understandable even if not acceptable.

EMANUEL FRIEDMAN, M.D.
Burlington, Calif.

Sir / As an Israeli, as a Jew, as a human being, I can say nothing. I weep. I pray.

IGAL HAUSER
Toronto

Dundee, Scotland

Sir / May your porridge forever be lumpy and your kilt be caught in an updraft! You've moved one of Scotland's finest cities [March 5]. "England's University of Dundee," indeed!

MARGARET GORDON KLEIN
Knoxville, Tenn.

Doing Soapers

Sir / Your brief but informative coverage of "The Deadly Downer" [March 5] confirmed my suspicions concerning the pathetic effects of methaqualone. Many students here have been frantically doing soapers for

more than a year, knowing little about the dangers and caring only that the pills are a great way to get loose. I appreciate TIME's report of the frightening results of methaqualone abuse. Unfortunately, the people who need the information will probably be too soaked up to read the article.

LISA SIDNEY
Miami University
Oxford, Ohio

SCM Verdict

Sir / The item on a California jury verdict against SCM Corporation for unfair competition [March 5] contained an unfortunate statement suggesting that SCM had "a policy of using sabotage as a sales tactic." That statement is an incorrect reference to equivocal testimony by an ex-SCM employee, himself fired for proposing unethical conduct to SCM.

We wish TIME had asked us for comment about the disputed 1968 incident.

For the record, we are proud of SCM's reputation for fair and honest dealing with customers and competitors alike. We are confident that the verdict will be overturned on appeal.

GERARD F. STODDARD
SCM Corporation
New York City

The Metropolitan

Sir / Your magazine [March 5] accuses me of "remarkable disingenuousness or extraordinary lack of judgment" in not immediately identifying the name of Mr. Hecht's source because "the name was difficult to spell." Here I must protest and explain. The *New York Times* called me at my home in the country on Sunday, Feb. 18, as I was making a snowman with my children. The name (Dikran A. Sarrafian) was in my files

MOVING?

PLEASE NOTIFY US
4 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

Miss/Mrs./Mr.
Name (please print)

Address (new, if for change of address) Apt. No.

City State Zip

TO SUBSCRIBE
TO TIME CHECK
below and fill in
your name and
address above.

1 year \$14

MAIL TO: TIME
541 North Fair-
banks Court,
Chicago, Illinois
60611

ATTACH
LABEL HERE
for address
change or
inquiry. If you
are receiving
duplicate
copies of
TIME, please
send both
labels. If
moving, list
new address
above. Note:
your subscrip-
tion will end
with the issue
given at upper
left of label.
Example: a
JE 74 means
subscription
will end with
the last issue
of June, 1974.

If Colgate is just a kid's cavity fighter, how come Billie Jean King won't brush with anything else?



Where she rules, Billie Jean King is a tightly controlled figure of skill, energy and concentration. But off the tennis court, with her husband and friends, her natural warmth and spirit flow effortlessly. Billie Jean likes people. That's why she brushes with Colgate.

Colgate is made for people who like people. Clinical test results show it freshens breath as long as a leading mouthwash. And the taste is brisk and clean.

Only your dentist can give teeth a better fluoride treatment than Colgate with MFP. But a great cavity fighter can be a powerful breath freshener, too.

Ask Billie Jean King. She wouldn't think of brushing with anything else.



Colgate with MFP...the breath-freshening cavity fighter.

Thinking about buying a new car? This free book can help you make the right choice.



"Car Buying Made Easier" can help no matter what kind of car you buy. Section I is about cars in general. Models, options, body styles, insurance, even financing. Section II deals with Ford Motor Company cars. It offers facts, figures, specifications—the things you need to know.

For your free copy, write: **EX**
Ford Motor Company Listens
P. O. Box 1958, The American Road
Dearborn, Michigan 48121

Due to demand, please allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery.

Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss ☐ Ms. ☐ Dr. ☐

Name Phone

Address Apt. No.

City State Zip



—has a better idea
(we listen better)

Opening doors for the handicapped involves more than just being polite.

Hire the handicapped.



PUBLIC ADVERTISING SYSTEM
A DIVISION OF THE SCHOOL OF VISUAL ARTS



in the office, and since there are variant spellings of the name, I wanted to be sure that I gave the right one. This I did as soon as I was back in my office.

DIETRICH VON BOTHMER
Curator of Greek and Roman Art
The Metropolitan Museum of Art
New York City

Sir / I read with distress of the Metropolitan Museum's recent selling of lesser art works [Feb. 26]. It seems likely to me that there are many smaller museums throughout our nation that could have afforded to purchase these pieces of art and would have been happy to have a Modigliani of lesser quality than none at all.

DOROTHY DANIELS ANDERSON
Minnneapolis

Sir / Having should resign. So should the whole damn board of trustees. They'll never get my paintings.

VERNON L. KNUTSON
New York City

Press Freedom

Sir / In your review of press-freedom problems [March 5], Connecticut Governor Thomas Meskill challenges a reporter's right to professional standing, asking: "What specific training does he need? None. What examinations must he pass to be qualified? None."

The unkind, "caustic" reporter might respond: "What specific training does a Governor need? None! What examinations must a Governor pass to be qualified? None!" Unfortunately.

Fortunately, today's reporter needs and gets more professional training than ever before, which is more than can be said about today's gubernatorial aspirants.

JOSEPH L. VELTEN JR.
Warminster, Pa.

Sir / The main trouble with protecting newsmen's sources of information is that it also protects the non-source—the fictitious "spokesman." Informant close to the situation, "usually authoritative source," etc., used by lazy, irresponsible and even malicious "journalists," the latter to mask the free expression of their own prejudices, of which the average press type is a bundle.

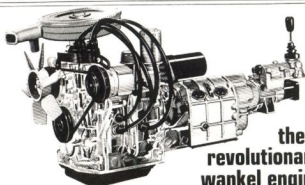
H. T. ROWE
Ridgewood, N.J.

Sir / To enforce a law is one thing, but I ask you, how can any Administration attempt to enforce "fairness"?

JAMES P. WHITTEMORE JR.
Worcester, Mass.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

Time Inc. also publishes *Fortune*, *Sports Illustrated*, *Money* and, in connection with its subsidiaries, the international editions of *Time*. **Chairman of the Board**, Andrew Heiskell; **Vice Chairman**, Roy E. Larsen; **President**, James R. Shepley; **Chairman of the Executive Committee**, James A. Linen; **Group Vice Presidents**, Rhet Austell, Charles B. Bear, Arthur W. Keylor; **Vice President-Finance and Treasurer**, Bernard B. McKenough; **Vice President-Corporate and Public Affairs**, Donald Buckley, Ralph P. Davidson, Otto Fuerbringer, Charles L. Gleason Jr., John L. Hollenbeck, Peter S. Hopkins, Lawrence Laybourne, Henry Lux II, Joan D. Manley, John A. Meyers, J. Richard Munro, Herbert D. Schutz, Ira R. Slogler, Kelso F. Sutton, Arthur H. Thornhill Jr., Garry Vail, Barry Zorichian; **Assistant Treasurers**, Kevin Dolen, J. Winston Foxlows, Nicholas J. Nicholas, Assistant Comptroller, William E. Bishop; **Assistant Secretary**, P. Peter Sheppe.



the revolutionary wankel engine

Build it and understand it today—drive it and enjoy it tomorrow.

When Felix Wankel invented his funny engine, experts "proved" it would never run. But today, it powers the Mazda (the hottest U.S. import car). Looks as though Mr. Wankel is getting the last laugh (and pretty fabulous royalties!). What makes the Wankel so truly "revolutionary" is that it works on a completely different principle, without conventional cylinders and pistons, lifts or crankshafts. It's less than half the size and weight of a conventional engine. Our authentic battery operated model comes in kit form, and you'll have the thrill of putting it together from easy-to-follow instructions. It's complete and accurate in every detail. Order your Wankel kit today and stay in tune with the most important automotive event in decades.

☐ Please send me the 1/5 SCALE OPERATIONAL WANKEL ENGINE KIT, with all parts, heavy plastic housing and stand. (Batteries not included.) My check for \$9.00 (\$7.50 plus \$1.50 post. & insur.) is enclosed. Calif. deliveries add tax. (Unassembled kits may be returned in 2 weeks for full refund if you are not completely delighted.)

Name Address

Zip

584 Washington, San Francisco, California 94111

haverhill's



For millions of years this is how man avoided tired legs.

When man walked on all fours he felt swell. No tired, aching calves. No sore muscles. His weight was supported evenly and everything was just nifty.

However, as fate would have it, man's posture soon took a different posture. And one day, there he was, on two legs. And while it was a terrific improvement in his appearance, it was no picnic for his calves.

So, as fate would have it again, man soon invented Supp-hose socks with the famous two-way rib. And, at last, his two remaining legs had the support they needed. No tired, aching calves. No sore muscles.

Which is why, after 19 million years, man can finally stand (comfortably) on his own two feet.



Supp-hose Socks. Now man can stand on his own two feet.



A TESTIMONIAL ABOUT A CAR, FROM A MAN WHOSE LIFE DEPENDS ON A CAR.

The flying car you see above is a Fiat 124 Sedan.

The man flying the car is a Frenchman by the name of Remy Jullienne, Europe's greatest living stunt driver.

"In my work, if you want to stay alive, you leave nothing to chance.

"Obviously the car is everything. Before I drive a car I know it

100%. The body and suspension must be extraordinarily strong.

"And mechanically it must perform with great precision. It must do exactly what I want, exactly when I want it. Because if I am even one hundredth of a second off, it is goodbye."

Now, since in Europe there are 50 different kinds of cars to choose from, we thought you'd be

interested to know that in the more than 100 films Remy Jullienne has made he's done more stunts in Fiats than in any other car.

And the Fiat he prefers to drive above all is the Fiat 124.

A family car.

FIAT

The biggest selling car in Europe.



The Parliament recessed filter. It works like a cigarette holder works.

The tip of a Parliament works like a cigarette holder works.

It has a sturdy outer shell that keeps the filter tucked back from your lips. Neatly recessed.

So you never taste filter, just good clean Parliament flavor.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—100's: 19 mg "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Aug '72

Sure you have to compromise here and there, but...



“Don’t give up the ship!”

Forget all the adjectives.
The only thing that matters
in Scotch is taste.
Buy one bottle.

This year we'll plant two trees for every family in America.



Our plan is for more than 100 million seedlings in 1973.

This means an average planting of about 275,000 seedlings a day on Weyerhaeuser lands.

The program is ambitious. And it's expensive. But it's necessary. Particularly if we are to help keep up with your individual demands for wood products.

As a matter of fact, every man, woman and child in the U.S. will use the equivalent of a 100-foot tree this year, and every year.

But forests do more than provide wood. They add beauty. Enrich the ecology for all living things. And provide land for recreation.

Right now we have 5.7 million acres in all stages of growth. Some

are mature trees ready for harvest this year. Others are for the future.

This is another way we keep our forests green and growing. Forever.

For a free booklet on Weyerhaeuser High Yield Forestry, write us at Box V-4, Tacoma, Washington 98401.



AMERICAN NOTES

Last Taps

The U.S. Armed Forces are leaving Viet Nam the same way that they came in eleven years ago—quietly. There has been virtually no pomp or ceremony. Though the 4,000 remaining Army troops will not be completely gone until the end of March, the U.S. Army command in Viet Nam officially folded its colors last week in what may be the most phlegmatic farewell to arms ever. If the event seemed a little premature, it was because, as one Army colonel put it, "It would've looked sort of funny to have six people lined up on a parade ground somewhere."

At a base movie theater in Saigon, amidst dormant popcorn machines and the empty "coming attraction" windows that had once trumpeted the derring-do of the Green Berets, some 200 soldiers, secretaries and journalists listened to the disembodied voice of an Army public affairs officer hidden behind a stage curtain, explaining that the Army had come to South Viet Nam to "defend against external aggression" and "had decisively defeated the enemy." After a few more words, a 26-man Vietnamese band played ruffles and flourishes. USARV's blue banner was furled and stuffed into a canvas bag for eventual shipment to the Pentagon, and the few U.S. generals in attendance slipped through the doors. The ceremony had taken just 20 minutes. The last man out, a Vietnamese janitor, turned off the lights.



ARMY STAND-DOWN CEREMONY IN SAIGON

A Veritable Sketch?

One of the more pragmatic reasons for ending the Viet Nam War, it was argued during the late 1960s, was the annual saving of \$20 billion that presumably could be redirected toward the nation's citizens and cities. That "peace dividend" fantasy, which never stood up under close scrutiny, was laid to rest forever by President Nixon's 1974 budget. It allocates to the Pentagon as much money in peace as it ever spent in war, while paring funds for some Great Society programs.

Bemoaning that seeming postwar anomaly, Cartoonist Bill Mauldin of the Chicago *Sun-Times* recently sketched a bloated Pentagon general guzzling a baby bottle while a black child cries with hunger in his crib. In retaliation, the Republican National Committee commissioned its own artist to draw a "corrected real life" version of Mauldin's cartoon for its monthly publication, *First Monday*. His drawing: an obese black man in diapers guzzling a bottle while an impoverished, diminutive Pentagon general goes hungry.

Although human-resource allocations now take up a larger percentage of the Federal budget than defense spending (the opposite was true as recently as 1970), it hardly seems accurate to depict the Pentagon as undernourished. It also seems a questionable jest to show the nation's poor as Pampered and bloated. Said Mauldin upon seeing his "corrected" piece of satire: "I'm delighted they've done it. In a funny way, they make my point more fully. All cartoonists deal in hyperbole, but to turn it around as they did goes beyond hyperbole."

Blue-Letter Day

While neither rain nor snow can stop the U.S. mail, neither management consultants nor computers seem able to speed letters on their way. James Rademacher, president of the National Association of Letter Carriers, complains that a cost-cutting job freeze has reduced the number of letter carriers in the past year by about 10,000. The reorganized Postal Service relied greatly on computerization to improve service, but the result has been slower deliveries and angrier postmen.

With fewer shoulders hefting a bigger load of mail, the spirit and flesh have grown weaker. Rademacher plans to testify to the Senate this week that morale is down and mortality is up among his union members. An ongoing national survey by the union that has so far covered 110 cities shows that mailmen have suffered 300 heart attacks and 24 deaths on the job since last April—three times the comparable statistics for those cities in the previous year.

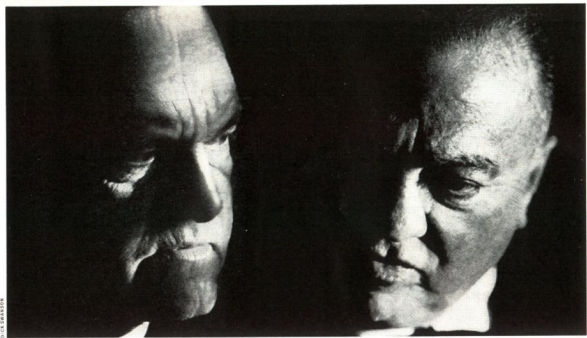
And the service? Well, Rademacher claims that a letter sent to him by Postmaster General E.T. Klassen from twelve blocks away in Washington, D.C., took six days to arrive. Rademacher now takes no chances. "When I have something for the Postmaster General," he says, "I send it by hand."



MAULDIN'S VIEW OF THE BUDGET



"FIRST MONDAY'S" "CORRECTED" VERSION



L. PATRICK GRAY III, ACTING DIRECTOR OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, AND THE LATE DIRECTOR J. EDGAR HOOVER

THE ADMINISTRATION/COVER STORY

The Fight Over the Future of the FBI

ONE day last week L. Patrick Gray III, the embattled acting director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, was summoned to the White House to discuss the status of President Nixon's controversial move to make him the permanent successor to the late J. Edgar Hoover. After the meeting, Gray returned to FBI headquarters and dispatched a Teletype message to his top officials throughout the nation. Marked "Personal and Confidential," it read in part:

"Regardless of the outcome of the confirmation hearings, the FBI will continue to be one of the great institutions in our democracy. It is not now and will never be subject to political influence. I know this because I know the men and women of the FBI. I know their spirit, their temperament, their dedication and their professionalism." The message ended on an intriguing note: "Directors and acting directors may come and go, but only you can guarantee the viability of the FBI as a great institution."

That may—or may not—have been a subtle signal from Gray that he was giving up hope of winning his confirmation battle with the U.S. Senate. His nomination looked hopelessly blocked in a divided Judiciary Committee precisely because many Senators believed that, despite Gray's wire, he has permitted the FBI to be improperly influenced by base political considerations during his ten-month temporary tenure.

A former Navy captain who has demonstrated a career-long obsession with loyalty to his superiors—as a sub-

marine officer, a Pentagon naval aide and in second-level posts in the Nixon Administration—Gray was selected by Nixon as acting director because of, above all else, that subservience. And it is his devotion to Nixon that has created the nomination controversy and has thrust the President and the Senate toward another classic collision over their respective powers. Nixon may well be forced to abandon the nomination, or he may persuade Gray to withdraw—something that anyone who respects the chain of command as Gray does would obligingly do.

Crossroads. Whether or not Gray gives up, far more is at stake than the fate of one man. At issue is the FBI's well-deserved reputation for disregarding political considerations in its dogged pursuit of the facts upon which evenhanded justice must be based. On a more fundamental level, the struggle raises difficult questions about the role of a national police force in a democracy and just who should be entrusted with policing the police. The FBI after J. Edgar Hoover is at a crossroads, and the national interest is clear: a balance must be found between a police power that is largely unchecked and one that swings prejudicially with each political shift in the White House.

The nomination fight has not been waged in such principled terms. It has become mixed in what is rapidly becoming the Nixon Administration's most persistent pain: the break-in and bugging of the Democratic National Committee headquarters at the Watergate complex in Washington last June.

Directed and financed by officials of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, this operation has been adjudged by courts to be a clear-cut crime. After two weeks of hearings on the Gray nomination, most Democrats on the Senate Judiciary Committee contend the testimony indicates that Gray, out of loyalty to Nixon, failed to push the FBI's Watergate investigation hard enough into high White House levels, where it might have further embarrassed the President. The hearings do indeed lead to that kind of conclusion, although Gray denies any such thing.

Gray's critics on the committee contend that his political favoritism is demonstrated by the close manner in which he worked on the investigation with one of Nixon's top legal aides, Presidential Counsel John W. Dean III. Gray readily admits having transmitted to Dean more than 80 FBI reports on the probe, including accounts of illegally monitored telephone conversations at the Democratic headquarters. Gray even allowed Dean to sit in on FBI interviews with White House aides suspected of involvement in the Watergate affair or other political sabotage. The Judiciary Committee voted unanimously to call Dean to testify about this cozy relationship with Gray. Nixon, invoking the broadest interpretation that any President has ever tried to apply to the concept of Executive privilege (see box page 28), said that neither Dean nor any other present or former White House aide will testify before any congressional committee.

The Gray nomination was thus

THE NATION

deadlocked. Nixon was right, in a sense, when he noted at an impromptu press conference last week that Senators might hold Gray as "a hostage" in order to force Dean to appear. Yet if they were to judge Gray's fitness for his powerful post, the committee members had every right to ask Dean about his involvement in the Watergate investigation. Nixon's claim that he would never rely on Executive privilege to withhold "embarrassing information" but use it only to protect "the public interest" ought to free Dean to appear. Political embarrassment for Nixon is precisely what Dean's appearance might create, but the public interest could well be served by a full disclosure of the FBI's relationship with the White House. Without Dean's appearance, the Judiciary Committee seemed split seven to seven, with two other members undecided, on whether to send Gray's nomination to the Senate floor. A tie vote would kill the nomination. But even if the committee recommends that Gray be approved, it seemed doubtful that the full Senate would go along.

So many legitimate questions about Gray's stewardship of the FBI have been raised that the image of the bureau would be seriously impaired by his confirmation. That image, under Hoover, was always overburdened by excessive pressagentry. Americans grew up in the 1930s listening to radio's *Gangbusters*, and kids eagerly wrote in to get tin badges as "Junior G-Men." Hoover used his headquarters flacks to ghost-write hundreds of magazine articles glorifying the FBI under his byline. Then came a succession of movies (*The House on 92nd Street*, *I Was a Communist for the FBI*). In its prime *The FBI* was watched by 45 million televiewers a week. The movie and TV scripts, rigidly supervised by FBI officials, were often only remotely based on actual FBI files.

Elite. Although the FBI in its early days concentrated on auto thefts and illegal sexual conduct (Mann Act violation), its publicity was focused on its more dramatic gun battles with such romanticized thugs as "Baby Face" Nelson and John Dillinger. Later the FBI exploited its World War II investigations of Nazi saboteurs and its cold war arrests of Soviet atom spies. The FBI never completely lived up to its mythology, and effectively obscured many of its bungled efforts. Example: It first recovered the wrong baby in the kidnapp-

ing of Charles Lindbergh's son in 1932. The celebrated 1957 gathering of more than 60 underworld bosses in Apalachin, N.Y., was neither anticipated nor detected by the FBI; it was discovered by New York State troopers. The FBI had been inexplicably reluctant to concentrate on organized crime, until it was spurred by this event.

Yet the FBI that Hoover created almost singlehanded in his 48 years as its autocratic boss may well be the world's most effective and proficient police organization. He took over a collection

that he was an eager cop out of control and responsible to no one. Yet he was never accused of using the extensive powers of the FBI to further the partisan ends of any Administration.

He was not, however, reluctant to curry the favor of Presidents by feeding them gossip out of FBI files. Lyndon Johnson often chortled at the "secret" material on politicians that Hoover passed to him; L.B.J. would show some of it around the White House. One high Johnson aide exploded in anger when he saw his own dossier and found that an FBI informant had described him as a homosexual. This false report had been based on an off-hand bit of name-calling by a Southern politician at a public rally and was dutifully recorded without checking by the FBI's man.

Ordinary citizens, of course, do not see their own files. One Johnson aide who was given a look at some files found an unusual preoccupation with sex in them. "There were long paragraphs devoted to anonymous information about men's sex lives," he recalls. One man being checked for a Washington job was described by an agent as living with a woman other than his wife; actually, he had remarried and was living with his second wife. Hoover's worst transgression of this type was to permit an aide to play tapes for selected newsmen of intercepted telephone conversations involving Martin Luther King Jr., the black leader whom Hoover despised, and various women.

Reckless and wrong though such conduct was, Hoover never cooperated with the White House, as Acting Director Gray has, in feeding information involving a serious investigation to officials under suspicion.

Ill-Temper. In fact Hoover spurned some orders from Presidents. He chaired a committee under Nixon in 1970, for example, that explored new tactics to investigate espionage, racial unrest, campus disorders and antiwar radicals. He was the lone dissenter when representatives of the CIA, the National Security Agency and the Defense Intelligence Agency urged that agents be allowed to expand surveillance to break in or otherwise "surprisingly" enter the residences of suspects and examine personal papers or other documents. The White House approved the tactic and ordered its use, but Hoover continued to protest—and the order was finally abandoned at the suggestion of Attorney General John Mitchell.

As Hoover grew older and more irascible, high officials of the Nixon Administration knew that his displays of ill-temper were hurting the bureau, and they considered firing him. Mitchell and



"THIS IS YOUR FBI"

of poorly trained Justice Department investigators in 1924. By the time of his death, at 77, last year, he had assembled a force of 8,500 agents who are the elite of U.S. police officers, better-paid and better-trained than any others. They share an *esprit de corps* that has only recently been endangered by the controversy over Gray.

The FBI's jurisdiction is vast, covering nearly every federal crime except narcotics and tax violations. Its well-funded crime laboratory is superb, its files on some 6,000,000 Americans are as if anything too complete, and its computerized collection of the fingerprints of some 90 million people forms a huge identification resource. The bureau's services, dispensed from about 500 field offices, are invaluable to some 4,000 state, county and local police agencies, which can get FBI information through Teletype networks.

Hoover employed that huge reservoir of intelligence and investigative talent with a free hand that no President or Attorney General, ostensibly his immediate superior, seriously challenged. Political liberals often assailed Hoover for being too preoccupied with suspected Communist subversives—and later with antiwar radicals and black militants. Liberals and other critics charged

*The lineup last week: For Gray—Republicans Marlow Cook, Hiram Fong, Edward Gurney, Roman Hruska, Hugh Scott, Strom Thurmond and Democrat James Eastland. Against Gray—Democrats Birch Bayh, Quentin Burdick, Robert Byrd, Sam Ervin, Philip Hart, Edward Kennedy and John Tunney. Undecided—Republican Charles Mathias and Democrat John McClelland.

two of his top associates at Justice, Richard Kleindienst and Robert Mardian, discussed a search for someone to replace Hoover. Often mentioned was Supreme Court Justice Byron White, who has proved to be highly independent, although the FBI job does not necessarily require anyone of that lofty status. There could be some merit in de-emphasizing the FBI role with a lesser, but nevertheless unassailable choice. After Hoover died last May, quick action was taken to find an acting director.

Kleindienst and Mardian discussed possible successors, concentrating on three veteran FBI men and William C. Sullivan, former No. 3 man at the FBI. He had been forced out of the bureau by Hoover in 1971 because he had disagreed too often with Hoover's ideas (TIME, Oct. 25, 1971), including Hoover's obsession with Communist subversion. The four possibilities were suggested to John Mitchell, who balked at the selection of anyone from within the FBI because he might prove to be just as independent of the White House as Hoover had been. Clearly the White House wanted to get control of the FBI. It was Mitchell who suggested Gray instead of Sullivan—and Nixon promptly approved that choice. Gray thus became heavily indebted to Mitchell.

Nixon took another ten months to decide that Gray should be made the permanent director. First he explained, reasonably enough, that he wanted to keep the matter out of the 1972 political campaign. Yet as late as last month, the appointment was still a matter of sharp controversy within the White House. Some presidential aides, including John Ehrlichman, felt that Gray was vulnerable to attack and had hurt the FBI because he had made too many political speeches during the fall campaign. The name of Sullivan was again raised by the anti-

Gray staffers as a possible permanent FBI chief.

A key intercession was made at this point by Presidential Counsel Dean. He asked the advice of Gray's No. 2 man at the FBI, veteran Agent W. Mark Felt. A longtime foe of Sullivan, Felt said that Sullivan's appointment would throw the bureau into chaos. Dean accepted that judgment at face value, strongly advised the selection of Gray—and Nixon nominated Gray on Feb. 17. Thus Gray became indebted to Dean as well as to Mitchell.

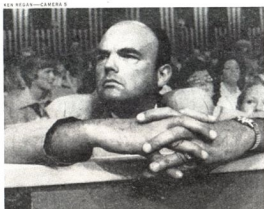
Early Riser. What qualifies Gray to head the FBI? The son of a railroad worker, Gray grew up in a closely knit family that moved from St. Louis to Houston. He won an appointment to Annapolis in 1936, and graduated 172nd in his 456-man class. In the Navy he was an early riser and a man who devoted himself intensely to any task. Volunteering for submarine duty, Gray took part in five combat patrols against the Japanese in the Pacific. After the war, he was given command of a sub, the *Tiru*, then promoted to head a division with six advanced submarines.

Except for those two command posts, Gray spent most of his 20-year naval career in highly responsible positions as an aide to a higher officer.

While an adviser on tactics and training for the Atlantic submarine fleet, he wrote speeches for the admiral of the fleet. At his retirement in 1960 he was assistant to Air Force General Nathan Twining, then Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Admiral Arleigh Burke, then Chief of Naval Operations, tried to talk Gray into remaining in the Navy, but, Burke recalls, "he was all steamed up about helping Nixon."

Gray was, indeed. He had first met Nixon in 1947 at a black-tie dinner at Washington's Chevy Chase Club. Gray was then attending George Washington University, sent there by the Navy to get his law degree. Nixon was a freshman Congressman making headlines with his Alger Hiss investigation. The two got along well and struck up a correspondence. Early in 1960, when Nixon was Vice President, Gray worked for him as an advisor on military matters. When Nixon ran for President against John Kennedy, Captain Gray quit the Navy, giving up some retirement benefits to join the campaign.

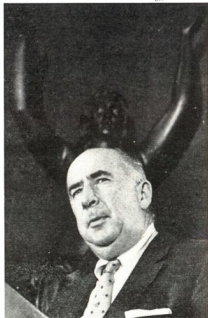
He was quickly picked up by Robert Finch, who was heading Nixon's California campaign. Gray became what Finch calls "my right arm," demonstrating "an inordinate capacity for work and an incredible sense of loyalty, both to me and to Nixon." Gray and Finch helped Nixon narrowly carry California, but when the national election was lost, Gray moved to New London, Conn., where he had been stationed at the submarine base. He joined the law firm of Suisman, Shapiro, Wool & Brennan. Gray specialized in trusts, estates and taxes; he also spent many



NIXON AIDE EHRLICHMAN



ATTORNEY GENERAL KLEINDIENST
WHITE HOUSE LAWYER JOHN DEAN



FORMER ATTORNEY GENERAL MITCHELL
Questions about cozy relationships.

THE NATION

hours without charge to close the estates of sailors who went down with the submarine *Thresher* in 1963. Although New London is not big league in legal circles, it took Gray six years to become a partner in the firm—hardly a speedy climb.

When Nixon ran again for President in 1968, Gray helped gather information on the strategy and organization of New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller, one of Nixon's opponents for the nomination. There was nothing surreptitious about this, but it was curious that Gray later told the Senate Judiciary Committee that he had played no role in Nixon's 1968 campaign.

After Nixon won, Gray was not selected for any Washington appointment until, a bit desperately, he filled out a routine application. It was forwarded to Finch, then the HEW Secretary. He

hired Gray as his executive assistant, and Gray proved to be just the kind of administrator that the less organized Finch needed. Gray generally worked standing up at a high draftsman's type of table rather than a desk. He ate lunch in the office, jogged and did sit-ups to keep in shape, taking breaks only for a brisk midday walk. Today, at 56, he seems in superb physical condition.

It did not take Gray long to demonstrate his feelings about landing on Nixon's team. Gray gave a remarkable speech to the officials he supervised at HEW. "Each one of us is here because Richard Nixon was elected to the high office of President of the United States," he said. "Obviously, we are a chosen few, an elite group. We must be dedicated and devoted to the concept that our Republican President will be a great President and that he will be re-elected.

Above all other qualities of character that we hold near and dear, we must have deep, abiding, sincere loyalty to our President and to our Secretary."

Loyalty to a President is, of course, desirable in a department official, although Gray's zeal sounds extreme. It is not at all appropriate, however, in a police official whose agency prides itself on arriving objectively at facts. A political police force is obviously anathema to a democracy. It may well have been asking far too much to expect Gray to abandon such deeply held attitudes after he was shifted to the FBI.

When Gray left HEW in January 1970, the paperwork at HEW bogged down, and Finch developed a reputation as an inept administrator. Gray became an Assistant Attorney General, mainly at the urging of Mardian, a right-wing ideologue who had also worked with



TRAINEES DURING A LECTURE SESSION AT THE FBI ACADEMY

The Life and Times of the FBI Man

ALMOST all of them are white, middle class and solid. Usually, they are married and own \$35,000 to \$45,000 houses in stable, often suburban neighborhoods. They tend to avoid taking public stands on political issues and rarely become involved in social causes. Most wear their hair short, dress neatly in business suits and are physically trim. They are the special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and there are now 8,500 of them. Generally conservative, FBI agents believe in a strict adherence to bureau rules.

To qualify for the FBI, prospective agents must be college graduates between the ages of 23 and 40, and at least 5 ft. 7 in. tall. In 1970, FBI employment figures showed that 22.3% of the agents held law degrees, and 9.1% were accountants. Trained accountants are valuable in tracking embezzlement and other financial crimes. Teachers, former military men, scientists and local law-enforcement men are also heav-

ily recruited by the bureau. Applicants must survive a grueling written test and stiff personal interviews and submit to a penetrating investigation of their background. A close relative with a criminal record or a few bad raps from neighbors can eliminate the applicant.

The majority of agents are Protestants from colleges and universities in the South, Midwest and West. Catholics usually come from Fordham, Boston College and similar sectarian institutions; Ivy League universities have only token representation in the bureau. Under J. Edgar Hoover, only a few Jews made the ranks of the FBI. Old Hoover supporters contend that the director distrusted Jews not because of their religion but because of their supposed liberalism. Today only about 120 agents are black, Spanish-surnamed or Oriental, and two are women.

The first four months of an agent's life in the FBI are split between learning self-defense and the use of firearms

and studying federal criminal statutes. Starting pay for agents is just under \$13,000 a year. Veteran agents with ten years in the field get from \$25,000 to \$30,000 a year. Special agents in charge of the bureau's busiest offices can get more than \$40,000, the top FBI scale. Agents are not protected by federal civil service, and thus can be fired easily. Failure to abide by FBI rules against public drunkenness, adultery or otherwise unethical or embarrassing behavior can lead to dismissal.

The day-to-day working life of an agent depends largely on where he is stationed. If he is lucky enough to be assigned to a big-city office, his hours are apt to be as regular as a stockbroker's. But assignment to a small city can mean excessive travel, irregular hours and unplanned schedule changes. The ideal assignment is in a middle-sized city like Madison, Wis., or Boulder, Colo., where as agents say, "You can pretty much be your own boss."

Agents can leave at age 50 with half pay, if they have completed 20 years of service. Quite a few have used the job as a step to much better positions. FBI alumni number about 10,000; they include about a dozen Congressmen, several federal judges, New Jersey Governor William Cahill, state and county attorneys, sheriffs and many security directors of large organizations like the National Football League and TRW Inc. The Society of Former Special Agents of the FBI Inc. last year reported that their members' average yearly pay was \$19,750 and climbing.

FBI men speak little these days about the probable future of the bureau. "This is not the time to be talking about the FBI," says J. Davidson Jamieson, special agent in charge of the Los Angeles office. But it seems clear that despite recent changes in leadership and some attempts to liberalize FBI rules, the bureau will continue to turn out agents strikingly similar to their predecessors.

Start fresh with Belair.

Just the right touch of menthol.



Here's a sound offer. A 4-band AM/FM PSB and Aircraft portable Ross radio just like theirs for free B&W Raleigh Coupons, the valuable extra on every pack of Belair.

To see over 1000 other gifts, write for your free Gift Catalog: Box 12, Louisville, Ky., 40201.



©1972 BROWN & WILKINSON TOBACCO CO., INC.

18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report August '72

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Chevrolet introduces a neat little woody.

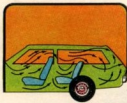
Our new Vega wagon has a lot more standard features than meet the casual eye. What you see, of course, is the rich, warm look of wood-grain vinyl over a goodly portion of its little body. But if you squint a little you'll also notice wood-grain vinyl accents on the door handles. Plus some nifty looking trim rings on the wheels. Got 'em spotted? OK, now look below and see what else is neat about Vega Estate from Chevrolet, America's family wagon builder.



4-spoke steering wheel; built-in assist handle on instrument panel; wood-grain vinyl accents on doors; rear ashtrays.



Flip-up tailgate opens to a clear view of Vega's 2nd seat that folds down to 50.2 cu. ft. of storage space.



Power ventilation system. An ingenious way to keep outside air circulating inside even when the car is standing still.



Deluxe buckets with luxury trim and a driver's seat back that adjusts to two positions.



Front disc brakes, 10-inches for smooth, fade-resistant stops.



Woody's GT cousin was selected by *Motor Trend* magazine as 1973's "economy car of the year."

The roof top carrier, whitewall tires and other nifties are available.



Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A.  Chevrolet

Seagram's 7 Crown. It's America's whiskey.

When you want to enjoy some of the finest skiing this side of Kitzbühel, just head for Squaw Valley. And when it's time to enjoy a great whiskey, just head for the 7 Crown. Americans everywhere welcome the light taste of 7 Crown. Which explains why it's more popular than the leading Scotch and Canadian combined.

Thank you, America, for making our whiskey your whiskey.



SEAGRAM DISTILLING COMPANY, N.Y.C.
AMERICAN WHISKEY • 40-50% ALC/VOL

THE NATION

him at HEW. Gray impressed his superiors, Mitchell and Kleindienst, while heading the Justice Department's Civil Division. When Mitchell moved over to Nixon's re-election committee and Kleindienst became Attorney General, Gray was designated Deputy Attorney General.

Well-organized, methodical and a habitual note-taker at every policy discussion, Gray has been essentially a follower and a kind of supersecretary rather than a leader. He has also been an adroit backstage operator. When the Kleindienst nomination ran into controversy over allegations that International Telephone & Telegraph Corp. had been given favorable treatment by the Justice Department in the out-of-court settlement of several antitrust cases, Gray worked with the FBI in exploring the matter. Ironically, he had the duty of advising Kleindienst on how to handle questions from the Senate Judiciary Committee—a task that Gray himself is now painfully performing.

Heaven. As acting director of the FBI, Gray was at first well received by field agents. He sent out a flurry of directives loosening some of Hoover's harsh restrictions on their conduct. He said that he had "no hangups on white shirts," and permitted more colorful attire and allowed agents to wear longer hair. He dropped some of the Monday-morning second-guessing from Washington. Agents could for the first time keep Government cars at home overnight instead of having to drive to a central garage after a long day. They could even drink coffee at their desks. With all those reforms, however trivial, said one veteran, "the agents thought they had died and gone to heaven."

Soon many agents became disillusioned. Much of each week he was away from Washington, where decisions were either being delayed or handled by assistants. Some officials there began calling him "Two-Day Gray." Gray was out making speeches to help Nixon get re-elected. Concerned that he might become a hijack victim, he kept his political and bureau appointments by chartering Air Force planes at a cost to the FBI of a hefty \$500 per hour, running up \$100,000 in travel expenses within eight months.

In response to a White House memo saying that "Ohio is crucial to our hopes in November," Gray flew to Cleveland. There he talked about much more than crime, boasting: "We are on the threshold of the greatest growth pattern in our history—growth in the quality of life for all our citizens—growth in our total effort to eradicate the imperfections in human society." He was on another campaign trip when an incredible Teletype message went out over his name from Washington to 21 FBI field offices. It ordered agents to speedily gather information on topical matters of criminal justice in their regions that might have political implications. This was to be done, "in order for John Ehrlichman



GRAY IN POOL AT HOME

to give the President maximum support during campaign trips over the next several weeks."

A few agents refused to comply, considering the order an improper political use of the FBI, as it certainly was. Asked about it by agents at the FBI Academy, Gray accepted responsibility for the wire and asked: "Wouldn't you do that for the President?" (He has since denied saying this.) Yet when news of the order was printed (by TIME), Presidential Aide Ehrlichman termed the order improper. He said that the memo, which had originated in his office and gone to the Justice Department, should never have been sent to the FBI.

All that political activity was damaging enough to FBI morale, but it was the Watergate investigation that totally soured many agents on Gray. Five men with electronic eavesdropping equipment were caught on June 17 inside Democratic National Headquarters. Also implicated were two former White House aides, G. Gordon Liddy and E. Howard Hunt Jr. All seven were convicted of conspiracy and wiretapping. Trial testimony indicated that Nixon's re-election committee had put up at least \$89,000 to finance this spying.

Obviously, the involvement of former White House aides and Nixon's closest campaign workers would lead any investigative agency to suspect that presidential advisers might have inspired the operation. If ever there was to be a test of whether the FBI could pursue its purely police function and stand aloof from partisan politics, this was it. Gray flunked the test.

In fact, he severely limited the FBI's initial probing at the behest of Attorney General Kleindienst and Henry Petersen, the Justice Department's liaison man with the bureau. Gray was convinced that there was no need to try to find out who had originally contributed the \$89,000 that financed the bugging. This money had been given by secret donors in Texas to Robert H. Allen, president of Gulf Resources & Chemical Corp. of Houston. To hide the

YOICHI B. OKAMOTO



WITH WIFE BEATRICE & GRANDCHILD
Intense and steamed up.

identity of the donors, it had then been channeled through a Gulf Resources attorney in Mexico and was finally sent to Washington. There it wound up with other cash in a safe in the office of Maurice Stans, former Secretary of Commerce and head of the Nixon re-election finance committee. The money has since been returned to Allen at his request, but the names of the original donors are still secret.

Petersen also persuaded Gray at first not to have the FBI look into the activities of a California lawyer, Donald Segretti, who had been named in news accounts as having been hired to disrupt and spy on the campaign of Nixon's potential Democratic opponents. Segretti, too, had reportedly been paid out of secret cash from the re-election committee. Later, when three FBI agents insisted on pushing the Watergate investigation to question White House involvement, two of them were transferred by Gray to bureaus outside Washington and one retired rather than be transferred.

The heat—mainly from newsmen—continued, and the Justice Department eased its restrictions on Gray. He then permitted his agents to interview 14 White House aides. But he accepted the condition that Dean, who had been assigned by the President to conduct his own investigation and was not representing the White House aides, sit in. This could have discouraged any official who might have wanted to volunteer information implicating the White House.

When FBI agents similarly interviewed 58 employees of Nixon's re-election committee, Gray permitted top attorneys for that committee to listen. Worried about this inhibiting presence, three of those who were interviewed asked to see FBI agents alone. After they did so, Gray forwarded transcripts of

THE NATION

their second interviews to Dean. One such employee, Judith Hoback, claimed that she told no one about the second interview—but was promptly summoned by her superiors at the committee and asked what she had secretly told the FBI.

Perhaps most damaging of all was Gray's admission to the Senate Judiciary Committee that he had passed along to Dean summaries of the Watergate telephone conversations that had been illegally intercepted by the wiretappers. Thus if the convicted eavesdroppers had actually overheard anything that would be harmful to the Democrats, it was made available to the White House.

Under tough questioning by the Judiciary Committee on these and other points, Gray seemed genuinely injured by the notion that he had restricted his agents in the investigation. "I pushed the button on this investigative juggernaut," he insisted. "I couldn't have stopped them—no man could have stopped them." In cooperating with someone like Dean, he said, "you've got to operate on a basic presumption of regularity. He was counsel to the President of the United States." Gray had relayed information from the telephone taps to the White House because it was "within the official chain of command of the United States Government."

Turning almost as obsequious toward the Senators as he had been toward the White House, Gray offered to let any Senator inspect the FBI's massive collection of material on its

Watergate investigation—a task that would take at least a week of eight-hour days. Gray testified that those FBI files show that 1) Nixon's personal lawyer, Herbert Kalmbach, had paid Segretti out of re-election committee funds and 2) the hiring of Segretti had been arranged through Dwight L. Chapin when Chapin was Nixon's appointments secretary.

Those disclosures by Gray suddenly threw him into some disfavor at the White House. Nixon protested at the press conference last week that for the FBI to furnish "raw files" (unverified, often unattributed information) to a congressional committee "and then to have them leak out to the press could do innocent people a great deal of damage." He said that Hoover had once showed him such a file, "and when I saw the gossip, the hearsay and unsubstantiated kind of slanderous statements, I was really shocked."

Raw. Nixon had a valid point in objecting to any dissemination of raw files. Yet so far the only FBI information that Gray has furnished to the Senators has been not raw, hearsay material but conclusions drawn from admissions made by men like Kalmbach and Chapin to FBI agents. The President raised no objection when the White House received those even rarer Democratic telephone transcripts.

Nixon repeated his insistence that Dean, as his counsel, cannot be questioned by Congress about the Gray nomination. He challenged the Senators to take the matter to court if they wish. There is little chance that they will do so over the Gray hearings, but North Carolina Senator Sam Ervin, who is just beginning a Senate investigation of the entire Watergate matter, has indicated that his special committee will probably seek such a judicial showdown. If Gray does not withdraw, there will be a strong move in the Senate to delay any final action on his nomination until after Ervin's committee reports on Watergate—which may not be until next year. The FBI could hardly function effectively that long while its leadership remained in doubt.

Certainly, Patrick Gray seems too compromised to regain the confidence of either the FBI or of much of the public. But his withdrawal or rejection

would not resolve the basic questions about the kind of leadership that the FBI needs, the role that it should play or how it can be supervised by higher authority without becoming politicized.

To deplore a politically subservient Gray is not to exalt an autocratic Hoover. There is too much potentially dangerous power in such a large force of skilled agents, such a vast collection of incriminating or harassing information about so many people, to allow the FBI to become either the vehicle of one man's whims or the tool of any Administration's political ambitions.

Does the FBI need to be so large and collect so much data? As long as so many offenses are considered federal crimes—ranging from the most petty violation on any Indian reservation to draft dodging, espionage, gambling, and every burglary involving more than \$5,000—some federal agency must gather evidence to enforce the law. Certainly, the mobility and connections of criminals are so extensive today that state and local police cannot be expected to cope with all the federal-law violators. To create multiple investigative agencies for various classes of crime would be wasteful and could create pointless rivalries. Some modernization of federal criminal codes could ease the burden, however, by eliminating such mainly victimless crimes as gambling and prostitution.

An argument can be made for relieving the FBI of its jurisdiction over subversive activities and violence-prone radicals. Generally, the FBI has been much more effective in investigating conventional criminals than in the far trickier business of distinguishing between those who advocate violence and those who merely exercise their freedom of speech. Indeed, the FBI has fumbled this task, partly because it gets little firm guidance from Justice Department attorneys charged with prosecuting nebulous conspiracy laws. The conspiracy prosecutions of the Chicago Seven and antiwar demonstrators like Father Philip Berrigan, which were based on FBI evidence, were dubious propositions from the start.

The agency relies heavily on paid informants. Many are poorly supervised and amateurish. But the FBI has been able to get inside countless organizations, including the Mafia, the Ku Klux Klan, the Black Panthers, and Students for a Democratic Society.

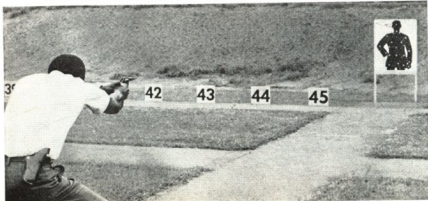
One disaffected agent, Robert Wall, recently quit the FBI when he found himself pointlessly transcribing the speeches of antiwar activists although even stronger protests were being voiced by Senators on the floors of Congress. He claimed that agents were engaged in counterprotest activity, sending out fake press releases to confuse or create strife within the peace movement. Clearly, the FBI has no business playing that kind of game.

Another threat to individual liberty is the FBI's ever-expanding files. The

JAMES STEWART IN "THE FBI STORY" (1959)



AGENT TRAINING ON PISTOL RANGE AT FBI ACADEMY IN QUANTICO, VA.



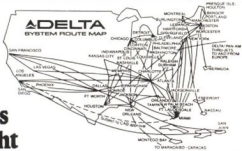


Delta is an air line run by professionals. Like Larry Warnke, Passenger Service Agent.

He keeps things moving efficiently at the airport. He answers your questions quickly, gives the right directions, helps with tickets, bags, and all the etceteras. He's ready with a hand when you need a hand.

Larry's the man in the red coat. And he's usually going like a blue streak.

Delta is ready when you are.



The DC-10, latest addition to Delta's Wide-Ride™ fleet. Two-by-two seats in both Tourist and First Class for your extra comfort.

THE NATION

types of persons on whom such information is kept should be sharply restricted and the control over the dissemination of such information tightened. Almost any Government agency, as well as banks and insurance companies, can get the arrest record of any prospective employee. These records often filter into credit agencies. Yet when an arrest is found unwarranted or a person is declared innocent of a crime, the FBI rarely corrects the record. At a minimum, individuals should be allowed to challenge any false information from FBI files that is used against them.

Some 30 professors, writers, former Justice Department officials and ex-FBI

agents recently held a conference at Princeton on the FBI. One suggestion called for creation of a board of overseers to review FBI policies and especially to safeguard civil liberties. It could be composed of distinguished persons both within and outside the Government. Others urged development of an ombudsman system, through which anyone could seek help if he felt that his rights were being violated by FBI practices. The conference suggested giving FBI agents the right to criticize FBI policies without facing disciplinary action.

The idea of a reviewing authority, including closer supervision by designated committees of the Congress,

seems sound. In its hearings on the nomination of Gray, which are scheduled to continue this week, the Senate Judiciary Committee has been performing a most useful supervisory function and showing a high regard for the proper role of the FBI. What the FBI needs is a director—as well as an Attorney General, with whom he must work closely—who possesses an unshakable sense of the difference between the pursuit of justice and the protection of political interests. The distinction is not all that fuzzy. It seems to have eluded L. Patrick Gray—and Richard Nixon, who appointed him—but an FBI chief who understands that crucial difference should not be hard to find.

Privilege and the President

IN his latest challenge to Congress, President Nixon has taken a far-out position on the question of Executive privilege. There is little in the law to support him—or not to support him. The Constitution makes no mention of the doctrine, which is a matter of tradition. The President argues that his Administration has been responsive to congressional probes, citing the fact that former Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird testified before Congress 86 times. At the same time, Nixon has decreed that none of his 100-member White House staff will appear before Congress under any circumstances, now or ever. Once they leave his service, he says, they will still be protected by Executive privilege.

Since the founding of the Republic, Presidents have decided that some matters should be kept from Congress—at least temporarily—for the sake of the national interest. They have claimed that diplomatic negotiations, or military preparations, or confidences exchanged between the Chief Executive and subordinates are privileged.

George Washington set a precedent when the House of Representatives, conducting its first full-fledged investi-

gation, demanded the records of military planning for a disastrous expedition against Indian tribes in Ohio. Washington released the documents, but he warned that never again would he turn over papers that might reveal military secrets or otherwise would be "injurious" to the public. Subsequently, Andrew Jackson turned down a Senate request to see a paper that he had read in a Cabinet meeting defending his removal of federal deposits from the Bank of the U.S. Theodore Roosevelt ignored a Senate resolution ordering him to hand over documents involved in an antitrust suit against the U.S. Steel Corp.

Executive privilege expanded in the cold war. Widening areas of federal activity were removed from congressional—or public—scrutiny. Foreign and defense policies were often deemed too sensitive to be disclosed. Congress, meanwhile, made a miserable case for the right to know. Led by Senator Joseph McCarthy, it hounded the Truman and Eisenhower Administrations for FBI files on federal employees whose politics were suspect. To keep congressional hands off, both Presidents made sweeping claims of privilege.

Richard Nixon has gone farther. He

has not merely prevented documents from reaching Congress; he has also put a ban on his White House staff members' even showing up to testify. He has thus cordoned off much of the decision-making power of his Administration. This is not without precedent. When W. DeVier Pierson, a special counsel to President Lyndon Johnson, was asked to testify at the hearings on the nomination of Abe Fortas as Chief Justice, he refused on the grounds of Executive privilege. But White House intimates cannot always avoid appearances. Though he balked initially, Eisenhower's chief aide Sherman Adams finally testified before Congress on charges that he had brought pressure on regulatory agencies to help out friends. Shortly after, Adams resigned.

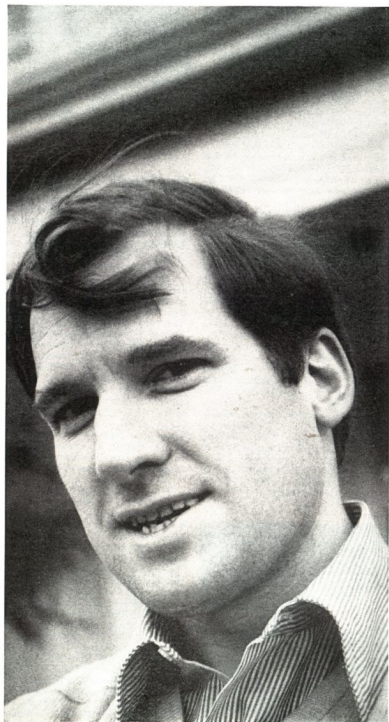
Nixon is taking his firm stand on shaky ground: the Watergate affair, in which there is evidence linking members of his staff with political espionage. By no stretch of the imagination can Watergate be considered a matter of national security. Asks Republican Senator Lowell Weicker: "Can anybody tell me how the national interest is served by having these persons who are suspects not appear?" When he was a Congressman, Nixon seemed to agree. Protesting Truman's refusal to hand over files on federal employees in 1948, Nixon complained that the Teapot Dome scandal would never have been uncovered if President Harding had been allowed to hide behind privilege.

Ultimately, overuse of Executive privilege damages democratic government. The power of the White House staff has greatly expanded under Nixon, yet none of its members are accountable to Congress. The founding fathers scarcely intended such an excessive division of powers. Nevertheless, Nixon is so sure of the issue that he is willing to submit it to a court test. The Democrats want to do the same. Both branches of Government can agree on one thing: on the matter of Executive privilege, the process of accommodation and compromise has broken down.

PRELIMINARY HEARING ON WATERGATE WITH NAMES OF MISSING WITNESSES



"Can my life insurance pay me a regular income later in life?"



Yes.
If you have a permanent life insurance policy, it can provide you with regular income payments later in life.

That's because this type of insurance policy gives you a choice.

You can arrange to have all or part of the values that have been built up in your permanent life insurance policy converted to a lifetime income.

Or you can receive income for a selected period of time.

We're bringing you these messages to answer your questions. And here's what we're doing to help you know more.

We're maintaining a field force of over 200,000 agents, trained to answer your questions about life insurance. On the spot.

We'll send you a personal answer to any questions that you may have about life insurance or the life insurance industry.

We'll send you a free copy of a 64-page booklet "Understanding Your Life Insurance" that we've put together to answer the questions that people ask most about life insurance.

So let us hear from you.

Just send your card or letter to our central source of information: the Institute of Life Insurance, Dept. A-1, 277 Park Ave. New York, N.Y. 10017.

Your life insurance companies.

POLITICS

Connally in Motion

Secretary Connally, as you know, is very knowledgeable in the field of energy.

President Nixon was referring this month to former Treasury Secretary John Bowden Connally's expertise in oil. He might just as well have been talking about Connally's protean physical and mental energies. Since leaving his Administration post last May, Connally has not slowed down. He has served as the top adviser outside the Government on the Administration's new energy policy, has added to his own fortune through his Houston law practice—and has prepared for a switch to the Republican Party. His announcement is expected any day. As Connally told TIME last week: "You fellows have all been speculating, and so I guess I'll have to say something about it."

From his base in Houston, Connally has cast a larger shadow within Nixon's Oval Office than Spiro Agnew. The President sees in him an attractive successor, a man who could hold the gains forged for the party among Southerners and conservative blue-collar workers. Nixon apparently figures that if a mediocre man comes after him he will be denied his proper place in history. He considers Connally to be a like-minded man—tough and bold. Most of Nixon's advisers tell him to be moderate in dealing with potential adversaries. Not Connally. Recalls one White House staffer: "Connally would say, 'Kick 'em in the ass!' The President would like that because that's what he wanted to do all along."

Right now Connally is giving much of his advice to private citizens and companies. He has joined the boards of six companies, including Pan American World Airways and Texas Instruments. A senior partner of Houston's largest law firm, Vinson, Elkins, Searls, Connally & Smith, he has brought in clients much as Nixon in the mid-1960s brought clients to Manhattan's Nixon, Mudge, Rose, Guthrie & Alexander.

At times Connally's business dealings and political life seem indistinguishable. In December he visited Saudi Arabia with Armand Hammer, chairman of Occidental Petroleum. High officials of the oil companies operating in that country were fearful that Connally's closeness to Nixon could help Occidental undermine their strong position there. Meanwhile, rumors circulated that Connally was on a secret peace mission. Nixon closed the door on that speculation by saying that Connally was "traveling in his private capacity as an attorney," then opened it slightly by adding, "but he has, at my request, undertaken some informal discussions with leaders in various parts of the world."

Rich. Privately, Connally has made major investments in real estate. He has a piece of a \$68 million Dallas shopping center as well as a partnership in a subdivision outside Fort Worth and another partnership in a \$5,000,000 cattle-grazing venture in Jamaica. He has built a \$100,000 "cottage" in the hills above Montego Bay, which fellow Texans jokingly refer to as "the winter White House."

In 1968, when Connally was in his third term as Governor of Texas, he told a friend: "I like to do the same thing you fellas do. I like to hunt. I like to fish and play golf. I also like to make a little money, but I can't do it here in the Governor's office." Finally back in private life, he has not had a weekend home with his wife and children in seven weeks. Telephone messages pile up so fast—50 or 60 before lunch—that he has to run to keep up with himself. But he is making money. "He's not rich compared with the rich people down there," says George Christian, Lyndon Johnson's former press secretary, "but he will be if he continues doing what he is doing."

The question for interested Republicans, notably Agnew, is how long before Connally starts doing something else—like open politicking. Quips a lawyer in his firm: "A race horse isn't going to be satisfied with a pasture." For the moment, however, Connally is in clover, and he seems to like it.

JOHN CONNALLY AT WORK IN HIS HOUSTON LAW OFFICE



CHINA ENVOY DAVID K.E. BRUCE

EAST-WEST RELATIONS

Our Man in Peking

"I thought it was very important to name a man of great stature to this position," said President Nixon last week in appointing David K.E. Bruce to be the first U.S. representative to China's Communist government. Indeed, Bruce is a splendid choice.

He is the only American diplomat to have held the three most prestigious posts in Europe: ambassador to France from 1949 to 1952, to West Germany from 1957 to 1959, and to Britain from 1961 to 1969 (the longest term there ever for a U.S. envoy). Two and a half years ago, Nixon called him out of retirement to represent the U.S. at the Paris peace talks, which he did for twelve months. Now, at age 75, he once again comes out of retirement, officially to head the U.S. liaison office in Peking, but unofficially to act as ambassador to China in everything but name. Said Henry Kissinger, who was influential in convincing the President to name Bruce: "He's the best man we have."

By all accounts the Chinese welcome his appointment. Bruce, nominally a Democrat, has served under every President since Harry Truman and thus enjoys the support of both U.S. political parties. He is the same age as Chou En-lai and only five years younger than Mao Tse-tung—a fact that runs against the American obsession with youth but fits in congenially with the Chinese respect for age and experience.

Tall, gray-haired, the picture of a diplomat, Bruce combines a straightforward analytical mind with an urbane sense of humor and an elegant appreciation for wines and art. Son of a former U.S. Senator from Maryland, he went to Princeton and the law schools of the universities of Maryland and Virginia. At various times he was elected to both the Maryland and Virginia legislatures and was a banker and man-

ufacturer of parachutes. During World War II he directed the European operations of the Office of Strategic Services, the U.S. foreign intelligence unit. After the war, Truman appointed Bruce, in quick succession, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, head of the Marshall Plan Mission to France, and then ambassador to France.

When he opens his office in Peking about May 1, Bruce will face three disadvantages: his diplomatic career has focused largely on Europe; he has never been to China; he does not speak the language. But as his chief deputies he will have two of the Government's leading China experts, Alfred Le S. Jenkins, 56, of the State Department and John H. Holdridge, 48, of the White House National Security Council. Bruce's office will be staffed by seven other experts from the State Department and a support group of 20 administrative workers. The mission probably will be located on the outskirts of Peking in the new diplomatic compound, which resembles a middle-income housing project. Despite the contrast between the lavishness of the Court of St. James's and the sparse Chinese life-style ahead of them, Bruce and his wife Evangeline are delighted about going. Mrs. Bruce, the daughter of a Foreign Service officer, speaks six languages and once studied under Harvard's great China expert, John K. Fairbank. Wherever she travels, she is a leading diplomatic hostess.

The liaison office's first tasks will be to handle cultural exchanges and trade between the U.S. and China. Almost negligible a few years ago, U.S. trade with China is currently running at the rate of \$300 million annually, a figure which was not expected to be reached for another ten years. But the main function of the office will be to open regular contact between two estranged and, until recently, hostile countries that have everyday business to talk about.

P.O.W.'S

Twenty Years in China

In the winter of 1951, Mary Downey waved goodbye to her eldest son John at a small Connecticut train station. She had only a vague notion of the job he was going to take in Japan—it had something to do with the Korean War. "A shudder went through me then," she recalled, "and I have always felt it to be a premonition of the horrible thing that was to happen to Jack."

A year later, she was informed that he was missing on a flight from Japan to Korea. In 1953, she received his death certificate from the Defense Department. The following year, Jack Downey appeared on trial in China as the "archcriminal of all U.S. prisoners." He was sentenced to life imprisonment. After many pleas, Mary Downey was permitted to visit her son five times. Now 75, she suffered a severe stroke



DOWNEY RETURNING AT HONG KONG
Extremely subtle torture.

earlier this month. President Nixon appealed directly to Premier Chou En-lai, and Downey was released last week.

He did not think that there had been anything heroic about his long incarceration in a mazelike prison outside Peking. "I thought the 20 years were to a large extent wasted," he said at a press conference in New Britain, Conn. "I don't see that it benefited anybody. Not Uncle Sam or anybody else. I wouldn't recommend it for character building." He admitted that, under pressure, he had told his captors everything he knew. But it was "ancient history" without much importance. He is not planning to write a book unless a publisher is interested in "500 empty pages. Life in a Chinese prison is a crashing bore."

If someone had to be chosen to spend that much time in prison, probably a more resourceful man could not have been found. At Yale, Downey was a B.M.O.C.—a good student who majored in English literature, a sturdy guard on the football team and captain of the wrestling team. He was the kind of man the CIA liked to recruit, particularly in the cold-war days when the organization had glamour and an allure for ambitious, idealistic youth.

Downey has not described his brief, fateful career with the CIA. Another American P.O.W., Steve Kiba, has supplied the details. After he was shot down in North Korea in 1953, Kiba served part of his two-and-a-half-year sentence in the prison where Downey was confined. Downey told him that he had joined the CIA after graduation and was given paramilitary training, then was sent to Japan to work with Chinese Nationalists who were smuggled onto the mainland to get information. On one mission, nine agents were dropped by parachute at Jehol in Manchuria. They

were captured almost immediately, and one broke down under interrogation. He agreed to radio Seoul, requesting that the CIA plane return to pick up one of the agents. Downey and a fellow civilian, Richard Fecteau, went along for the ride in the C-47, even though they did not have to; they were restless and itching for some action in the field.

Crunch. The plane was to make a low sweep over the appointed area, then drop a sling for the Nationalist agent to jump into. But as soon as the aircraft made the pass, the Communists opened fire with machine guns, and the plane was forced down. The pilots were shot; Downey and Fecteau were captured. The date was Nov. 29, 1952.

The first two years in prison were the worst. Downey spent ten months in leg chains. Kiba describes the prison food as consisting of a thin rice gruel for breakfast and rice with a few vegetables for lunch and dinner. Occasionally, the Chinese placed small white stones in the rice gruel. The famished prisoners would crunch down on the food and cut their mouths. "You had to learn to move your mouth around to sift out the stones," says Kiba.

Downey said he had been intensively questioned but not beaten in prison. According to another American airman taken captive, Wallace Brown, the Chinese employed an "extremely subtle torture that is as difficult as any other, and Downey had as much of that as anyone did." For days on end, a P.O.W. would be made to stand without sleep or food until he finally talked. When he refused, he was prodded with a rifle barrel and threatened with death.

When relations between the U.S. and China were strained, the prisoners suffered. When relations improved, they were better off. Fecteau was released in 1971. Though not permitted to read American newspapers during his imprisonment, Downey was given all the English-language Chinese publications he wanted. Despite the propaganda, he was able to glean from them an outline of world events. His family sent him hundreds of paperback novels.

He did not learn Chinese, but his captors proudly took him on tours to see the newest factories or farm machinery. Once a month, he was allowed to write a one-page letter to his mother. He once wrote that he had "done 23,000 calisthenics, run about 55 miles and washed about 100 items of clothing." He stayed sane, he says, by living in the present and forgetting about the future. "On a day-to-day basis, you'd be surprised how much time can be taken up by picayune chores like sweeping the floors. You learn just to go along."

Downey looked and acted well on his return. Uncertain about what he will do now, he is being compensated in some small way for the time taken from his life. His back pay at the CIA amounts to about \$350,000. "I wish it were \$2,000,000," says ex-prisoner Brown. "Whatever it is, it's not enough."

INDIANS

Twin Stalemates

The few hundred Indian militants who seized the trading post of Wounded Knee, S. Dak., may have been impelled by contradictory objectives and muddled moralities, but their guerrilla tactics and resolve have proved effective enough. Three weeks after they first took several residents hostage, they were still holding at bay 125 federal marshals, 150 FBI agents and 15 armored personnel carriers. Public sympathy, first with the militants, was slowly drying up. Yet their prime objective had been focused, if fleetingly, on the plight of the Indian in much the same way that it focused on black grievances during civil rights demonstrations in the 1960s.

By last week, Wounded Knee had become nothing short of an insurrection city under siege. Six Indian women cut and stitched old sweaters into socks and headgear for border patrol guards. A pot of herbal medicine cooked on the stove at a makeshift clinic. Carpenters, using an old cash register as a sawhorse, cut lumber to fashion housing cubicles.



U.S. POSTAL INSPECTORS BEING FORCED AT GUNPOINT FROM WOUNDED KNEE
The White House grew more and more impatient.

For the most part, the enclave had taken on a grim look, with trenches, fortifications and garbage all about.

The leaders of the American Indian Movement declared that the 4-sq.-mi. area had seceded from the U.S. The new Oglala nation, they decreed, was on a "war footing" with its mother country. In a burst of ill-considered bravado, AIM Leader Russell Means called for a national pilgrimage of 300,000 outsiders to the area by Easter.

With the free publicity that his statement received, Wounded Knee was threatened by a flood of immigrants—rucksack revolutionaries, Viet Nam veterans and trigger-happy soldiers of misfortune. Means quickly withdrew the invitation and set quotas on those allowed into the village. So far, only 32 whites and 15 Chicanos have qualified under AIM's provisions—no freaks, no lazies, no pot smokers, no drinkers. There were no similar quotas or restrictions, however, on journalists; they continued to find themselves uncomfortably welcome in the new nation. Some wondered aloud whether the media were not providing much of AIM's momentum, for better or worse (see THE PRESS).

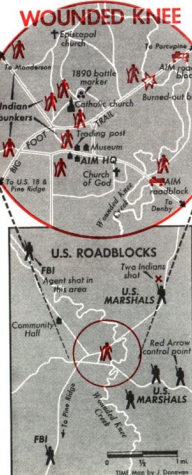
Federal agents vacillated between leniency and harshness. In hopes that the Indians would decamp, they lifted their blockades around the area. Few Indians left; instead, several postal inspectors, who had moved in to assess damage to post office facilities, were marched out at gunpoint. The next day, after militants shot an FBI agent in the wrist, the blockades were reimposed, and the situation remained a stalemate. A ground assault by marshals seemed unlikely, with well-armed Indians held up on a strategic hill. An airborne assault, though more effective, would surely play even more into the Indians' dramatic, martyring script.

A solution might have been reached early last week were it not for another

stalemate in Washington. This one was between the Justice Department, which had been called in because of possible federal law violations, and the Interior Department, which runs the Bureau of Indian Affairs. That agency is in many ways the core of AIM's grievances. Justice Department officials and AIM last week reached a tentative agreement, whereby the Indians would lay down their arms and walk out of the camp, if a top Interior Department official would show up at Wounded Knee the following day to negotiate a list of AIM grievances.

Rift. Incredibly, the Interior Department balked. In a state of confusion since the firing of several BIA officials and the illness of Secretary Rogers Morton, who is being treated for prostate cancer, Interior had reacted to the entire Wounded Knee affair with stubbornness. Marvin Franklin, the acting director of the BIA and himself an Indian, said that he would rather quit than talk with AIM leaders. "This is strictly a law-enforcement problem, a Justice Department matter," he told TIME Correspondent David Beckwith. "How can you deal with criminals? How can you handle revolutionaries?"

As the rift between Justice and Interior grew, White House officials became more and more impatient. At week's end they took charge of the Wounded Knee affair for the first time and accepted Assistant Attorney General Harlington Wood's plea that Interior officials be forced to take some action. Franklin was ordered to fly to South Dakota to deal with the Indian leaders. As negotiations progressed, a settlement seemed nearer. But no one was quite as optimistic as Franklin, who declared rather cavalierly before flying from Washington that the situation was "not as serious as those Wild West movies on television would have you believe. All those people on the reservation are related, you see, and they all have a lot of fun."



Smokers of the best-selling
100 mm. cigarette:

CUT YOUR 'TAR' IN HALF



LUCKY TEN

**Largest selling dozen cigarettes
yield 20.3 mg. 'tar' on the average
('tar' range: 17 mg. to 27 mg.)
Lucky Ten-less than 10 mg. 'tar'.**

Lucky Ten "tar" 10 mg.-nicotine, 0.7 mg.
Best-selling 100 mm. "tar" 21 mg.-nicotine, 1.4 mg.
Of all brands, lowest "tar" 1 mg.-nicotine, 0.2 mg.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar" 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUGUST '72.

VIET NAM

A Trail Becomes a Turnpike

FOR more than a month, U.S. intelligence agencies have been persistently reporting that the North Vietnamese were sending masses of troops and weapons down the Ho Chi Minh Trail toward South Viet Nam. U.S. officials estimated that since Jan. 1, the Communists had moved some 40,000 men plus 300 tanks, 150 heavy artillery pieces, 160 antiaircraft guns and 300 trucks down the trail. The only important change from pre-cess-fire days, in fact, seemed to be that the North Vietnamese were driving south-

and President Nixon himself followed up by demanding that Hanoi accept the limitations imposed by the Paris Accord. "Based on my actions of the past four years," he declared, "the North Vietnamese should not lightly disregard such expressions of concern." He seemed to be implying that, if the infiltration continues, he would renew the U.S. bombing of Communist supply lines.

The U.S. was not the only nation irate about cease-fire violations. Canada, the chief Western member on the four-nation International Commission of Control and Supervision, has been so hampered by Communist obstruction that Ottawa is considering a walkout. Canada's External Affairs Secretary Mitchell Sharp flew to Indochina last week for a three-day tour of Saigon, Vientiane and Hanoi. His purpose: to size up the problems of Canada's 290-man mission to the ICCS. The U.S. is extremely anxious for Canada to remain, for, as one American diplomat put it, "there is no question that the Canadians have provided the brains and the muscle of the operation."

On the other hand, the Canadians recognize the difficulty—if not the impossibility—of the organization's task. Earlier this month, for example, Poland and Hungary refused to investigate a U.S. complaint that Hanoi had installed SA-2 antiaircraft missiles at Khe Sanh, on the grounds that an ICCS team would have no way of knowing whether missiles had been installed before or after the cease-fire.

No matter what Sharp reports to his government, the Canadians will find it difficult simply to depart. In the end, the Canadians may be forced to remain in Viet Nam simply because their withdrawal would probably destroy the peace-keeping machinery so painstakingly devised by Washington, Hanoi and Saigon.

Cocktails with the V.C.

Whatever else Sharp's trip may accomplish, it inspired one of the most remarkable cocktail parties ever held in Saigon. Staged by Canada's effervescent chief ICCS delegate, Michel Gauvin, it attracted 200 guests representing an un-

precedented assortment of former enemies. On hand was TIME's Saigon Bureau Chief Gavin Scott to take a few surreptitious notes:

There was courtly old U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, 78, looming over the implausible scene and nursing a martini with great dignity. Next to him, in a separate circle, stood General Tran Van Tra, chief Viet Cong delegate to the Joint Military Commission and the architect of the Tet offensive that reached to the very hallways of Bunker's embattled embassy in 1968.

In one corner was Saigon's Foreign Minister Tran Van Lam; in another stood Major General Le Quang Hoa, Hanoi's top man at the JMC, chatting amiably with Lieut. General Gilbert Woodward, his crusty American counterpart. "After the first 60 days of the cease-fire are over," Hoa told Woodward, "you must come to visit Hanoi." Woodward guffawed, then glowered at an eavesdropping journalist.

Ever since they arrived in Saigon six weeks ago for JMC sessions at Tan Son Nhut airbase, the Viet Cong have yearned for a chance to talk publicly and make propaganda, but the Saigon government has carefully kept them close to their quarters. On his first night out on the town, General Tra proved to be in an expansive mood.

Top Secret. The American G.I., said Tra, had been a worthy foe. "His equipment was better than anything we had. And there is no doubt that he was a good fighter and courageous. But an army has to have an ideal to fight for. It can't defeat an army that has a cause."

Was it true that the Viet Cong had received advance word on B-52 strikes, as some have claimed? Tra laughed. "We lived in the jungle and we knew the country and the leaves and the grass," he said. But what about the B-52s above? "We also knew our sky," he boasted. "We even knew the schedule of their flights. We had the support of the local people, and they told us the things we needed to know."

In looking back on the war, Tra was inclined to view the Tet offensive in 1968 and the Easter offensive in 1972 as the turning points. "The aim of Tet was to get the Americans to de-escalate," he said. "The aim of the 1972 offensive was to force the Americans to sign a peace agreement. These were both victories." And what of An Loc, the South Vietnamese town that held out for three months against the assaults of Viet Cong and North Vietnamese troops? Tra glowered. "There are some things that it is best not to talk about," he said. Was it true that he himself had visited Saigon on a reconnaissance mission before the Tet offensive? Tra smiled. "That," he said, "is top secret."



NORTH VIETNAMESE TANK (1972)
Like the Jersey Turnpike.

ward in broad daylight, since they were no longer fearful of U.S. air strikes. The trail, says one American analyst, "looks like the New Jersey Turnpike during rush hour."

U.S. officials are not at all sure what the movement means. It could merely be Hanoi's response—illegal but understandable—to the large shipments of U.S. supplies to South Viet Nam during November and December. But it could also indicate that the North Vietnamese are plotting a major offensive for later this year, after the U.S. withdrawal is complete. The situation, remarked a high U.S. official last week, "could be very dangerous."

At first, Washington remained silent, wanting to get the peace agreement signed and the release of war prisoners under way. But last week the State Department publicly expressed "concern."

One of the world's great tastes

There is a best in every field.

A taste that through genius or even accident is achieved and never surpassed.

In seafood there are many great

tastes. In Bourbon there's Old Forester.

Have more than just a drink. Have one of the world's great tastes. "There is nothing better in the market."



Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky/86% 100 proof.
Brown-Forman Distillers Corp., Louisville, Kentucky © 1979



In 1777, Washington and Lafayette may well have planned strategies over a glass of Martell.

Autumn was drawing near; so, too, was the battle of Brandywine.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army would discuss battle tactics with his new Major-General.

In turn, the young Frenchman

may indeed have introduced fine cognac from the House of Martell to the man who was to become his lifelong friend.

For even then, men of distinction knew that making fine cognac, to the Martell family,

was more an art than a business.

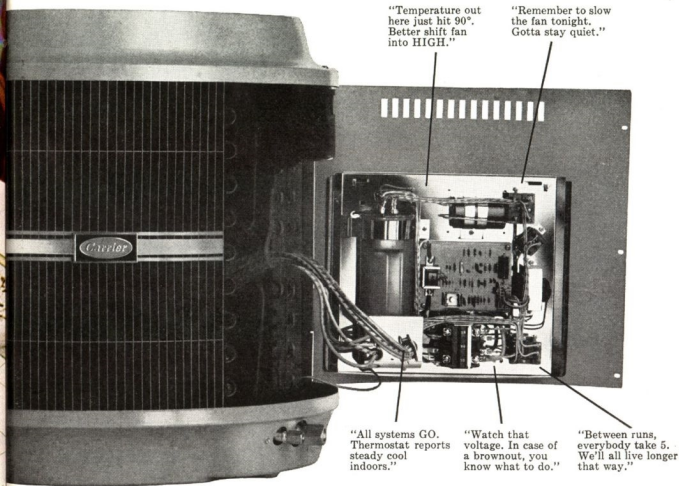
It still is.

Which is probably the reason Martell cognacs are the largest-selling in the world.

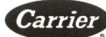
Martell. Taste history.
SINCE 1715

VSOP GORDON BLEU

CARRIER'S ROUND ONE THINKS FOR ITSELF.



An air conditioning system that thinks for itself doesn't yell "Help" very often. And doesn't wear out very fast. Carrier's Round One has a doorful of the most advanced solid state controls ever built into a central air conditioning unit. About the only thing it has in common with other units is the cost. For that you can check your Carrier Dealer. He's in the Yellow Pages.



No.1 air conditioning maker



DIPLOMACY

A New Threat to the *Détente*

It was one of the year's stranger diplomatic episodes. Leaving the latest dollar crisis to subordinates for a while, U.S. Treasury Secretary George P. Shultz last week flew off on an urgent three-day trip to Moscow. He got Kissinger-like treatment: a minimum of protocol, a box at the Bolshoi for *Giselle*, and a three-hour meeting with Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev. Shultz came to talk trade in general, but he also had an unusual mission: to lobby for the Kremlin's help in a tough struggle that the White House faces with a testy U.S. Congress.

This concerns the trade agreement on which Nixon and Brezhnev shook hands in Moscow last May. That agreement promised a vast expansion of the two nations' meager level of trade (\$200 million in 1971) through tariff reductions and long-term credits. What the Russians regard as the key element of the deal—treatment of Russian imports on a "most-favored-nation" basis—requires congressional approval.

Much to the Administration's dismay, Congress seems determined to make the trade bill that the White House plans to introduce some time in the next few weeks a major test of wills between Legislative and Executive Branches. The battle could cause some dangerous zigzags in the entire East-West *détente*.

U.S. negotiators warned the Soviets last May that the preferred tariff treat-

*At present, the U.S. extends most-favored-nation treatment—which simply means that a country's goods can be imported at the lowest tariff rates in effect—to all of its non-Communist trading partners, as well as to Poland and Yugoslavia. M.F.N. status would make Moscow's imports much more competitive; the U.S. tariff on Russian vodka, for example, would drop from \$5 a gallon to \$1.25.

ment they sought would need approval by a finicky Congress. But in August, Moscow began levying its now celebrated "education tax" on would-be emigrants. It is a tough measure; a younger Russian who has benefited from training at a state university might be required to pay an exit fee of as much as \$30,000. The tax is not discriminatory per se, because—the fact is often overlooked—it applies to all Russians. But it falls heavily on Jews, a large percentage of whom are university-trained.

Jewish organizations in the U.S. immediately mounted a massive protest against the Kremlin effort to "ransom" Soviet Jewry, and Capitol Hill responded. Washington Democratic Senator Henry M. Jackson announced that he would use most-favored-nation treatment as a legislative weapon against the Soviet exit tax, and the stampede was on. The anti-M.F.N. forces drew broad support that ranges from conservative old cold warriors to liberals who apparently are trying to cater to a supposed "Jewish vote."

Struggle. For a while, to the Administration's relief, Soviet officials suggested that the tax might soon be simply forgotten. Then, in late January, the Soviets for some reason formally promulgated the tax, and the congressional struggle resumed.

House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills, a leader of the exit-tax foes, bluntly told visiting Soviet Deputy Foreign Trade Minister V.S. Alkhimov in Washington last week that Moscow would not get M.F.N. until the exit tax was dropped. In the Senate, Jackson now has lined up 73 co-sponsors for his amendment. It was not just a Jewish issue, he said in a Senate speech,

but "an American issue in this nation of immigrants. I would not be in this chamber today," he continued, "if Norway, the country of my parents' birth, had practiced the sort of emigration policy that the Soviet Union has today."

It was Shultz's mission, therefore, not only to explore such specific trade possibilities as Siberian gas and U.S. grain but to warn that passage of the trade bill might require some modification, if not elimination of the exit tax. Will the Soviets agree? "That is a question they will have to answer," Shultz told reporters after his session with Brezhnev last week. The word is that the Soviets told Shultz they would not drop the tax, although they might consider some further modifications (the tax was recently reduced for graduates who have worked for the state for a long period). Said one annoyed Soviet official to TIME Moscow Correspondent John Shaw last week: "What would you say if we said we could not have strategic arms agreements with you because of segregation in some of your schools? You would say we were crazy."

What if Nixon, in the end, fails to get the trade bill approved? U.S.-Soviet relations would not necessarily revert to Pleistocene-era hostility, as some Administration officials darkly suggest. But the damage would be heavy in a number of areas—troop reductions in Europe, the second phase of the SALT negotiations, which began in Geneva last week—that are linked to Moscow's overriding need for trade with the West.

Moscow's need is also Brezhnev's. He has staked much of his personal prestige and power on his strategy of limited accommodation with the West—a strategy that has had important opposition from hard-liners in the Politburo. A collapse of the trade deal might ruin much of what Brezhnev hopes to achieve—and to climax with a triumphant visit to Washington this year.



Commuters' Revolt

JAPAN'S National Railways boasts the fastest trains in the world (up to 120 m.p.h.). But its commuter trains, which carry 10 million commuters in and out of the Tokyo area every day are appalling. For the past three weeks, a slowdown by the National Railway Union has changed conditions from awful to intolerable. The breaking point finally came at Ageo station, 25 miles north of Tokyo, where a swarm of 10,000 commuters suddenly went berserk as their Tokyo-bound train arrived late and packed to the doors. "Korose!" (Kill them!), someone yelled. The motorman was pulled from his cab and beaten, windows were smashed, and vending machines kicked in. Total number of injured during the slowdown: 91. Said one commuter proudly: "Now they know we are not cattle."

Moon over Mark IV



The 1973 Continental Mark IV
now offers you a new way to look
at the world.
Through a one-way glass moonroof.
When it's open you see the moon,
the moon sees you.
When it's closed only you have
the view.
Draw the opaque shade for
coziness on cloudy nights.



From the outside the moonroof
looks like a mirrored panel in the roof of your
silver Mark IV.
(The silver Mark IV is a
slightly more costly
version of the unique American
luxury car.)
Order yours now.
In time for the next full moon.

The Mark IV moonroof.
It's one-way glass.

Continental Mark IV shown with optional moonroof, silver interior, leather-and-vinyl seats and protective side molding.

CONTINENTAL MARK IV

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



Marlboro

A large, dark, moody photograph of a herd of horses galloping across a field. The horses are silhouetted against a lighter, hazy background of mountains and a blue sky. The overall tone is dramatic and powerful.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Lights: 13 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine—
Menthol: 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—Kings: 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine—
100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72



Famous Marlboro Red.
Marlboro Menthol Green.
Marlboro 100's.
Marlboro Lights.

You get a lot to like in Marlboro Country.



George H. Weyerhaeuser, President, Weyerhaeuser Company, in room 3714, Washington Plaza Hotel, Seattle.



Top executives have a style of their own. So do top hotels.

There are 55 Western International Hotels in the world. No two of them are alike. From Anchorage to Sydney. And from Acapulco to Tokyo.

Washington Plaza is Seattle's tallest hotel (40 stories) and roundest (180-degree view from every room).

Bayshore Inn is set on Vancouver's scenic harbor near Stanley Park.

Calgary Inn's prime beef and prairie friendliness best express the Canadian West.

Alaska business revolves around the Anchorage-Westward, downtown Anchorage.

And the greatest thing to happen to Copenhagen since the Tivoli Gardens is Hotel Scandinavia, open in April.

Only one thing remains the same wherever you go: First-class service. Whether you're the chairman of the board or on your first sales call.

For reservations, see your travel agent or call Western International Hotels in your city.



WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS

Partners in travel with United Air Lines



AUSTRALIA

Moving from Waltz to Whirlwind

SHORTLY after the Australian Labor Party won power in last December's election, a high U.S. Administration official was discussing the change with an Australian visitor. "Tell me," he asked, "what's this new Prime Minister of yours like—this fellow Whitelaw?" The visitor had barely finished pointing out that the fellow's name was Whitlam when he was confronted by an inquisitive State Department expert. More interested in learning something about other members of the new Australian Cabinet, the expert remarked: "I've already met your two top men—Mr. Gough and Mr. Whitlam."

It is unlikely that anybody in Washington would make either *faux pas* these days, for Gough (rhymes with cough) Whitlam is stirring things up more than any Australian leader in years. Until recently, Australia resembled a sort of waltzing Matilda, content to glide through life on the strong arm of a big, steady date. To her escort—first Britain, then the U.S.—she was complaisant, undemanding and faithful. In short, Australia could be taken for granted, and often was. No more. The waltz is ended. Australia has started to rock, and to a beat that is her own. To the dismay of officials in Washington, imitation has given way to innovation, reaction to action. Most remarkably, it has all happened in less than four months, since the election of the first Labor Party government in 23 years, and the installation of hard-driving Gough Whitlam, 56, as Prime Minister.

Just a Start. Within 30 minutes of his swearing-in ceremony, Whitlam set the whirlwind tone for a new, independent-minded Australia by announcing the abolition of the military draft, introduced in 1964 to supply Australian troops for the war in Viet Nam. That was just a start. In foreign affairs, a Cabinet portfolio that he gave himself, Whitlam quickly took a whole series of moves to make Australia's stance "less militarily oriented and not open to suggestions of racism."

To the first end, he sent a strong personal note to President Nixon opposing the December bombings of Hanoi; he established diplomatic relations with China, North Viet Nam and East Germany; he ordered the remaining Australian servicemen home from Viet Nam (and granted amnesty to those who had dodged the draft); he supported the concept of a neutralized zone in Southeast Asia; he announced he would petition the International Court of Justice in an attempt to stop French nuclear tests in the South Pacific. (A number of similar steps were taken by Fellow Laborite Norman Kirk, who won power in New Zealand just a week before Whitlam's victory.)

To the second end, Whitlam backed

U.N. resolutions against white-supremacist Rhodesia and South Africa and banned visits to Australia by segregated athletic teams. Perhaps more significantly, Whitlam abruptly abolished the "white Australia" policy that had long discriminated against colored immigrants. He also took steps to improve the lot of Australia's own long-abused aborigines; among other things, he acknowledged aboriginal claims to ancient tribal lands.

Nowhere was Australia's new emphasis on independence more evident than in its relations with its mother country. In short order, Whitlam simply announced the end of a number of traditional symbolic ties. He launched a contest for a new national anthem to replace *God Save the Queen*. He halted the federal government's practice of recommending citizens to the Queen for knighthoods and other titles; and the words "British subject" will no longer appear on Australian passports. As the top envoy to London, Whitlam appointed blunt-talking John Armstrong, who promptly predicted that Australia would inevitably become a republic.

In domestic affairs, the Whitlam government moved with equal dispatch on a number of fronts. It proposed major programs to improve education, transportation and health facilities; prepared legislation to increase old-age pensions and to give the vote to 18-year-olds; successfully supported a hearing before the national wage board for equal pay for women; made it easier and cheaper to obtain divorces; and placed oral contraceptives on the list of subsidized items under National Health.

Gough Whitlam is not without his critics, of course. Billy Snedden, who replaced former Prime Minister William McMahon as leader of the floundering Liberal Party after the election, declares: "The Prime Minister dreams of being a home-grown De Gaulle." Douglas Anthony, leader of the Country Party, which had formed a coalition government with the Liberals for 23 years, says that Whitlam is leading the country in the direction of "a union-run, left-wing republic." Senator John Kane, general secretary of the right-wing Democratic Labor Party, adds: "Under Mr. Whitlam, Australia is dumping its friends and allies and embracing its enemies... [he] says to the U.S., 'Go home,' and to the Communists, 'Come on.'"

Nonetheless, the most recent public opinion polls show Whitlam's popularity at an all-time high, and nobody who listened carefully to his election campaign should be surprised at the measures he has wrought. Virtually all of them were pledged in a policy speech that contained some 130 specific promises. He also promised himself a long



WHITLAM HOLDS FORTH ON THE HUSTINGS
"You've got to crash through."

time ago that he would become leader of Australia. His outspoken wife Margaret once said: "He has seen himself as destined to become Prime Minister. That sense of destiny has upset lots of people because you're supposed to be a bit Uriah Heepish around here."

Gough Whitlam was born July 11, 1916 in the Melbourne suburb of Kew. His father, Harry Frederick Ernest Whitlam, was a lawyer who eventually attained the high civil service post of Commonwealth Crown Solicitor and also became Australian representative on the U.N. Human Rights Commission. As a boy, Gough liked to sit at din-

AERIAL VIEW OF SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE





MRS. WHITLAM MEETS THE PRESS
Wages for wives?

ner with the family encyclopedia at his back, handy for reference in arguments. Gough left one school after a teacher complained of his impudence, a charge that was to be echoed throughout his life. In Canberra Grammar, he was classed as industrious but not brilliant, good in English and Latin, terrible in math and, again, impudent. At Sydney University, where he studied arts and law, he was known as a prankster. In his first role as Prime Minister, he played Neville Chamberlain in a 1940 student skit. Stepping to the footlights in a bowl and carrying an umbrella, he said: "I have seen their leader and I have his reply." Pulling the inevitable collegiate

roll of toilet paper from his pocket, he added: "It bears his mark and mine. And I told him what to do with it."

In 1942, 6-ft. 4-in. Whitlam married a fellow student, 6-ft. 2-in. Margaret Dovey, daughter of a Sydney lawyer who later became a Supreme Court Justice in New South Wales. They met at a university party when, as Margaret puts it, their eyes found each other across the heads of their smaller companions. Margaret has been a surprise to Australians, who still generally accept the notion that women should not always be seen, let alone heard. Shortly after her husband's election, Margaret told interviewers that she favored wages for housewives, was not opposed to couples living together outside marriage, and thought marijuana might as well be legalized if it is indeed medically harmless.

Whitlam was a Royal Australian Air Force bomber-navigator during World War II, then completed his law course. After failing in two local contests, he won a by-election for the federal seat of Werriwa in 1952 and has held it ever since. His early years in Parliament were difficult. His own party regarded him suspiciously because he did not fit the image of a typical Labor politician: he had never worked with his hands, worn overalls, belonged to a trade union or been on strike. Well-educated, well-spoken, well-dressed, he was characterized as a "smoothie," and as Labor's "golden boy."

When it came to name-calling, Whitlam gave more than he got. In Australia's rambunctious House of Representatives, where debate is often a euphemism for denunciation, Whitlam

has described Liberal Cabinet ministers variously as "bumptious bastard," "queen," "dingo" (Australia's version of a coyote) and something that *Hansard* recorded as "runt" (which at least rhymed with the actual word). He once became so enraged with one Liberal minister that he dumped a glass of water on him. That minister was Paul Hasluck, who later became Governor General of Australia and, in an antipodean twist of fate, found himself swearing Whitlam into office last December.

Crash. Whitlam did not mince words with his own party either. He constantly badgered it to become more progressive. By 1960 he had gained enough support to be elected deputy leader behind the stodgy and narrow-minded Arthur Calwell. He succeeded Calwell in 1967 and promptly told close friends that he would become Prime Minister in another six years. To help the prediction come true, Whitlam set about remodeling the long-moribund Labor Party. Since Australian courts have held nationalization of industry to be unconstitutional, the Labor Party is less ideologically socialist than its British counterpart, but it had long suffered from trade-union domination. Whitlam loosened the union hold by increasing the party powers of the Labor Members of Parliament. As he once told interviewer David Frost: "When you are faced with an impasse, you have got to crash through or you've got to crash. I crashed through."

Under his leadership, Labor became more a party of reform, appealing to both middle-class white-collar workers and trade unionists. It emphasized a better life for all people in Australia's

"We Shall Chart a New Course"

"Dressed in a dark blue suit and a blue and white striped shirt with matching handkerchief, Gough Whitlam looked like everyone's friendly neighborhood banker," TIME Sydney Bureau Chief Ed Ogle reported after an interview with the Australian Prime Minister. "When I told him that my first question was going to be about the future of Australia, he flashed a grin and quipped to his press secretary: 'Quick, get my papers on that.' But it was obvious as the interview progressed that Gough Whitlam needed no papers on Australia's future—or anything else."

ON AUSTRALIA'S ROLE IN ASIA: There are no countries that display greater disparity in economic development than Australia and her neighbors. Australia certainly can and should do a certain amount toward decreasing this disparity. We have a Gross National Product equal to that of all the countries between the Bay of Bengal and the South China Sea. Those countries have 20 times our population. Developing the resources of these countries is something that should be, must be, solved in a short term, that is, a generation.

The other great theme our government will wish to stress is that with the end of foreign intervention in Viet Nam, the region has a second chance. The West threw away an opportunity for a settlement in 1954, after Geneva. I believe the U.S., the Soviet Union, Japan and China are determined not to let the second opportunity slip. We shall support the proposal for a zone of peace and neutrality in Southeast Asia.

ON CHANGES IN FOREIGN POLICY: Regional cooperation will be one of the keystones of Australia's foreign policy for the '70s. We shall be charting a new course with less emphasis on military pacts. It will be based on an independent outlook in foreign affairs and will be directed toward a new regional community to help free the region of the great power rivalries that have bedeviled its progress for decades.

ON RELATIONS WITH THE U.S.: [We have expressed] opposition to Australia's military involvement in Viet Nam, yet our mandate and duty to maintain the American alliance was equally clear. This we will do. But friendship does not require Australia to be subservient.

ON THE DOMESTIC ECONOMY: This is the big problem for Australia now. Our secondary industry is increasingly dominated by overseas companies and multinational corporations, [creating the danger] that our internal development and external trade outlets will be controlled by foreign countries. But we are not going to be inhospitable to capital. We simply intend to set up certain rules—a reasonable return for raw materials we sell, reasonable opportunities for processing these raw materials in Australia.

ON TRADE WITH CHINA: Per head of population, China will remain one of the smallest trading countries in the world. Where the U.S. went wrong in its reversal against the change of government in China—and where Australia went wrong in America's wake—was in believing that China was internationally an aggressive country. It never has been. It isn't now. I don't foresee that it will be. It is an amazingly docile country. More than any country in the world, the Chinese are satisfied to live in all senses within their own borders.



Ann's job wouldn't exist without electricity.

Ann Ellering is one of hundreds of workers in the mid-western plant of a large computer manufacturer. She is assembling components for solid-state circuits.

Her job and most of the other jobs in the plant wouldn't exist without electricity.

Electricity powers her production stand, welds the tiny components together, moves the materials from stand to stand, and inspects the finished product.

And electricity is at work in other ways in the plant everywhere you look: lighting, cooling, heating, cleaning, transporting, protecting.

The plant where Ann works is only one of thousands where electricity is helping to provide millions of satisfying, productive jobs — jobs that would never have opened without electric power

Would yours?

and the products that electricity makes possible.

And electricity contributes to a higher quality of life in lots of ways other than creating jobs. For instance, promoting progress in medical care, education, protection of the environment and in providing necessary products and services for your family, home and community.

To produce all the power needed, new generating plants must be built now. They must be built for the most efficient performance and with the best safeguards for the environment we can design — now. Meanwhile we must be

searching for even better ways to generate electricity.

All of this building and research requires larger investments than have ever been needed before. We must earn enough to attract billions of dollars in new money from investors. At the same time, virtually all the costs of providing you with electricity keep rising. This combination of circumstances inevitably means increases in electric rates. We ask for your understanding of this inescapable fact.

The people at your Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies

For names of sponsoring companies, write to Power Companies, 1345 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019.

THE WORLD

sprawling cities, which contain 80% of the nation's 13 million population. Whitlam was particularly concerned with the shortage of basic services that developed as Australians spread out into the suburbs. "I lived in such areas over 20 years, raised four children, built two houses, neither of which was connected to the sewer," he once explained. "When I first settled in Sydney suburbs, there was no high school within twelve miles, no paved roads within a mile, still no paved footpaths. We had to wait four years for a phone, and there was more hepatitis than anywhere. More has to be done in such areas."

When Whitlam visited Washington in 1972, he was embarrassed to find himself unable to get an appointment with President Nixon. Although both the White House and Canberra deny that Whitlam was snubbed, Australian newsmen at the time put together a *prima-facie* case that he was made less than welcome. They said Nixon's office advised Whitlam that the President was "too busy reading about China" to see him. It was an ill-chosen excuse, since Whitlam had talked with Chou En-lai in Peking only a few months earlier.

Against that background, there have been other notable irritants in U.S. relations with Whitlam, whose government came to power during the difficult final period of the Viet Nam truce negotiations. Nixon was furious when three Australian Cabinet ministers bluntly denounced him for the Christmas bombing of Hanoi. Nor is Washington pleased by Whitlam's recognition of Hanoi. "We're not against it in principle," said one senior official, "but Whitlam rushed there with his tongue hanging out." Whitlam later hailed the Viet Nam cease-fire as establishing Nixon "firmly in the foremost ranks of modern statesmanship." But the President's ire rose again when another Aussie politician made a gratuitous crack about U.S. monetary problems. Minerals and Energy Minister Reginald Connor told the Australian Parliament:

"There are only three certainties in life today—death, taxes and successive, progressive and ever more frequent devaluations of the U.S. dollar."

All in all, in Washington's view, the once reliable ally has become less certain. Yet there is an inclination to blame not Whitlam so much as his party's fractious left-wing element. Both Nixon and Whitlam seem genuinely interested in repairing, if not exactly restoring, the old friendship between the two countries. Neither has threatened withdrawal from ANZUS, the 1951 mutual-defense pact that links Australia, New Zealand and the U.S. The agreement is clearly beneficial to both Australia, with its small population and limited military resources, and the U.S., which maintains important research, space and naval installations in Australia. The secrecy surrounding the purpose of some of the installations has angered some Australians, particularly Labor's left wing, but Whitlam has resisted pressure to close the bases.

More Respect. As apparent evidence of Washington's hope of improved relations with the Whitlam government, Nixon this month chose as his new Ambassador to Australia a top State Department official, Marshall Green. A skillful career diplomat whose previous experience includes posts in Indonesia, Korea and Hong Kong, Green has been serving since 1969 as Assistant Secretary for Asia. The Canberra assignment has usually gone to political appointees, and Australians are delighted with the change. Said the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*: "Without taking anything away from Mr. Walter Rice [the former lawyer whom Green replaced], the appointment of Marshall Green is the equivalent of sending Marshal Dillon to replace Chester." Apart from anything else, the selection of Green may indicate that Nixon has more respect now for Whitlam than he had last year.

Whitlam has a tendency to be impatient, to push too much too soon. In

ternationally, he has already discovered the perils of overreaching. Domestically, he runs the risk of angering too many groups, special-interest though they may be, at one time. The result could be more pandemonium than progress. Beyond his own traits, which include a short temper, Whitlam faces other potential handicaps over which he has less direct control. The trade unions, for instance, still carry considerable weight in Australian affairs, and will expect to carry more now that a Labor government is in power. Despite the specter of inflation, they have already warned Whitlam not to impose wage controls.

Overall, Australians have probably never had it so good. The mining boom has slowed, but wool sales are soaring again (with 1972-73 revenues expected to be the biggest in two decades). Meat sales are up (thanks largely to removal of U.S. import quotas), and so is manufacturing (production figures for ingot steel, bricks and television sets this January were all more than 20% higher than those of a year ago). The Australian way of life, blessed with an abundance of reasonably priced food, a generally temperate climate and long leisure hours, offers the ordinary man a better existence than he could likely find anywhere else. He can relax on endless beaches or, if he is so inclined, attend Sydney's new \$100 million opera house.

But there has been a nagging thought among some Australians that prosperity has been more a matter of luck than of good planning. There is also a feeling that maybe self-serving materialism has suffocated opportunities to create an even better life, both for Australians and, by example and aid, others. Few thoughtful Australians blame the people as a whole. Instead they blame the leaders in politics, business and the unions who have failed to lead, who have failed to make Australia extend its reach beyond its grasp. If his first 100 days in office are any guide, Prime Minister Gough Whitlam at least seems ready to give it a go.

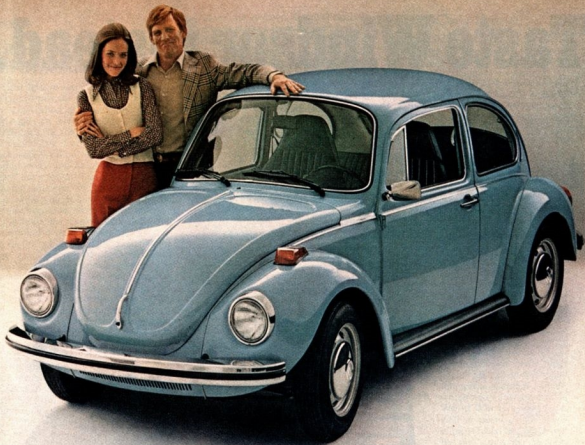


ABORIGINES ON NEW SOUTH WALES RIVER BANK
More attention to Australia's natives, less to symbolic ties with the mother country.

PHOTOGRAPHIC LIBRARY OF AUSTRALIA



MELBOURNE CUP DAY AT FLEMINGTON RACECOURSE



This baby won't keep you up nights.

Alas, not every car is born a Volkswagen.

But of the lucky ones that are, it's hard to find a trouble-maker.

Of course, by the time a new Volkswagen comes into the family it's been doted upon by 1,007 inspectors.

So it's not surprising that the skin is blemish free.

That the steel bottom is sealed tight against annoying moisture.

That what's inside is just as perfect as what's outside. (Many parts are inspected 2 or 3 times.)

And just to give you an extra feeling of security, VWs are covered by an extra year of warranty.*

Not just any warranty.

This one includes four free check-ups by our famous diagnosis system—a system renowned for spotting trouble. Before it's trouble. (A comforting thought.)

But if we find any and it's under warranty, we'll fix it for free. (Another comforting thought.)

As good as our baby is, however, the day will come when you'll decide to part.

But it's consoling to know that after 3 or 4 years it's been known to bring home more dollars than any other economy car.†

Pleasant dreams.

*If an owner maintains and services his vehicle in accordance with the Volkswagen maintenance schedule any factory part found to be defective in material or workmanship within 24 months or 24,000 miles, whichever comes first (except normal wear and tear and service items) will be repaired or replaced by any U.S. or Canadian Volkswagen Dealer. And this will be done free of charge. See your dealer for details. †SOURCE: 1969 Manufacturers' Suggested Retail Prices and 1972 Average Used Car Lot Retail Prices as quoted in NADA Official Used Car Guide, East. Ed., Oct. 1972, Kelley Blue Book, West. Ed., Sept.-Oct. 1972. © Volkswagen of America Inc.



Few things in life work as well as a Volkswagen.

Taste Windsor instead.

Taste Canada's smoothest whisky. You may never go back to your usual whisky. Windsor is the only Canadian made exclusively with Canadian grain, with water from glacier-fed springs and aged in the clear dry air of the Canadian Rockies.



The Supreme Sour: 2 jiggers (3 oz.) Windsor Canadian, juice of ½ lemon, ½ teaspoon powdered sugar. Shake vigorously with ice, and serve with Maraschino cherry and an orange slice. Mellow for ladies: add sugar, or ¼ oz. orange juice.

Very
remarkably
priced.



**The smoothest
whisky ever to come
out of Canada!**



Your friends will enjoy the distinctive difference of their favorite whisky drinks when they're made with Windsor Canadian.

The Windsor Guardsman:
A suitable symbol for the
Supreme Canadian.



FRANCE

A Reprieve, Not a Mandate

Just before last week's final ballot, Socialist François Mitterrand offered a wry description of how French voters approach an election. "On Monday you throw artichokes at the prefecture," he said. "On Tuesday it's potatoes. Wednesday you put up roadblocks, and on Thursday you break windows. You tie up downtown Paris on Friday and boo the Minister of Finance. I don't know what you do on Saturday, but on Sunday you vote for the government."

So they did. Despite the polls, the widespread dissatisfaction over inequities in French life and the staleness of President Georges Pompidou's Gaullists after 15 years in power, millions of French voters were still not ready to try the radical alternatives offered by Mitterrand's resurgent Socialists and his Communist allies. When the final results were in, the Gaullists and their coalition partners had lost 90 of the 365 seats that they held in the old National Assembly, but they still held 275 seats (out of 490), and a majority of 29.

Even so, there were no smiles on the faces of the ministers and aides who emerged from the black Citroëns that filed through the gates of the Elysée Palace on the day after the election. "There was no triumph in Gaullist circles," TIME's Chief European Correspondent William Rademakers reported from Paris. "Instead there was a universal belief, unspoken but very much there, that an old Gaullist era had ended and a new uncertain period in French politics had begun. The election was a reprieve for the Gaullists, not a mandate."

Pompidou, who at 61 is having trouble controlling both his weight and his smoking, did his best to cast the results in a positive light. At a Cabinet meeting three days after the election, he insisted that the voters had shown "confidence in the great political movement born out of Gaullism." In fact, the Gaullists had run a largely negative campaign aimed at the fear many French voters have about the left and "chaos." Even then, they barely edged the left in the popular vote, but gained seats in gerrymandered districts. Said the conservative *Le Figaro*: "The large parliamentary majority does not accurately translate its real position in the country."

First Foray. If anything, the election results showed that French voters want new faces. Two members of Pompidou's government, Foreign Minister Maurice Schumann, 61, and Justice Minister René Plevin, 71, were turned out of office safe districts. Fully 174 of last week's winners are entering the Assembly for the first time; 100 of them are making their first foray into politics. Not one of the new Gaullist Deputies wears the rosette of De Gaulle's Resistance movement.

Since the election, Gaullist officials have been talking in sweeping terms of what Pompidou has called "bold reforms" in social policy. Still, there are no clear indications of what those reforms will be, or who will carry them out. Pompidou is not expected to announce his new government until the first week in April, when the new Assembly convenes. Caretaker Premier Pierre Messmer, 57, the frosty ex-soldier who replaced scandal-wreathed Jacques Chaban-Delmas last year, is a strong candidate for early retirement, even though Pompidou may keep him on for a few months for the sake of appearances.

Veteran Gaullist Olivier Guichard, 52, a baron and longtime Pompidou protégé, could be in line for Messmer's

If They Only Knew

To his followers, Charles de Gaulle was nothing less than "twice the savior of his country," and even today the Gaullists are reluctant to entrust the telling of the precious legend to anyone who might tamper with it. Nobody knows this better than French Film Makers Alain de Séoudy and André Harris, who (along with Director Marcel Ophuls) collaborated in 1969 on the superb documentary *The Sorrow and the Pity*, an exhaustive and exhausting (4½-hour-long) study of a French city under the Nazi Occupation (TIME, March 27, 1972).

Two years ago, they set out to make another mammoth chronicle, this time of the entire De Gaulle era. "We were

exasperated by the veil of veneration thrown over him," says De Séoudy. The two soon ran into a Gaullist resistance as stubborn and iron-willed as that of the General himself. De Gaulle's son Philippe refused to see them, telling friends that everything must be done to stop a project that could "only denigrate" his father. The state television network, ORTF, which holds a monopoly on World War II newsreels as well as postwar TV newsclips, refused to loan or sell the moviemakers any footage at all until after De Séoudy and Harris had threatened a lawsuit.

Despite the Gaullist opposition, *Français, Si Vous Saviez* (Frenchmen, If You Knew) was finished within 18 months. But even then, the government-appointed censorship board waited for seven weeks before granting it a commercial license. In fact, the license

came through only ten days before the beginning of the French elections—too late for the film to have much influence on the voting, but in time to enable the government to refute charges of film censorship.

After that, De Séoudy and Harris were all set to release their picture—except that the country's two principal film distributors, Gaumont and Pathé, reversed an earlier decision and refused to book it. They were afraid, explained one distributor, that the film "would provoke public disorder."

When *Français, Si Vous Saviez* finally opened in eight small theaters in Paris last month, it proved to be a prodigious (eight hours), three-part history of modern France from the First World War to the death of Charles de Gaulle. Its characters range from French-Algerian "Secret Army" Colonel Antoine Argoud to Communist Leader Jacques Duclos, from a patriotic old

NET DIFFUSION PRESENTE
UN FILM EN 3 ÉPOQUES DE ANDRÉ HARRIS ET ALAIN DE SÉOUDY

FRANÇAIS SI VOUS SAVIEZ



POSTER FOR FILM AT CENTER OF CONTROVERSY

job. Schumann's spot at the Quai d'Orsay could go to his smooth-mannered deputy, André Bettencourt, 53, who was named Acting Foreign Minister last week when Schumann resigned.

Washington was pleased at the outcome, although it would have preferred a stronger performance by nonleftist center parties led by Publisher Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber and Rouen Mayor Jean Lecanuet, who do not share the Gaullists' traditionally prickly attitudes toward the Common Market, NATO and the Atlantic alliance. Though the centrists emerged with a disappointing 31 seats in the Assembly, the Gaullists have been suggesting that they might be offered a role in the new government. In a testy post-election TV appearance, Lecanuet made a bitter reply: "We ask nothing. You have no need of us." As the Gaullists study the election results, however, they might find that French voters do not agree.

THE WORLD

Lorraine grocer to a Gandhi-quoting Algerian nationalist. The two film makers, who describe themselves as non-Communist leftists, use all these characters to document their thesis: that *liberté, égalité, fraternité* are more rhetoric than fact.

Naturally, *Français, Si Vous Saviez* became a center of controversy overnight. The pro-government *France-Soir* praised it as "exciting" and "excellent," while Historian François Furet attacked it as a "monument of crafty demagoguery" that sought to turn De Gaulle "from a savior into a scapegoat."

Such a judgment is hardly fair. The film shows many of the General's strengths; the final scene in the cemetery at Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises affectingly portrays the special relationship that existed between De Gaulle and the French people.

And yet the suspicions of the Gaullists were partially justified. As *Le Canard Enchaîné's* film critic Michel Duran wrote: "You come out of the film not very proud to be one of those Frenchmen with a perpetual weakness for military men who offer themselves as a gift to France... Frenchmen, if you only knew that you are forever being cuckolded."

What were the film makers trying to prove? "The French are the victims of the sin of self-satisfaction," says De Sédouy. "They believe strongly in the responsibility of others, not in their own." Says Harris: "We hope that the film will upset people, will cause intellectual agitation. Our view of how the French have behaved in the past half-century is pessimistic, but nothing proves that they won't change."

ARGENTINA

Perón to Power

He never made a campaign speech. His name did not appear on the ballot. Barred from running for the presidency, rebuffed and all but humiliated by the present military regime of General Alejandro Lanusse (TIME, Nov. 27), he waited patiently in Madrid, nearly 7,000 miles away, while the votes were cast and counted. When it was all over, there was no doubt that Juan Domingo Perón, once the fascist strongman of Latin America, now a weary exile of 77, had been returned to power in Argentina.

Perón's chosen instrument was an obscure politician named Héctor Cámpora, an ex-dentist who unabashedly describes himself as Perón's "obsequious servant." Cámpora swept last week's presidential elections, the first held in Argentina in ten years, with 49% of the vote. Radical Party Leader Ricardo Balbin finished a distant second with 21.2%. Although Cámpora failed to get an absolute majority and therefore should have faced a runoff, General Lanusse un-



PERÓN WITH POODLE (1950)



PRESIDENT-ELECT CÁMPORA
Obsequious servant.

happily pronounced him victorious.

It was a remarkable victory. The Peronista campaign slogan—"Cámpora in government, Perón in power"—had so angered Lanusse that he had tried, unsuccessfully, to have Perón's powerful Justicialist Liberation Front legally banned. He did succeed in barring Perón from the country until after the new government is installed on May 25, but Perón ignored the slap, preferring to let Argentina's working class *descamisados* (shirtless ones) speak for him. This they did, resoundingly. Even after 17 years of Perón's exile (broken by a brief visit last November during which he spent most of his time in seclusion), they still remembered him and his late wife Evita as charismatic figures who had challenged "the system." The vote was, in addition, a rejection of seven years of inept military rule.

What does Peronism mean today? The Justicialist Front has promised a program of land reform—"the land must be for those who work it"—but



RELAXING IN PARIS LAST MONTH

this probably will involve the redistribution of unused land, rather than widespread expropriation of existing farms, as was done in Chile. The Peronistas say they will nationalize all bank deposits (currently some \$4 billion) and take over all foreign trade. Also to be nationalized are industries that "imply monopolistic power and/or strategic decisions," but it is not yet clear which industries are involved.

In foreign policy, Cámpora says that he will revive Perón's old, somewhat vague concept of a "third position" between East and West. The new government has already decided to establish relations with Cuba, North Viet Nam and North Korea, but it will most likely remain in the "U.S.-dominated" Organization of American States.

Despite the government ban on Perón's returning to Argentina, he stays in regular touch and says he will return immediately "if they need me." Cámpora may indeed need assistance and sooner than he expects. Under Perón, the labor unions were a powerful political force. It is entirely possible that workers will demand huge wage increases. If denied, there will be a dangerous friction. If granted, the demands could lead to an even more rapid and damaging spiral of inflation (already the third highest in the hemisphere after Chile and Uruguay), and intervention by the still powerful military.

A lackluster politician who has worked for Perón since the mid-1940s, Cámpora was imprisoned after his hero was overthrown in 1955, escaped to Chile a year later, and returned to Argentina under a 1959 amnesty. Since then he has made numerous trips to Madrid for inspiration and instruction, but he is by no means another Perón. As President of the Chamber of Deputies from 1948 to 1952, he is best remembered for his proposal that the principal square of every city and town in Argentina be renamed either "Juan Perón" or "Eva Perón."

Why do you smoke?

With what you've been hearing about smoking these days, you probably wonder sometimes why you smoke at all.

Yet you enjoy it.

Because smoking a cigarette can be one of those rare and pleasurable private moments.

And the chances are you don't want to give up any of that.

Which brings us to Vantage.

Vantage is the cigarette for people who don't entertain the idea of giving up cigarettes because they find cigarettes too entertaining.

Vantage is the cigarette for people who have come to realize that most cigarettes that give them the flavor they want also give them a lot of the 'tar' and the nicotine that they may not want.

Vantage is the cigarette for people who've found that most low 'tar' cigarettes don't give them anything at all.

The thing that makes Vantage special is that its filter is based on a new design concept that gives smokers the flavor of a full-flavor cigarette without anywhere near the 'tar' and nicotine.

Now we don't want to suggest that Vantage is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you'll find.

It isn't.

But it sure is the lowest one that will give you enjoyment.

And that's why you smoke. Right?



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter and Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette. FTC Report Aug. 72.

BERMUDA

Clouds Across the Sun

It had all the ingredients of a made-for-TV movie. The newly appointed colonial governor of a subtropical resort isle is taking the evening breeze in the manicured gardens of the governor's mansion. At his side are his handsome young aide-de-camp and his pet Great Dane. Suddenly a shadow comes to life, gunfire shatters the calm and the Governor and his aide fall dead. Even the dog lies lifeless. A state of emergency is declared, the airport is monitored and homicide experts are flown in from Scotland Yard...

At week's end, this all too real mystery story had no solution. Police ap-

spend about \$100 million in Bermuda, three-quarters of the island's income) that all is well. The sun still shines more than 340 days a year, the hibiscus still bloom, and the Bermudian bobby still stands in his elevated bird cage directing the traffic on Hamilton's Front Street.

Bermudians are uneasy discussing the killings with visitors. One popular theory on the murders, held by many cab drivers, bartenders and shopkeepers, is that it was an "outside job." The leader of the minority Progressive Labor Party, Walter N.H. Robinson, a portly black lawyer of 55 who just before the murder demanded the removal of any Governor appointed by London, has closed ranks with the ruling United Bermuda Party in deploring the murders. He privately speculated that the

Sir Richard Sharples was a very different sort. After a successful military career, he entered the House of Commons in 1954 and rose through Conservative Party ranks to become a Minister of State for the Home Office, then got the assignment to Bermuda last October. "This man had just come here and hadn't done anything to anybody," said one fisherman in Hamilton. It is the view among Bermudians, both black and white, that Sir Richard was pleasant, outgoing and informal. "The shooting could not have been personal," said M.P. William M. Cox of the United Bermuda Party. "That chap was a Christian gentleman."

Protest. Many Bermudians dismiss both the theory of narcotics involvement and that of a personal vengeance. They fear that the shootings may nonetheless represent a defiant protest against the last vestiges of British colonialism. "There must have been a political motive," says one government official. "But it's really a symbolic protest. Bermuda is the oldest self-governing colony in the Western Hemisphere. It seems they're trying to knock the symbols out from under it."

The "they" refers to the handful of known black militants on the island. The closest thing to a militant organization is the now defunct Black Beret Cadre, which flourished briefly with protests and a publication from 1968 to 1970. At least two former members of the cadre were being held this week in police custody.

Compared with their black-bereted counterparts in the U.S., however, Bermuda's militants have little cause for complaint. In contrast to America's ghettoed cities, Bermuda is close to a paradise: there are no slums; there is, even today, no visible tension on the streets either by day or night. There is no official discrimination in employment, and blacks are represented in all enterprises on the island. In the legislature, both the majority and minority leaders are black.

Whether there is racial discrimination in Bermuda is debated often in Hamilton, but usually out of earshot of tourists. At the Hopkin' John Restaurant and Bar, where tourists often debate nothing more substantial than whether to order the Portuguese bean soup or the Bermuda fish chowder (both \$1.25), locals at the bar try to convince themselves and others that Bermuda is completely tranquil. One white businessman, somewhat loose with liquor, tells a black employee that "for the last ten years the white man has bent over backwards to make Bermuda, black and white, work."

P.L.P. Leader Robinson disagrees: "This is a bigoted place. There is racial discrimination here, as subtle as it is. Everything is open—in the civil service and private business—but there is still a white attorney general, a white commissioner of police, a white chief justice and a white senior magistrate."



THE SHARPLESES AT SWEARING-IN CEREMONY LAST OCTOBER
"That chap was a Christian gentleman."

peared as baffled by the murder of Bermuda's Governor Sir Richard Sharples and Aide Hugh Sayers as they were by that of the island's police chief, George Duckett, exactly six months earlier. Were the killings connected? Were they politically motivated? Nobody knew for sure, but everybody had theories. From Bermuda, TIME Correspondent James Simon sent this report:

Just three days after her husband's murder, Lady Sharples sat before news-conference microphones in the elegant drawing room of Government House to declare: "I can only wish that no one will think this changes anything on the island." After she spoke, reporters poked about the drawing room, fingering the fine silver and peering at pictures of the four Sharples children, Queen Mary and Viscount Montgomery (whom Sir Richard served as military assistant in the early 1950s).

The conference was intended as a signal to foreign tourists (who annually

crime stemmed from underworld efforts to bring in narcotics.

Police divers have been searching the waters around Government House hoping to find the murder weapon. Scotland Yard detectives and local police questioned scores of suspects. A dozen people, mostly young blacks, were detained by police under an emergency proclamation that allows the government to keep suspects in custody for 96 hours without bringing charges.

The earlier victim, Police Chief Duckett, had the reputation of being a tough cop. After a crime was committed, he did not discourage his police from wholesale roundups of blacks merely on suspicion that some might have been involved. On one occasion he publicly slapped a black suspect across the face. In the black community (which makes up about 60% of the Bermudian population of 52,000), Scotland Yard Superintendent William Wright has found a "wall of silence" about the Duckett crime.

**You're going
abroad.**

**You're a little bit
nervous.**

You're normal.

Most people on the verge of taking a vacation abroad (particularly if it's their first one) will readily admit to feeling a bit apprehensive.

And with good cause.

Because underneath all the hoopla of going, there is a feeling of uncertainty. "Will it turn out to be everything I want it to be?"

Well the truth is, it depends largely on you.

If you go unprepared, then a lot of little things can crop up which can make your vacation a lot less than you want it to be.

And that's exactly what we can help you avoid.

At Pan Am we've been flying for 45 years, taking people to Europe, Latin America, Hawaii, the Pacific, Africa, and the Caribbean. And we've amassed a tremendous amount of knowledge

about traveling abroad. Knowledge that can help you.

And since scheduled airlines charge the same fares over the same routes, you don't pay any more for the extra help you get when you fly with us.

We can tell you everything you have to know about where you're going.

We can give you some pretty good ideas on where to go if you haven't yet made up your mind.

And we've put all this information into books, booklets, tape cassettes, and pamphlets, available at Pan Am travel agents and Pan Am offices, so that you can share our years of experience.

This booklet will give you a pretty good idea of what we mean.

When you pack for a vacation abroad, remember you're only going to visit.

There is nothing more aggravating than being weighed down with a lot of excess baggage. Especially when you don't have to be.

The trick to "traveling light" is in the kind of luggage you use (it should be as light-weight as possible) and the amount of imagination you employ in packing.

Women will find that a cocktail dress will see them through all but the most formal occasions.

And a dark business suit, sports jacket and slacks will do the same for men.

And if you stick to one basic color theme you'll find that "mixing and matching" gets you a lot of mileage out of a relatively small amount of clothes. So the best advice we can give you is to take only clothes that you can interchange. That way you

will be able to make up a variety of outfits. (Another bit of advice: leave furs and jewelry home unless you really

need them.) The thing to watch out for is shoes.

They're heavy and they take up a lot of space so try to take a maximum of three pairs, one of which should be good walking shoes already broken in.

If you're required to take pills or other prescription items, take enough to last your entire trip. Brand names of medicines

differ from country to country and you might not be able to get refills, so it doesn't pay to take chances.

The same goes for eyeglasses. Take an extra pair, if you have one. (Broken glasses could

cost you a half a day's sightseeing.)

One last tip.

Since you'll undoubtedly be coming back with more stuff than you left with, buy an inexpensive, collapsible suitcase here which can fit neatly into your luggage.

This will save you the expense of buying more costly luggage abroad.



Getting a passport.

To get a passport you will need to show proof of U.S. citizenship. Your birth or baptismal certificate will do. If you cannot produce either, then an affidavit attesting that you were born in the United States is sufficient providing it is signed by a relative or person who has known you for a long time.

You will also need some form of identification that bears your signature, such as a driver's license.

Two identical photos, front view, 2 1/2" to 3" square on a white background, and you're ready to apply.

Application must be made in person. At your county clerk's office, in some areas at your post office, or in most large cities at the

Passport Agency of the Department of State.

It costs \$12.00, and normally takes a minimum of two weeks for you to get your passport from the time you apply (three in the Spring or Summer) so don't wait till the last minute.

While you're traveling keep your passport with you at all times except when you have to turn it over to your hotel for registration purposes.

Do not pack your passport in your luggage. Should you lose your passport report it to the nearest American consulate or embassy.

Shots.

You can stop wincing. Most countries require no shots nowadays. However, it is wise for you or your travel agent to check with us regarding the specific countries you're going to.

And if you do have to get any shots, take them well in advance of departure as you may experience a day or two of discomfort.

An explanation of U.S. Customs regulations before it's too late.

The last person in the world you want to hear an explanation of U.S. Customs regulations from is the Customs Inspector who goes through your luggage on your return home. Because if he has to explain something it probably means you have something in your luggage you shouldn't have. So rather than getting embroiled in that kind of situation it's a good idea to know what you can't bring back before you go.

You can't bring back meat products, fruits, vegetables, plants or plant products without special permits usually unavailable to the tourist.

The same holds true for the skins and hides of animals classified under "endangered species" (leopards, alligators, etc.). Products from North Korea, North Vietnam, Southern Rhodesia and Cuba are also banned.

You can bring back almost anything else.

And you're exempt from paying duty on the first \$100 worth of merchandise. (\$200 worth from the U.S. Virgin Islands and Guam.)

Once you're over the exemption you must pay duty, but even that leaves room for bargains.

Buying a watch that sells for \$50 abroad, for example, and paying duty is still a lot better bargain than buying the same watch here for \$90.

One last point.

If you own a new camera of foreign make and you plan to take it abroad with you, remember to register it (a quick, painless process) with U.S. Customs officials before you leave. You don't want to pay duty on something you already own when you come back. (Don't laugh. It's happened.)



How many Groszys do you tip the waiter if the check comes to 87 Zlotys?

Handling foreign currency is not one of the American tourist's strong points.



And while it may be funny to hear stories of how someone tipped some waiter \$5 on an \$8 meal, or bought a pair of shoes for \$45 when he thought he was paying \$16, you're not going to find it funny if it happens to you.

And the only way to avoid it is to "learn" something about the currency of the countries you're going to visit.

To help you do that every copy of our Clipper Magazine, available free on Pan Am flights, has an up-to-date currency converter chart.

Using the chart, you'll be surprised how fast you'll come to think of a British pound as about \$2.50. Or a 100 Polish zloty note as about four dollars.

And when you understand the currencies, then you can read up on the tipping procedures for the different countries. (Pan Am's comprehensive new "World Guide" gives particulars for each country.)

It also helps to understand the art of overtipping.

If you plan to return often to a place, the breakfast room of your hotel, for example, be a little generous the first time. It pays dividends.

How you can get the best rate of exchange.

For the most part, travelers checks and credit cards are the answer to money problems abroad. Most hotels and stores accept them.

Should the need arise to convert a large amount of dollars into local currency, you'll find the best official rate of exchange at banks and "exchange" houses. (Hotels tend to be somewhat less generous, although the convenience of ex-

changing money at the hotel may well be worth it.

Change only as much American money into local currency as you think you will need, because you can lose money exchanging one foreign currency into another foreign currency.

And in case you run out of money, you can cash an emergency check of up to \$50 at any Pan Am office just by showing your Pan Am ticket.

The art of sightseeing.

Before you go sightseeing, it's smart to have some idea of what you want to see.

To help you do this, you can buy Pan Am "Tours on Tape," handy little cassettes that consist of walking tours around major cities of the world, complete with maps.

You can play the cassette before you leave the hotel, and then take it right along with you and have your own "guided" tour. (Incidentally, this is where those broken-in walking shoes come in. You won't want to have to

skip things because your feet are killing you.)

We also have Pan Am City Map/Guides that not only tell you things to see, but also places to eat and shop, for major cities around the world.

One very important thing. Some people actually avoid the great sights, like the Eiffel Tower for example, because they feel they're too touristy. But once you're on top, looking out over all of Paris, you'll realize how silly an attitude like that is.



What to eat, what to drink, and where to eat and drink it.



tells you about food and lists restaurants throughout the world.

It tells you where you can dine like a king at kings' prices and where you can dine like a king at your prices.

And can direct you to where you can get a mineral water in Italy that was recommended by Michelangelo back in the 15th century or to a meal in Japan for only \$.30 (soba-buckwheat noodles, meat and vegetables).

We also have a handy new book called "The Real Restaurant Guide to Europe" that not only tells you about the best restaurants, but also tells you where to get the best food for the money.

A famous movie star when asked what was the greatest thing he had seen on his trip abroad, was reported to have replied "The veal cordon bleu with pomme soufflé and artichoke vinaigrette."

The chances are he wasn't kidding.

Food abroad is a much different thing than food here.

In fact, you'll probably start to regret that you only have three meals a day to give to your stomach. (Providing you eat in the right places and order the right things.)

Which is where we come in.

Our new "Pan Am's World Guide"



(They can even tell you where you can get a hamburger if you get a little lonesome for home.)

The best buys.

Between the last great monument and the next great meal there is always time to indulge in that great American pastime. Shopping. The trick, as in eating, is to know where to go and for what.

Our Pan Am Shopping Guides contain information on shopping in more than 85 countries around the world.

They tell you what the best buys are in each country (topazes, amethysts, aquamarines and tourmalines in Brazil) and even what stores to go to.

They also tell you where you can bargain and where you can't. (You can in Morocco. You'll be wasting your time in Switzerland.)

How about a place where you get a 15% discount for using travelers checks? Or a 20%

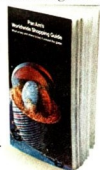
deduction on luxury items (gold, silver) provided you send them directly to your home in the U.S.

The Shopping Guides also give you a chart which lets you convert your American clothing sizes into the sizes used locally.

And of course, the people in our local offices are available for tips on the latest bargains.

The nicest thing about shopping abroad, however, is that it's more than a collecting process.

Walking and browsing in places like the covered bazaar in Istanbul, Paris' flea market or the floating markets of Thailand expand your knowledge and appreciation of the places you're visiting. Even if you don't spend a nickel.



Common courtesies, local customs and things to watch out for.

Good manners are universal. Please, thank you and you're welcome go a long way anywhere in the world.

If you can learn to say them in the local language you'll be a step ahead of anyone who can't. If you can't, English will do just fine. In most countries a handshake or a slight bow serve as a hello or a goodbye.

If you are invited to someone's home a small present (flowers, candy) will be deeply appreciated. (Shoes off in many places in the Orient.)

In many countries (Turkey, Japan just to name two) a polite burp at the end of a meal is a compliment not a faux pas. Don't overdo it however. (Our new "World Guide" book sets out a list of common courtesies.)

Since you'll undoubtedly be taking a camera please remember that people's privacy and property should always be respected. Ask permission (sign language works) before you shoot.

A few things to watch out for.

The electrical current in some countries may not be compatible with your shaver or hair dryer. Check it out first. (Or better yet, take

along a voltage converter which you can buy at most appliance stores here before you leave.)

In small buildings in France an elevator will take you up, but you are expected to walk down.



In Amsterdam, a great place to buy expensive diamonds cheap, there are people who sell cheap diamonds expensively. Since you can't tell the difference readily, only buy in reputable places.

As a matter of general information, don't buy from people who approach you on the street with "deals" anywhere.

Different ways to go.

The whole question here is, "to tour or not to tour?"

But before you jump one way or another you should know what a "tour" is.

Nowadays, a tour is a pre-arranged vacation plan. In some cases it involves traveling with a group.

In some cases it doesn't. The pre-arranging also comes in varying degrees.

Altogether we have 1500 tours to places all over the world.

We have tours where every single detail is taken care of. You don't have to worry about tipping, speaking the language, the customs, what

sights to see, where to eat or anything.

These tours are the best way to go for the person who doesn't like to worry about details.

Then there are such wide-open tours as the fly/drive tour. Terrific for the person who likes to "free-wheel" it a little.

Here we take care of your air travel, set you up with hotels and inns and arrange car rental for you and outside of that, you're on your own.

We also have some very special tours that we call our "Pan Am's World" tours. And we offer them to Europe, the Pacific, Latin America and the Caribbean.

We have them for the person who's never

been abroad, and for the person who has been somewhere before, and wants to go back to see it in more detail.

And we have them for people who have a lot of money to spend or a little money to spend.

And every Pan Am's World tour gives you everything it promises. (We even have "Tour Testers," people who stay at the hotels on our tours to make sure they are maintaining good service. If they aren't, we take them off our tours.)

And, of course, if you want to, you can always "go it alone."

The people who do this usually have no itinerary or at least a loose one, and just take things



What's the best time to vacation abroad?

Air fares and the cost of hotel accommodations vary from season to season.

If you want the most vacation for your money, the best times to travel are when other people aren't.

For example, to Europe in the winter, and the Caribbean in the summer.

However, some places like the Pacific cost about the same the year around, because they're relatively uncrowded the year around.

Your Pan Am travel agent or the people at a Pan Am office can explain how the cost of air fares and accommodations can vary at different times of the year.

And, if you want, they can also arrange

as they come.

If you want, we

can arrange to have a Pan Am's World Rent-a-Car waiting when you arrive.

We have a wide selection of models. And in many cases you can pick up a car in one city, and leave it in another at no extra cost.

Going on your own is a great idea. But it doesn't hurt to be somewhat familiar with the language. (We have a "pocket translator" that can help you.)

And whether you're going on your own, or on a tour (or even if you don't know where you want to go yet) a good idea would be for you to visit a Pan Am travel agent or Pan Am office, where you can browse through our Holiday Travel Center, with color brochures explaining the vacations we offer all over the world.



for you to charge your trip on a Pan Am Take Off Card or Pan Am's World Travel Credit Plan.



Airlines charge the same. Airlines don't give you the same.

One thing *not* to consider in choosing an airline is what it will cost you.

Because all airlines that belong to the International Air Transport Association charge the same fares to the same places.

So since you can't choose an airline on the basis of what it charges you, you might as well choose one on the basis of what it gives you.

To most airlines that means what you get on board a plane. A hot meal, a movie, a drink and some little nuts in a bag.

At Pan Am we think airline service is much more than what you get on board a plane.

The knowledge that we can pass on to you through our experience over the years is part of what we consider "service."

We have 235 Pan Am offices in 120 cities in 84 countries around the world.



In our offices you'll find people who do a lot more than just sell tickets and confirm flights.

We can give you tips on interesting side trips you may want to take.

We can even perform as your post office, so you can keep up with your mail.

We have our own Pan Am's World Rent-a-Car system in Western Europe, Israel and Morocco and will soon have it in other parts of the world.



We have our own Inter-Continental Hotels in 43 countries. (Every hotel is different. But our high standards of service are the same.)

And if you fly on Pan Am via New York, you'll find another kind of service.

Our new terminal at Kennedy Airport, the largest private air terminal in the world.

It's designed to make your stay on the ground shorter and more pleasant. (You can be driven right up to your gate. And we have our own U.S. customs and a unique baggage-handling system.)

There's another part to our service. An important part.

We are the most experienced airline in the world.

We were the first airline to fly the Atlantic, the Pacific, to Latin America and around the world.

We opened more of the world to air

travel than all other airlines combined. And we introduced almost every plane into commercial service. From the beginnings of international commercial aviation, right through to the 747.

Our knowledge and experience in this area is so vast that 24 of the world's airlines sent their pilots and crews to us for training.

As you can see, Pan Am is a lot more than just a hot meal and a movie.

Of course, we're pretty good in that area too.

In fact, we started it all by being the first airline to serve meals and show movies on board a plane.

Another innovation of ours is First Class dining rooms on our 747s. And if you fly economy class, it might interest you to know that last year 13 of the world's airlines came to us to prepare meals for them too.

What it all adds up to is this.

We help you before you go, help you while you're there, and give you a pleasant flight in between.

So if you're planning a trip abroad, see a Pan Am travel agent. Or visit a Pan Am office. Or send in our coupon.

And find out how much an airline can do to make your vacation abroad more enjoyable.

Pan American World Airways Inc.,
P.O. Box 884,
Trenton, New Jersey 08605

Please send me your Travel Planning Kit(s) checked below. Each kit contains our Pan Am's World Guide for the area, Shopping Guide, Travel Planner, Tour Brochures and a copy of Clipper Magazine.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------|--------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Europe & Mediterranean Kit | \$2.50 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Caribbean Kit | \$2.50 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pacific & Hawaii Kit | \$2.50 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Latin America Kit | \$2.50 |

Also please send me Pan Am's:
☐ "Real Restaurant Guide to Europe" \$2.00

- ☐ "Dial-a-Phrase" handy pocket translator wheel for phrases in: Each \$1.00
- ☐ French ☐ German ☐ Italian ☐ Spanish

My check for \$_____ is enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

My Pan Am Travel Agent Is _____



Pan Am

The world's most experienced airline.

PEOPLE

After serving for two years and five months in such posts as Newport, R.I., and Jacksonville, Fla., and on the waters of the Mediterranean, Navy Lieutenant (j.g.) **David Eisenhower**, 25, will return to Washington next month to seek his fortune in civilian life—though not without a little help from his friends. Waiting for him will be a \$110,000 brick rambler in suburban Bethesda, Md., picked out by his wife **Julie** and her mother **Pat Nixon** but bought by **C.G. ("Bebe") Rebozo**, the President's businessman pal. The Eisenhowers will pay an undisclosed amount of rent, thus allowing Bebe, who has made millions in real estate and other ventures, to write off some of the expenses on his house. Its value has already increased, thanks to the cozy living quarters that the Secret Service has built in the rec room for its agents. With dream house in hand, all David needs now is a job. He says that he might do a little writing or perhaps take a Government job, though with the budget cutbacks, that might be a tough field to break into. But Bebe says he knows a man...

"Being a woman has never hindered me. It has never caused me any unease, never given me an inferiority complex. Men have always been good to me." **Golda Meir**, the 74-year-old Premier of Israel, talking to Italian Journalist **Oriana Fallaci** for *Ms.*, decided to set a few things straight. **Ben-Gurion's** calling her "the only man in my Cabinet" was "just a legend." Had she ever killed anyone in Israel's years of war? "No... I learned to shoot, of course, but I've never had to kill anyone. I'm not saying it with relief: there's no difference between one's killing and making decisions that will send others to kill."

Does the battle of the sexes boil down to nothing more than who brings home the bacon? In Austin, Texas, to encourage women to organize locally for child-care centers and improved salaries and working conditions, Women's Lib Spokeswoman **Gloria Steinem** seemed to be saying so. Said Gloria: "I think **Jacqueline Onassis** has a very clear understanding of marriage. I have a lot of respect for women who win the game with rules given you by the enemy."

What Joseph Lash didn't tell about Eleanor and Franklin in his recent best-selling, two-volume biography of **Eleanor Roosevelt**, her second son **Elliott** was spelling out in the April issue of *Ladies' Home Journal*. In the first of two excerpts from his forthcoming book, *An Untold Story: The Roosevelts of Hyde Park*, Elliott writes that "Mother had performed her duty in marriage—five living children were testimony to that. She wanted no more, but her bland ignorance of how to ward off pregnancy

left her no choice except abstinence." So, he contends, his mother had no sex with **F.D.R.** after 1916. Lash's book had recounted F.D.R.'s long-running affair with Eleanor's special secretary **Lucy Page Mercer**. Elliott Roosevelt now claims that his father had a hitherto unknown affair with another secretary, **Marguerite ("Missy") LeHand**, during his marriage. Elliott's siblings—**James, Franklin Jr., John** and **Anna Roosevelt Halsted**—have signed a joint statement dissociating themselves from the book.

Carol Hollywell is the heroine of *The Last of the Southern Girls*, the first novel by **Willie Morris**, ex-editor of *Harper's*. A headstrong and hoydenish native of De Soto Point, Ark., with a flawless face and figure, the lady sounds suspiciously like his great and good friend from North Carolina, **Barbara Howar**, the unofficial director of Washington fun and games during the L.B.J. years. By no coincidence, Barbara is also publishing her autobiography, *Laughing All the Way*, and there is, she admits, a certain parallel between the two books. "I have learned that one does not talk in one's sleep around a writer," Morris, she said, squirmed away material "while we gazed at the moon." Both books were written in nine months "when there was an absolute cleavage in our relationship." But Barbara was hardly magnolia-mouthing the whole thing: "He has his heroine involved with a Congressman. Honey, I've never taken up with a Congressman in my life. I'm such a snob I've never gone below the Senate."

So many actresses were arriving in Philadelphia that anyone who noticed might have thought that some face lifter or take-it-off ranch was doing land-office business. The stars were there for the out-of-town run of the revival of **Clare Boothe Luce's** 1936 hit *The Women*. With 35 actresses in the cast, *The Women* might almost be Actors' Equity's answer to Equal Opportunity Employment, since two big Broadway shows have all-male casts—*That Championship Season* with five men and *The Changing Room* with 22. One minor problem with the show, which includes **Myrna Loy, Alexis Smith, Rhonda Fleming** and **Kim Hunter**, was that the stars had final approval on all photographs taken. Group shots were virtually impossible. Obviously, however, not all the actresses were publicity shy.

"I knew this was a friendly audience when I spotted 19 of my 23 vice presidential choices," **George McGovern** was flipping his political pancakes at Washington's annual Gridiron Dinner. "I wanted to run for President in the worst way—and I did. I also wanted to be President very badly, but Mr. Nixon



ELEANOR, F.D.R., MISSY LeHAND in 1937



BARBARA HOWAR & WILLIE MORRIS



RHONDA FLEMING & ALEXIS SMITH
With star approval.

My cover was blown!
And one cloudless night, I knew I was trapped!

"GOOD-BYE NICK"

I had never wanted to be a spy in the first place. I was just an ordinary Rhodes Scholar with a black belt in karate. But one day "X," the man with no last name, called on me. "This is your chance to serve Boston. You are the only man alive who is the exact double of Yong Yong Yong, a wealthy Chinese junk owner. You must assume his identity, and recover The Small Black Box."

But they had forgotten one thing. The shaving cuts and nicks on my face. Soon everyone in Hong Kong was laughing and saying "Herro, Nick." My cover was blown! And one cloudless night in a dark alley, I knew I was trapped! Unarmed, I watched in fascination as the sinister Oriental approached me, holding a small black box. It's curtains now. "Good-bye Nick," I thought. But no! It was "X" in disguise. Smiling wryly, he handed me a Gillette Techmatic® razor and said, "The Techmatic has a continuous razor band. No blades with sharp corners to cut and nick your face. It's all safely enclosed in a cartridge so you'll never have to touch another razor blade again. And it's adjustable."

I outwitted my Oriental enemies. Victory was sweet.
And sour.



With Gillette TECHMATIC
it's good-bye Nick

PEOPLE

is already doing that." McGovern added. "We opened the door to the Democratic Party, and all the Democrats walked out." He promised to support Nixon if he's right: "After all, we have only one President—two Secretaries of State, maybe, but only one President."

Maybe American politics could stand a little transcendental meditation. Or so **Maharishi Mahesh Yogi**, the former guru of the **Beatles** and **Mia Farrow**, told the Illinois house of representatives when he showed up in Springfield as the guest of Representative **W.J. ("Bingo Bill") Murphy**. Only last May, Bingo Bill pushed through a resolution encouraging the teaching of transcendental meditation, the Maharishi's technique of mind relaxation, on Illinois college campuses and in state drug programs. Seeking some serenity of his own, Governor **Daniel Walker** asked the visiting guru to explain the state's new budget, about which the press had been giving him a lot of grief. The Maharishi answered: "When the world turns to transcendental meditation, the world's problems will be less and the budget will be smiling all the time." Marveled the Governor: "A smiling budget. How about that?"

Some mysteries are perhaps better left unsolved. Celebrating his 65th birthday in Washington where he is appearing in Pirandello's *Henry IV* at the Kennedy Center, British Actor **Rex Harrison** confessed that he had nicknamed himself "Sexy Rexy" because it rhymed. "I was christened Reginald Carey Harrison so I called myself 'Rex.' What if I had been named 'Larry'?"

American Pianist **Byron Janis** has an uncanny knack for digging up rare manuscripts of **Frederic Chopin**. Exploring the archives at Yale University, Janis was drawn to a dusty folder thought to contain "just a bunch of old papers." They turned out to include two priceless scores, in Chopin's own hand, of the *Waltz in G Flat Major, Opus 70*. Five years ago Janis had discovered another, later version of the same waltz, along with other Chopin pieces, in a box marked "Old Clothes" in the archives of the Château de Thoiry outside Paris.

Like many affluent American executives, Soviet Party Chief **Leonid Brezhnev**, 66, is wild about gadgets. To cut down on his smoking, he carries a Swiss cigarette case with a timer lock that allows him one American filter-tip every hour. Hunting, he sports a matched pair of handmade English shotguns. Driving, he has the choice of the Cadillac limousine that **Richard Nixon** gave him, a Citroën-Maserati given him by the French, and a 1972 Rolls-Royce as well as several Russian-built cars. And now he has acquired the gadget of all gadgets—a video-phone system in his Kremlin office that links Brezhnev to his top Party Secretaries and key ministers.

Posturepedic isn't made like an ordinary firm mattress. Extra coils give you more support, even around the edges where ordinary mattresses first start to sag. And, Sealy's patented torsion bar foundation works together with the mattress for better all-around support.

SEALY POSTUREPEDIC
The unique back support system.



**A Sealy Posturepedic morning.
Your back will be glad you didn't buy an
ordinary firm mattress.**

Blacks v. Feminists

"Women's Lib Has No Soul." So proclaims the cover of the latest issue of *Encore*, the black newsmagazine. Inside, an essay by Psychologist Rose Finkenthaedt condemns the feminist movement as "little more than the hysterical exhibitionism of spoiled children." To blacks, adds Editor-Publisher Ida Lewis, Women's Lib is merely "a ploy for middle-class white women." At first reading, *Encore's* broadside sounds too extreme to reflect the outlook of more than a few blacks. But in interviews with *TIME* correspondents

method of limiting the black population. Muslim groups, for instance, say that the role of the black woman is to produce warriors for the revolution." Of the Equal Rights Amendment, Noble says, "I call it the lifin' and totin' bill. More than half of the black women with jobs work in service occupations; if the amendment becomes law, we will be the ones lifin' and totin', so passage of ERA is not our first priority."

Black women also find it difficult to identify with a movement that is essentially a middle- and upper-middle-class phenomenon. Florynce Kennedy, one of a number of blacks who belong

BETTY STALON



BLACK DOMESTIC AT WORK IN HOME OF WHITE MANHATTAN COUPLE
The title *Ms.* is not a burning issue.

across the nation last week, many black women agreed with the magazine's stand. Although black women are perhaps the most oppressed members of their sex, they are generally the least enthusiastic about Women's Liberation.

Black women have a simple explanation for their coolness toward the feminist movement—they believe that they are oppressed not by black men but by white society. As a result, most of them prefer to confine their crusading to such basic questions as employment, housing, education and the psychological effects of discrimination. "To black women," Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm sums up, "picketing a club restricted to men or insisting on the title *Ms.* are not burning issues."

Even the more important Women's Lib causes, such as abortions on request or the Equal Rights Amendment, fail to stir the black community. To many blacks, explains Jean Noble, executive director of the National Council of Negro Women, "abortion is genocidal, a

to the feminist group NOW, points out that a vast number of blacks still exist close to the poverty level or even below it. Snaps Black Actress Val Gray: "I can't address myself to the problems of a woman in Highland Park [a white, upper-middle-class Chicago suburb] when she is trying to get out of her kitchen and I'm in her kitchen as a maid."

Sheila Young, executive editor of *Essence* magazine, agrees. "We haven't had the comforts to get tired of. We haven't had the big house or the country club to bore us." In fact, when black women express discontent with their female roles, it is often because they already have more liberation than they want. They tend, however, to call it responsibility, since they frequently work not by choice but out of the need to support their families.

That necessity has actually brought black women some of the things for which white feminists are still fighting. Blacks, for instance, have never believed that woman's place is in the

home. "I was not raised to be somebody's wife," says the chairman of New York City's Commission on Human Rights, Eleanor Holmes Norton. "I was raised to do something with my life." Since black men are already accustomed to assertive women, she says, blacks have "very much of a head start on egalitarian family life."

An even more important cause of black alienation from Women's Lib may be the distrust, if not outright dislike, of many black women for white females. For one thing, black women are furious with whites for "stealing" their men, as evidenced by the rising total of marriages between black men and white women. Besides, black women see no reason to believe that a society in which white females held positions of power would be any fairer to blacks than a system dominated by white males.

Some blacks charge that white feminists have already shown evidence of unconscious racism. Althea Scott, a Los Angeles radiology technician who tries to work with feminists to "keep a dialogue going," nevertheless demands to know "how a liberated woman can rush to a meeting leaving her black maid at home to look after the children, get there and look around and ask, 'But where are all our black sisters?'" Editor Lewis sees the Women's Lib movement as nothing more than "a family quarrel between white women and white men." She cautions that outsiders who interfere in family disputes "always get shafted when the dust settles."

Not all blacks are hostile to Women's Lib. Some black members of NOW generally agree with Florynce Kennedy's argument that "it's the same gig wherever you are. Whether you're fighting for Women's Liberation or just black liberation, you're fighting the same enemies." The editors of *Essence* are even more feminist in outlook. "There will be no positive change for any of us," they declared not long ago, "until certain basic institutions of our society are changed. Which is all the more reason why the black woman can ill afford to become the silent woman, content with cooking soul food and making incoherent baby talk at the dinner table in the name of black manhood." Most black women do not take issue with that view. But, like Chicago poet Gwendolyn Brooks, they do not believe that ardent feminism is the logical alternative. Says Brooks: "Today's black men, at last flammably assertive and proud, need their black women beside them, not organizing against them."

Male and Female

► So far, none of the three new guards in California's state prison system for men have been assigned to conduct "skin searches" of nude prisoners for contraband. Nor have they been asked to work in the prison shower rooms or in the adjustment or segregation areas where men thought to be



You don't stay a champion by resting on your laurels.



Introducing the Triumph Spitfire 1500.

Win after win. Race after race. 30 times last year the Triumph Spitfire showed the world what a championship sports car is made of.

That was last year.

This year we have even bigger things in mind. And better.

This year's Spitfire has more engine than last year's racing champion. It's now a full 1½ litres.

To go along with the greater power,

this year's new 1500 has a 2 in. wider rear track, a higher axle ratio (3.89 to 1) and a larger 7¼ in. clutch.

All of which means more traction, more stability, and more getaway power.

And to give you an even sportier sports car for your money, this year's Spitfire comes with a new racing style steering wheel, walnut dash and adjustable headrests, not to mention

other less obvious, but significant improvements.

We know you don't stay a champion by resting on your laurels.

You'll know it too, the moment you test drive the new Spitfire 1500.



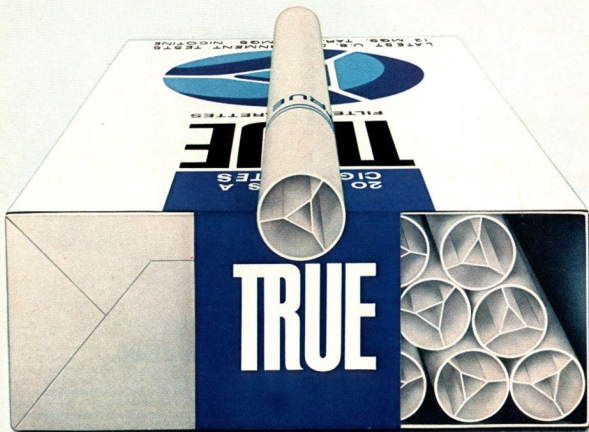
Triumph Spitfire 1500
We make sports cars for everybody.

FOR NAME OF YOUR NEAREST TRIUMPH DEALER CALL: 800-447-4700. IN ILLINOIS CALL 800-322-4400. BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, N.J. 07605

True: America's leading low tar and nicotine cigarette.

U.S. Government tests show True is lowest
in both tar and nicotine of the 20 best-selling brands.
Lower, in fact, than 98% of all other cigarettes sold.

Think about it. Shouldn't your next cigarette be True?



Regular: 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72.

© Lorillard 1972

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



SAN QUENTIN GUARD WILMA SCHNEIDER

troublemakers are confined. That day may come, however, despite the fact that all three of the guards are women. Prison officials say that they "aren't making any concessions as to what these women might be called upon to do" in an emergency. All three—Joyce Zink at Folsom and Wilma Schneider and Bonni Briggs at San Quentin—were hired after the California Personnel Board ruled that women must be considered for guard jobs. Though the three are the first of their sex to serve as guards, they are not the first to hold "correctional" jobs in California's male prisons: for three years, the state has employed a few women as supervisors in visiting rooms and at the front gate.

► "Women are inferior to men in physiological performance," and "the imbalance between wages and productivity registers itself earlier among women than men." These remarkable statements were included in a Tokyo high-court decision upholding an earlier compulsory retirement age for women than for men. The case in question began four years ago when Miyo Nakamoto was discharged from her job as a draftsman by the Nissan Motor Company Ltd. when she became 50, the firm's mandatory retirement age for women. Mrs. Nakamoto sued to stay on until 55, the age at which male employees must leave. At the loss of her suit, Mrs. Nakamoto called the decision "preposterous." Two female news commentators rallied to her support. One thought the decision "outlandish," and another asserted indignantly, "Some Japanese women in their 60s are far better than men of their age in physiological performance. We cannot accept such a ruling." But, in a country where the liberation movement is still just a gleam in women's eyes, there was little else they could do.

Trap at Wounded Knee

Any sharp confrontation between dissidents and authority makes journalists vulnerable to attack. The American Indian Movement's takeover of Wounded Knee has provided a classic case study. "It could have been settled in a week if it weren't for this horde [of reporters]," argued Interior Department Aide Charles Soller. Said Assistant Deputy Attorney General Charles Ablard: "The press has created a climate of undue sympathy for AIM." Sioux Tribal Council President Dick Wilson, whose resignation AIM leaders demanded, excoriated newsmen covering the occupied village for responding "only to dramatic violence and anarchy." Last week this criticism received an unlikely echo—from some of the newsmen on the scene.

Wounded Knee had become a kind of trap, particularly for television. It was obviously a major event that demanded thorough coverage. AIM leaders were so successful in getting their side of the story across, and so enthralled by the attention they were receiving, that they seemed willing to prolong the deadlock for the sake of still more publicity. Most newsmen watched helplessly as the thin line between covering and creating news wavered.

"The story has been managed all along," said NBC Correspondent Fred Briggs. A wire-service photographer went further: "We've definitely prolonged the thing." NBC Cameraman Houston Hall agreed, attributing the continued large-scale coverage to the public relations skills of AIM leaders. Indeed, AIM's Russell Means, for example, cannily orchestrated events within Wounded Knee for the press's benefit. "Cameras over here," he called out one afternoon, directing photographers to where bunkers were being enlarged. Then AIM forces "arrested" four men attempting to enter their compound. Released a few minutes later, the men were paraded at gun point

with their hands up past whirling cameras, then let go. Learning that one photographer missed a shot of the men leaving, AIM guards forced the "prisoners" to re-enact their release.

"I first started feeling the Indians were staging things on March 7," said ABC Producer Bill Brown. "While they were waiting for negotiations to continue, young Indians gathered in the tribal council house and lit a bonfire. It was 60° outside." Brown also thinks that on several occasions newsmen's questions influenced the improvised policy of AIM spokesmen. At one meeting, Brown recalled, "I put the question to them: 'Are you setting up a provisional government?'" Shortly afterward AIM leaders declared Wounded Knee the Oglala Nation.

The cooperation accorded the press by Means and AIM Leader Dennis Banks contrasted sharply with the behavior of the other principals. Chief Wilson made little attempt to clarify his position and was often inaccessible. Federal officials on the scene vacillated between minimal cooperation and the release of bureaucratic handouts. While newsmen did not slant their dispatches in AIM's favor, many did focus on the colorful material at hand—much of it handily offered by AIM.

Television-news executives in New York admitted the problems posed by Wounded Knee, but defended their coverage. Av Westin, executive producer of ABC *Evening News*, told his people: "If you think it's staged, identify it or don't use it." One night, Westin recalled, film arrived of the Indians decked out in war paint. "It was greatly pictorial," he said, "but it wasn't germane." NBC News Producer Dick Fischer admitted that "there's always a fear of being manipulated," but also stressed the story's importance: "Indians shooting at marshals. We have to cover that possibility." That may well be true, but the dilemma of newsmen's becoming part of the explosive event they went to cover remains unresolved.

AIM LEADERS DENNIS BANKS (LEFT) & RUSSELL MEANS MEET THE PRESS IN SEIZED VILLAGE





NEW YORK POLICE FRISKING SUSPECTED HEROIN ADDICTS IN HARLEM

Fighting Crime:

THERE are those who say that law and order are just code words for repression and bigotry. That is dangerous nonsense. Law and order are code words for goodness and decency in America." So spoke President Nixon as he explained his new crime initiatives. It was a purely Nixonian sentiment, grounded on his belief that he and the majority of Americans were resonating to the same moral pitch.

Nixon is not alone in that belief. New York's Nelson Rockefeller is urging his state to adopt mandatory life sentences without parole for any convicted adult drug pusher. In many cities, police are riding a renewed crest of respect; New York and Los Angeles each have two ex-policemen campaigning to join Philadelphia's Frank Rizzo as tough mayors with a no-nonsense attitude that was forged in a blue uniform. At least four state legislatures have reauthorized the death penalty and half the remaining states are considering similar legislation. The President was very much participating in a trend. With a passing swipe at "permissive judges," he seemed confident that the Warren era of Supreme Court concern for criminal defendants is all but a bad memory.

Clearly, Nixon felt no embarrassment about the harshness of his program. Still, he might have been embarrassed by his own rhetoric. To say that "Americans in the last decade were often told that the criminal was not responsible for his crimes... but that society was responsible" is a gross oversimplification of the view that true crime control requires dealing with root causes. And when he refers to "our returning prisoners of war" as examples of the sort of "tough moral fiber" that will help bring about a nation that is "free from crime," he is guilty of both irrelevance and exaggeration.

If the President's words are loose, however, his proposals are quite precise. And he gave his highest priority to two of the most controversial—stiffer sentencing and the death penalty. They raise complex questions. Will tougher sentences reduce crime? One hint of a negative answer may lie in the fact that the U.S. has long imposed the lengthiest sentences of any industrialized nation in the world, while also being one of the most crime-ridden. A more direct rebuttal came last week from the Fortune Society, a New York-based self-help group of former convicts. Distressed that politicians never ask ex-cons "about what deterred us and what did not," the society's monthly newsletter reported that "those of us who were small-time pushers, thieves,

THE LAW

Nixon's Hard Line

Having worked "to achieve a lasting peace in the world," President Nixon served notice last week that he has turned to the task of gaining "peace in our own land." It was time, said the President, for an escalation in the war on crime. Devoting the sixth of his series of State of the Union messages to the criminal-justice system, Nixon claimed that "dramatic progress" had been made in his first four years. That, he said, proved the merits of his philosophy "that the only way to attack crime in America is the way crime attacks our people—without pity."

Some of his more interesting specific recommendations:

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. The President urged a new federal law imposing the death penalty for war-related treason, sabotage and espionage and where death results from such serious federal offenses as skyjacking, kidnapping and assaulting a federal official. To meet the Supreme Court's objections to the arbitrary and capricious way death penalties have been meted out, Nixon laid down a meticulously detailed procedure. A jury would first decide guilt or innocence; then at a subsequent hearing, a judge and jury would consider whether there had been any mitigating circumstances or whether the crime had been particularly heinous. Where the jury concluded that the crime had been especially serious and there had been no mitigating factors, death would be mandatory. It is not certain, however, that the Supreme Court would go along since prosecutors, jurors and the President would all continue to have discretion on whether to consider reduced charges or on whose sentence to commute.

DRUGS. Anyone found guilty of trafficking in more than four ounces of a

substance containing heroin or morphine and who had a previous drug-felony conviction would automatically receive life imprisonment without possibility of parole. The lowest penalty for a trafficker would be from five to 15 years for a first offense involving less than four ounces. Accused pushers would not be allowed bail unless they could prove that they were not a "danger" to the community. That proposal constitutes a substantial hardening of the Nixon-proposed general preventive-detention law, which so far has failed to work very well in the District of Columbia.

INSANITY. To end "the present absurd use of the insanity defense," no plea on the defendant's mental state would be permitted at trial except the contention that he did not know what he was doing—for example, whether the defendant knew he was pulling the trigger of a gun. If the jury decided that he had actually committed a crime, the convicted defendant could then introduce broad evidence on his sanity so that the judge could decide whether he should be imprisoned or sent to a mental institution.

The President also suggested increasing the penalties for convicted arsonists, leaders of organized crime and persons using dangerous weapons while committing a crime. He promised as well to offer legislation curbing the sale and manufacture of "Saturday night special" handguns. Virtually everything Nixon proposed seemed certain to spark controversy, with the possible exception of the insanity proposal. Most experts have become convinced that a jury trial is a poor place to determine mental health. Nor did the President seem to find much in the criminal code in need of easing. One notable exception: it will no longer be a federal offense to detain "a United States carrier pigeon."

Debate Between Rhetoric and Reality

stickup artists, recall that we were too busy fighting to survive on the streets to be deterred by legislation. When we were committing crimes, we did not think about getting caught."

Stanford Law Professor John Kaplan comes to a similar conclusion about lengthier sentences, but for quite different reasons. "In large areas of the U.S., there is no substantial cause for criminals to fear the criminal law," Kaplan says. "The reason is that government is not willing to pay the money it would take to really get tough." That is, authorities are not willing to build and staff the necessary new courthouses and penitentiaries. Only one-tenth of next year's \$2.6 billion federal anti-crime budget, for instance, is earmarked for court or penal purposes.

One major result of such priorities is that all but 10% of criminal cases must be disposed of by plea bargaining, a tactic that inevitably results in significantly lower sentences. Moreover, Kaplan warns, if stiffer sentences are mandatory for a large number of offenders, the already creaking system would break down altogether; the promise of a lower sentence is usually the only incentive for a guilty plea. Says Kaplan: "If even 20% of defendants had to be tried, there would be chaos." The short of his point is that increased penalties are at best peripheral, at worst inimical, to the goal of actually punishing a substantial number of the offenders who are caught.

There are equally serious questions about the efficacy of the death penalty. Evidence marshaled for arguments against capital punishment last year in the Supreme Court tended to show that there is no proof it deters criminals. States that abandoned executions found no increase in capital crimes; nor did murder rates differ significantly in neighboring states with and without the death penalty. Eight abolitionist Western European countries have reported a decline in once-capital offenses. The evidence is not strong enough, and probably never can be, to allow an absolute judgment either way. But neither is the President justified in saying, as he did, "I am convinced that the death penalty can be an effective deterrent against specific crimes" and leave it at that. All he can really mean is: "I just have a hunch it will work." Further, there is the moral argument that capital punishment has become a barbarism unacceptable in civilized society. Reminding that it does, after all, involve killing, Clarence Darrow said: "Capital punishment is too horrible a thing for a state to undertake."

Despite the cogency of their crit-

icisms of harsh sentences and the death penalty, many liberal critics can also be trapped in a too-narrow view. Few, for example, seem to remember that besides rehabilitation and deterrence, the classic reasons for criminal punishment are retribution, isolation of the offender, and expression of society's condemnation. It may be that the brutal facts of the city street tap an almost atavistic need for the regulated violence of harsh punishment. The law, after all, must be a responsive social organism.

But what should be the basic purpose of that response: to punish or to rehabilitate, or both? Even as liberals and conservatives reiterate their debate about what will really work, evidence is building that something is, in fact, working. In the next few weeks the FBI will announce its final crime figures for 1972. The first nine months had already showed only a 1% increase in the number of serious crimes committed; the final quarter may well show no growth at all. Already the figures for auto theft have leaked out; and for the first time in history, the number of stolen vehicles dropped—by 4%. Washington, D.C., which is totally under federal jurisdiction, reports a 50% serious-crime-rate drop between one 1969 month and the most recent month of 1973.

The hard-liners would like to take the credit for the improvement. Trouble is, the statistics carry deceptions and contradictions. For one thing, the three most violent crimes—forcible rape, aggravated assault and murder—are still rising. The remaining four crimes that go into the FBI index all involve theft of property, and they constitute the overwhelming numerical bulk of serious crime. These are the ones that are mostly leveling off or going down—largely because they have been made more difficult. Most of the drop in auto thefts, for instance, is credited to the steering-wheel and transmission locks that have been mandatory on new cars in the U.S. since 1970. Similarly, in some cities, shoplifting is going down, apparently because of increased store security. Neither of those preventive measures has much to do with toughness or softness.

For all the accompanying bombast, there are elements of Nixon's crime policy that deserve backing—from both sides. Numerous experts agree that the growth in federally-backed drug-treatment programs has helped reduce stealing by addicts. Proper funding for police education, and resultant improvement in police tactics, is also a vital Nixon goal. It is those programs—the activities that really pay off—that merit the hard-liners' support. Similar-

ly, those who find the Nixon style on crime distressing would be better advised to worry about what actions work, rather than what words offend. The labels too often get in the way. Gun control, for instance, is often categorized as a soft-headed liberal idea, though by no rational analysis could it be considered a move that would be soft on crime.

The tentatively encouraging results of police professionalization should prompt attention to the rest of the criminal justice system, especially prisons. Liberals tend to consider all prisoners rehabilitable, an unrealistically indiscriminate approach that keeps prison programs from rehabilitating anyone. For their part, conservatives tend to think of most offenders as irredeemable and deserving of what they get. The sadly brutalizing U.S. prison system seems organized to prove this conservative pessimism correct. Whatever the convict was before he was locked up, the prison is almost sure to turn him into a hardened criminal. Yet most prisoners will soon be back outside. Obviously, then, one of the most urgent concerns is to develop rational standards for determining what treatment is best for which prisoners. The current return to law-and-order rhetoric, rather than careful study, may give "goodness and decency" a chance to do bold battle with "regression and bigotry," but it seems especially wasteful in light of the new reasons to hope that there are effective answers.

■ José M. Ferrer III

VIEW OF ILLINOIS ELECTRIC CHAIR





JOHN EMBREMAN

RIVALS KEINO & RYUN



WILLIAM ROSENTHAL

VAULTER SEAGREN, M.C. LIQUORI & PROMOTER O'HARA

SPORT

Run for the Money

As the house lights dim in the Los Angeles Memorial Sports Arena, Miler Marty Liquori, acting as M.C. and resplendent in his \$250 tuxedo, will direct the crowd's attention to a spotlighted sprinter crouching in the blocks. "He is co-holder of the world 100-meter record, and has run the fastest 200 meters in history," Liquori will spiel. The runner tenses for an introductory dash down the board track. "Let's have a big welcome for—JOHN CARLOS!"

Thus, with a smell of the circus, professional track—a slickly packaged, hyped-up version of the oldest athletic show on earth—will officially vault into existence this Saturday night. Along with Olympian Carlos, the Big Show will feature Old Rivals Kip Keino and Jim Ryun competing in the mile, as well as Champion Shotputters Randy Matson and Brian Oldfield. Dallas Cowboys' Wide Receiver Bob Hayes, once known as the "fastest man on earth," will test his speed against Washington Redskin Defensive Back Clancy Williams in a 40-yd. sprint.

Ham It Up. The incentive, of course, is money, in a sport where champions have traditionally worked for glory rather than cash. The 54 men and women in the meet will compete as contract employees of the new International Track Association (I.T.A.). They will get \$500 as first-prize money in their specialty at each meet. Bonus awards will go to athletes who tie (\$100) or break (\$500) a listed world record. The purses are modest by comparison with most pro-sport salaries. But if professional track catches on at the gate, there will be television rights, remunerative endorsements and a bigger pie for all.

Initially, the objective is to attract live crowds as proof of track's commercial appeal. To please fans, the I.T.A.'s eleven-page operations manual frankly encourages troupe members to ham it up: "Wave during introductions, smile,

turn to all sides of the arena and acknowledge the applause. Many U.S. athletes act glum as if they are about to be shot in the next minute." Matson, the world record holder (71 ft. 5½ in.) in the shotput, but a rather colorless performer, recognizes the problem. "If everyone was like me," he says, "nobody would come out and watch."

The 10,480 paying fans who came out to the Idaho State University "Minedome" in Pocatello recently for the I.T.A.'s single dress-rehearsal meet saw more than amateur theatrics. The abbreviated twelve-event format was, as the promoters put it, "sequentially choreographed," eliminating the usual clutter caused when two or three events are staged simultaneously. When Pole Vaulter Bob Seagren bounded his way to an easy victory over three opponents by reaching 17 ft. 6 in., the audience was not distracted by competition in the mile run. Another I.T.A. innovation was pacer lights; spaced every ten yards along the track, the lights told both the competitors and the crowd what pace the racers were maintaining. Running against the lights, Lee Evans broke Martin Bilham's indoor world record in the 600-meter run.

Records will not be recognized by international track authorities because the athletes are competing for money. But official approval matters little to the I.T.A.'s shrewd creator, Mike O'Hara. He plans a North American tour of 18 meets over three months, and he is interested in future gates rather than old statistics. He will even try gimmick events such as coed relays and celebrity races in each meet to supply a change of pace. "You've got to keep people jazzed," he says.

O'Hara, 40, is a former Olympic volleyball player (1964) and a veteran professional sport entrepreneur. He was a financial adviser and founder of both the American Basketball Association and the World Hockey Association, and briefly had franchises in each league.

For the I.T.A., O'Hara invested \$100,000 of his own and raised \$250,000 more from promotion-minded backers, including a track-shoe manufacturer.

He thinks pro track is a natural attraction despite failures by previous promoters. "Other than soccer," he says, "track is the best-attended sport in the world. It's great to identify with. That's why Bob Richards lasted a million years. Ma and Pa don't want their kids to identify with Joe Namath. They prefer Jim Ryun." Perhaps. If O'Hara is right, Ryun and company may eventually give Broadway Joe a race in the run for the money.

The Fire and Snap Man

Maybe there never was, and never will be, a perfect ballplayer. But let me ask you this: What was there that Frankie Frisch couldn't do?

—Joe McCarthy, New York Yankees manager, 1931-46

In the eternal summer of baseball memories, single images stand out: Babe Ruth, all massive shoulders and spindly legs, crouched somberly at the plate; Mel Ott's right leg flicking out as he stepped into a fastball; Ty Cobb's spikes flashing high as he slid home. In the case of Frank Frisch, the "Fordham Flash," the scenes are multiple—the headlong plunge toward second as he stretched a single into a double, the grace with which he consumed ground balls as an infielder, the temper tantrums that enthralled the crowds, baited the umpires and got him ejected from many games.

In his roles as player, coach, manager and even broadcaster, Frisch was one of those winning wild men who could make spectators believe that some great drama of life was being played out for their benefit. When he died last week at 74, five weeks after an auto crash near Elkton, Md., he had been out of baseball for more than 16 years, but as far as addicts of the sport were concerned, he never really left.

Frisch broke in with the New York Giants in 1919, fresh off the cam-

"Try to tell a 2000 pound Manta Ray you're only trying to hitch a ride."



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRSH WALKER & SONS LIMITED
BALDWINVILLE, CANADA

"The waters of the Great Barrier Reef were as calm as a pond that day. And not a sign of its mightiest monster—the mammoth Manta Ray. Ordinarily he's a shy beast. But if aroused, he can churn into a ton of deep-sea death.



"Don't take any more chances than you have to, Eva," warned Ben as I plunged overboard. Several minutes later (it seemed like an hour), he was swimming beside me with his 35mm camera when suddenly...



"... a black form surged toward us. I could see the Manta's mouth—big enough to swallow a man whole. And as I hitched on to his back, I remember hoping I hadn't arrived in time for the midday meal.



"Later at the Heron Island Hotel, we celebrated our adventure with Canadian Club." It seems wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More people appreciate its gentle manners and the pleasing way it behaves in mixed company. Canadian Club—"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRSH WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 48206. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1972.

Canadian Club
Imported in bottle from Canada

Extra care in engineering...it makes a difference.

Chrysler Corporation to take care

Optional Dual Air Conditioning.

A Chrysler Corporation exclusive, is the only system with a rear unit to supplement the front air conditioner for cool comfort, front and back. Optional on our full-size station wagons.

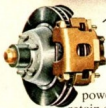
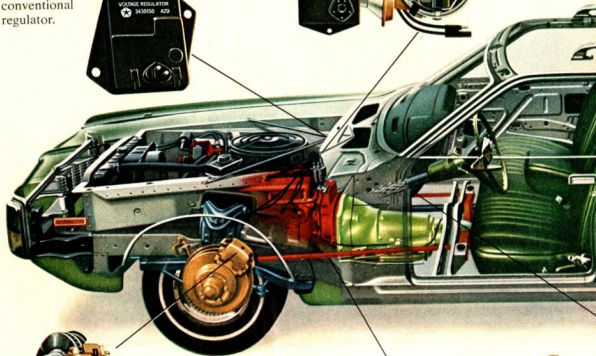
Electronic Voltage Regulator.

Helps increase battery life, and its solid-state components assure greater reliability than a conventional regulator.



Electronic Ignition.

Delivers up to 35% more starting voltage than conventional systems. With no points or condenser to replace, maintenance costs are reduced.



Standard Power Front Disc Brakes.

Give sure stopping power. They resist fade and retain effectiveness when wet.



Torsion-Bar Suspension.

Helps control lean, brake dive, bumps and sway. Exclusive Torsion-Quiet ride helps eliminate annoying road noises.



Discover the difference extra care in engineering makes in every Dodge, Chrysler and Plymouth wagon built in this country.

wagons are engineered of kids or cargo.

Air Deflector.

Our exclusive integral-design helps keep the back window clean. With the window opened slightly, it gives flow-through ventilation. Standard on many of our wagons. Available for all.

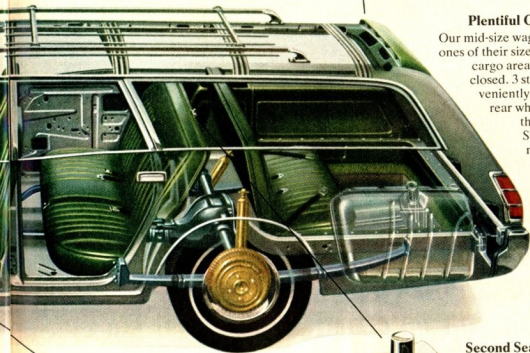
Three-Way Tailgate.

Is engineered to open three convenient ways: opens as a door with the window up, with the window down, and it opens as a tailgate.



Plentiful Cargo Capacity.

Our mid-size wagons are the only ones of their size with a flat, 4'x8' cargo area with the tailgate closed. 3 storage trays, conveniently located over the rear wheel wells, handle the odds and ends. Stowage compartment beneath the cargo floor of all our station wagons, gives extra storage space.



Tailgate Auto-Lock.

Our Auto-Lock automatically locks the tailgate when the ignition is turned on. Standard on some Chrysler Corporation station wagons; optional on others.



Second Seat Release.

Conveniently located, can be reached from either side. (A push button located in center of seat-back on intermediate wagons and a lever located on both sides of full-size wagons.)



**CHRYSLER
CORPORATION**

CHRYSLER • PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DODGE TRUCKS



There's at least one lake still pure enough to drink. General Electric is helping keep it that way.

Lake Tahoe has been called the most beautiful lake in the world. To keep it that way, the people who live there needed one of the world's most advanced sewage treatment systems.

With General Electric's help, they now have it on the lake's south shore.

Water from the system, like the lake itself, is pure enough to drink. But the people of Tahoe want only natural mountain streams flowing into the lake. So the treated water is pumped over a mountain pass into a reservoir.

GE motors, controls and meters keep the

whole system working. And GE equipment will power a similar system for the north shore.

It's only one example of how GE technology is working to help preserve the environment.

GE jet engines for the DC-10 are virtually smoke-free. GE nuclear plants are just about the cleanest way there is to make electricity. A new GE incinerator can burn most trash without any annoying smoke or odor.

As long as man is on earth, he's likely to cause problems. But the men at General Electric will keep trying to find answers.

Men
helping
Man

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

SPORT

pup. A star at Fordham—he had captained the football, basketball and baseball teams—he sat on the bench only two months, then moved into the starting lineup when the regular second baseman hurt his leg. For the next 18 seasons, Frisch remained a regular, matching superb fielding with a lifetime batting average of .316. From 1921 through 1924, the Giants won four straight National League pennants, and Frisch starred in all four campaigns.

In 1926, after a dispute with authoritarian Manager John McGraw, Frisch was traded to the Cardinals for another Hall of Fame second baseman, Rogers Hornsby. St. Louis fans were dismayed, but only temporarily. The Cardinals won pennants in 1928, 1930 and 1931, and Frisch again figured prominently in the triumphs. Then, as a playing manager, he oversaw the antics of the rambunctious Cardinal Gas House Gang. Frisch continued to play until 1937. In one game that year, fellow Cardinal Terry Moore nearly overtook him as both men sprinted around the bases. "When they start to climb up the back of the old Flash," he said, "I know it's time to quit."

Frisch managed the Cardinals for one more year, then moved on to run the Pittsburgh Pirates (1940-46) and the Chicago Cubs (1949-51). Between managing stints, he coached, then emerged as a play-by-play announcer for the Giants. His lament, "Oh, those bases on balls," became a fan's litany. After a 1956 heart attack, Frisch retired. He tended his azaleas, added to his collection of classical recordings and hurled steady disparagement at modern-day baseball. Samples: "Today's spring-training camps are country clubs without dues . . . Baseball players today do not have the same fighting spirit . . . The old fire and snap have gone out of baseball." Perhaps so, but never from Frankie Frisch.

FRANK FRISCH AS CARDINAL, 1934



SHOW BUSINESS & TV

Death at Gila Bend

"Howdy from the middle of nowhere," say the souvenir postcards sold in Gila Bend, Ariz. The tiny town (pop. 1,700) is a truckers' and traveling salesmen's way station along Highway 80, which ribbons through the cactus-dotted desert between Tucson and Yuma. But Gila Bend is not the middle of nowhere any more. Last week reporters from both Europe and the U.S. poured into town, thronging the bar of the local Elks' Club and pressing into a dusty little courtroom decorated with a painting of Wild Bill Hickok being gunned down in a Deadwood saloon.

The attraction was a real-life melodrama not unlike the scripts that have been shot on location in the desert around Gila Bend. An inquest was being held into the death of the young business manager of English Actress Sarah Miles. The manager, David Whiting, was found dead in Miles' motel room a month ago during the shooting of MGM's western, *The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing*. Pills and bottles were scattered around his body, and bruises and a bloody cut were found on his head. Miles and her co-star Burt Reynolds had originally declined to testify at the inquest. But Whiting's mother, Mrs. Louise Campbell of Washington, D.C., obtained a court order requiring their testimony.

Raffish. Miles' appearance was a star turn. Alternately sobbing and indignant, she seemed to transfix the courtroom spectators and the seven-person jury. Justice of the Peace Mulford Winsor IV, a plumber when he is not sitting on the bench, was so unnerved that he had to start the oath twice.

In earlier statements to the press, Miles had sketched a raffish portrait of her off-camera relaxations. She liked to have a few drinks with the film crew, or with the local wranglers. Whiting's attitude toward all this, she had said, had been jealously possessive. Once he had grabbed her by the neck during an argument over her socializing, and she had thrown a vase at him.

On the night of Whiting's death, Miles testified, she went to dinner in nearby Ajo, with other members of the company. Bored with the party, Miles persuaded Actor Lee J. Cobb to leave with her. After some time at a tavern, she stopped at Reynolds' room, then returned to her own at 3 a.m. There Whiting came out from behind a clothes rack and "got ahold of me and began throwing me about the room," hitting her on the face and head. Her screams woke Janie Evans, the nanny for her five-year-old son Thomas, in the next room, and Evans called Reynolds.

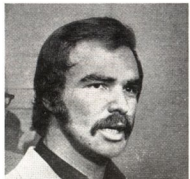
"Christ Almighty, you're a mess!" Reynolds quoted himself as saying when he saw Miles' cut lip, bloody nose



MILES OUTSIDE COURTHOUSE



WHITING IN HOLLYWOOD



REYNOLDS AFTER INQUEST

and the lump on her forehead. "If I was not as mature as I am now, I would lay him out," referring to Whiting. Instead, Reynolds testified, he took her to his own room, where she stayed the night. Late the next morning, when Miles returned to her room—to get her birth control pills, she said—she found Whiting curled up in the bathroom.

The county medical examiner testified that Whiting had died of an overdose of drugs, including methaqualone, Benadryl and a Librium-type drug. However, a pharmacologist hired by Whiting's mother said that the amount of methaqualone in Whiting's bloodstream need not have been fatal. Left unexplained was how Whiting's blood

SHOW BUSINESS & TV

came to be on a pillowcase, towel, tissues and the washbasin in his own room, as well as on a blue sweater he had apparently been wearing. Also unaccounted for were the severe cut on the back of his head and scratches on his stomach, chest and knuckles. The inquest was adjourned for a week awaiting a report from Dr. Thomas Noguchi, chief medical examiner of Los Angeles County. Whiting's mother, a white-haired woman in a woolen cap and fraying coat, attended the inquest and said she was unsatisfied with the testimony.

In some ways Whiting's life was as mysterious as his death. A former *TIME* correspondent (1968-1971) who grew up in Washington and graduated from Haverford College in Pennsylvania, Whiting, 26, loved to surround himself with Gatsby-like glamour and intrigue. Though not wealthy, he would lunch by himself with a bottle of champagne and fly to London to have a suit made—then fly back again the next week for a second fitting. When he became *TIME*'s Hollywood correspondent and began hobnobbing with stars, Whiting's fantasies became reality—for a time, anyway. During an interview with Miles he became infatuated with her and soon quit his job to live with Sarah and her husband, playwright-screenwriter Robert Bolt, in Surrey, England. Though his ostensible purpose was to write a book on Sarah, he made himself so useful that he became her business manager, factotum, and confidant.

Whiting's erratic behavior eventually annoyed the Bolts, and they tried to move him out of their lives. At this point, Sarah claims, he attempted suicide by taking an overdose of drugs, and they kept him with them. Whiting once wrote in a London magazine that Miles was the "greatest dame since Eve." The title of the article: *Sarah Miles: The Cool Man-Eater*.

Sweet and Sour Sue

Get me Steiger, Candy and Bob Evans, in that order...

Hi, Rod darling. On our project, they're playing with McQueen, but I don't think they can pay the money... Candy, my angel. Do you want to come to dinner Thursday? Here's who I'm having: Bogdanovich, Evans, maybe Nicholson... Oh Bobby, hi, sweetheart. You want us to negotiate a deal right now? \$500,000 against 10% of the gross—no, \$250,000 plus 10%.

The dialogue is straight from the old B movies about backstage Hollywood, but nobody is laughing at Agent Sue Mengers, who carries on desk phone conversations nonstop from a sush piled high with scripts. "They never laugh at success," Mengers notes dryly. As a vice president of mighty Creative Management Associates, Sue Mengers is, in the rueful words of one of her ex-clients, "more powerful than the stars she handles." An overestimation, perhaps, but

Mengers' list of personal clients is largely above-the-title: Barbra Streisand, Ryan O'Neal, Ali McGraw, Candice Bergen, Gene Hackman, Tony Perkins, Tuesday Weld, Directors Herb Ross, Peter Bogdanovich, Bob Fosse and Writer Gore Vidal, to name a few.

Although her clients are mostly "new" Hollywood, Mengers, 36, is a throwback to the more flamboyant, flesh-peddling days of the studio moguls. At 5 ft. 2½ in. and 160 lbs., usually billowing in a sea of muumius and caftans, she is sometimes seen as a cross between Mama Cass and Mack the Knife. She has the soft, breathy voice of a mule skinner and the subtle approach of a Sherman tank. She often compares herself to Eve Harrington, the calculating and ruthless climber in *All About*

Mengers was born in Hamburg, Germany, to Jewish parents who fled to Utica, N.Y., in 1938. Her father committed suicide when Sue was eleven, and she and her mother moved to The Bronx. She went to a lot of movies, developed fantasies about becoming a star. Once, she attended a drama class. "Everyone there was better looking and more talented. My practical streak told me 'there goes that dream.'"

Still star-struck, she got a secretarial job at the William Morris talent agency. "Then it dawned on me that I could handle people better than the schmucks in the agency making \$100,000." In 1963 she formed a partnership with Agent Tom Korman, "and I've never ridden in a public conveyance since." Swathed in a pay-as-you-go mink, she set out to steal stars from the big agencies.

"We preyed on people who were out of work," she laughs. "In those days I was so driven I would have booked Martin Bormann."

One night she spotted Tom Ewell dining alone at Sardi's. "Hi, I'm Sue Mengers, and I wish you would answer my calls," she twittered gaily, dropping her business card in his soup. Giggles, apologies—and before the evening was over Ewell had signed. She wined and dined Tony Perkins for eight months until he hired her. She pursued Paula Prentiss and Husband Dick Benjamin even through Paula's nervous breakdown, visiting her at the hospital "when no one else would," recalls Benjamin; five years later they signed. Grins former Partner Korman: "She would have made the best Electrolux salesman of them all."

She no longer has to worry about booking Martin Bormann. After two years with Korman, she joined C.M.A., where her salary is now close to what those others at William Morris used to make. She also has an expense account that runs to some \$8,000 a year just for the all-important parties she throws in her outrageously rococo Beverly Hills "palazzo."

The parties are the essence of the Mengers technique, fertile fields to be sown with actors, writers and directors and plowed for possible deals. "On a scale of 1 to 10, I'd say that entertaining has contributed 5 to my success. It is harder for someone to screw you if they've had dinner at your house."

While success has not spoiled her ambition—she still lusts after glittery names like Clint Eastwood, Mike Nichols and George C. Scott, all, so far, impervious to her blandishments—it has mellowed her somewhat. "It's easy to be nice when you're successful," she explains. "People are nicer to you, too. Hell. If I had it to do all over again I'd still rather be adopted by Henry Ford."



SUE MENGERS IN HER HOLLYWOOD OFFICE
A sea of muumius and caftans.

Eve. In fact, a character based on Mengers will soon appear in a new film called *The Last of Sheila*. Director Herb Ross describes the character as "human, gamy, but not common."

Her enemies—there is an ample supply—dismiss her as vulgar, vengeful, vindictive and untrustworthy, a puffball of bluff. Even some friends regard her with the affectionate respect that they might accord a pet barracuda. "The first time she asked me to a party," remembers Client Dyan Cannon, "she said, 'Will you wash your face before you come? I want people to see what you look like.' I was intimidated by her dictating, pontifical ways at first, but now I just don't let her be my mother." Her fans find her clever, charming when she tries—and above all, honest. Adds Actor Dick Benjamin: "She never lies. She'll tell you if they don't want you and if she has gone as far as she can go. But I've seen her sell past the resistance."



Congratulations.
You've just given birth to a 10½ oz. Pussycat.

Nice going, America. We knew you could do it. Make the world's most playful drink. The Early Times Pussycat. The delicious orange-sweet sour that mixes up as quick as a cat. All you need is a little "Bar-Tender's Instant Pussycat Mix," Early Times and a splash of water. But don't just take our word for it.



Mix yourself another. Better yet, mix up a whole litter of Early Times Pussycats. And have a party. Ask for Instant Pussycat Mix at your favorite food or liquor store. To get a set of 4-10½ oz. Pussycat glasses & 4 packets of Instant Pussycat Mix,* send \$2.95 to: Early Times Pussycat Glasses, P.O. Box 378, Maple Plain, Minnesota 55359

*offer valid only where legal - limited time only.



Canada at its best.

Try the light, smooth whisky that's becoming America's favorite Canadian.
Imported Canadian Mist.

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND, 80-86.8 PROOF, BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS IMPORT COMPANY, N.Y., N.Y. ©1972.

ENVIRONMENT

Deadline for Detroit

Never before have U.S. automakers been so much on the defensive—or in such deep trouble. Testifying before officials of the Environmental Protection Agency in Washington last week, executives of General Motors, Ford, Chrysler and American Motors stated that their vehicles could not meet the strict—and, Detroit says, unrealistic—standards for exhaust emissions set by Congress in the Clean Air Act of 1970. Each of the companies asked for more time—at least one year—to produce cleaner cars.

The Clean Air Act now leaves it up to William D. Ruckelshaus, administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, to decide what to do. If he finds that a break for Detroit is essential to the public interest, he must grant the extension. If he believes that the automakers are shirking, he must deny it—thereby possibly shutting down the nation's mightiest industry until it can make the clean cars. Adding drama to the decision making is the fact that Ruckelshaus turned down a similar request for more time last year. He held last week's hearings only because of a court order obtained by the automakers. For them, it was a last-ditch effort.

Crash Program. The main source of Detroit's troubles is the internal combustion engine. Although safe, reliable and easily maintained, it spews out at least three noxious gases. The Clean Air Act, which is mostly concerned with public health, specifies that the emissions of two—carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons—be cut 90% of 1970-model levels in 1975-model cars, and orders the same decrease in nitrogen oxides in 1976 models. Moreover, the automakers must guarantee the emission controls for 50,000 miles.

Detroit reeled when the law was passed, then threw its top engineers into a crash effort to meet the requirements. Given too short a lead time—to retool assembly lines normally takes about two years—the best antipollution device the engineers could come up with was the catalytic converter. Shaped like a standard muffler and attached to the exhaust system, the converter would completely burn hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide,* turning them into harmless water vapor and gas. Estimated cost to the consumer: at least \$200 per car.

But the converters simply are not reliable enough to do the required job. Last week Chrysler Vice President Sydney L. Terry testified that "40% of our test cars using the catalytic system failed within 5,000 miles." For emphasis, his colleague, Engineer Charles M. Heinen, laid a burned metal tube on Ruckelshaus' table. "This is a catalytic-

converter failure," he said. "We had temperature sensors and control devices all over it and they didn't do a damn bit of good." Indeed, the word "failure" was repeated again and again in all the automakers' testimony.

If GM has to put existing converters on its cars, Vice President Ernest Starkman warned, "the prospect of an unreasonable risk of business catastrophe and massive difficulties with these vehicles must be faced." By "massive difficulties" he meant that the cars would be hard to start, would break down often and, most dangerous of all, perhaps stall while moving, because the antipollution device reduces engine efficiency.

Costs. Those are not the only problems that will be encountered if the converters are used. The catalyst is made of either platinum or palladium, most of which comes primarily from South Africa and the U.S.S.R.; to purchase enough of these rare metals would cost the U.S. \$1.3 billion between 1975-80, thereby adding to the nation's already unfavorable balance of payments. In addition, the fuel used in autos equipped with converters must be totally lead free; only a small trace of lead would foul the converters beyond repair. Producing lead-free fuel, oilmen insist, will cost about \$5 billion in new refinery facilities and pipelines. Any equipment through which leaded fuel has flowed is contaminated with lead and would be unusable. Finally, the antipollution devices would cut gas mileage per gallon by anywhere from 15% to 30% at a time when the U.S. energy crisis is reaching serious proportions.

Ruckelshaus listened impassively;

he knew that three foreign autos—a Honda, a diesel Mercedes-Benz and the rotary engine Mazda—had already met the 1975 standards without catalytic converters. "If some companies can make it," he asked Detroit's representatives, "why can't all of them?"

The automakers had ready answers. Mercedes' diesel has been largely rejected in the U.S. marketplace, they said, because it is noisy, smelly and smoky. The Honda engine was relatively easy to clean up because it is small (only 65 h.p.) and powers a tiny car that weighs no more than 1,600 lbs.; moreover, it is not sold in the U.S. Even though Mazda's rotary Wankel engine was initially dirtier than the conventional reciprocating engine, the Japanese firm managed to control its emissions by installing a thermal reactor that burns the noxious gases. The major problem with the thermal reactor, Detroit's engineers say, is its size; for the larger engines needed to power standard-size U.S. cars, it would have to be so large that it could not fit under the hood. Furthermore, the automen note, the reactor is expensive (the compact Mazdas cost several hundred dollars more than similar-sized U.S. autos).

Detroit had other sticky questions to answer. Until 1968 the auto industry had been notorious for delaying rather than acting to control emissions. When finally forced to act, critics charge, the manufacturers added Rube Goldberg gimmicks to the internal combustion engine rather than search for a cleaner alternative. With that history in mind, Ruckelshaus asked: "What will you do if an extension of time is granted? Will you try to develop alternate technologies, or simply delay the use of the catalyst?"

"We've got a long-term commit-



GENERAL MOTORS TECHNICIAN TESTING A CATALYTIC CONVERTER
A prospect of business catastrophe and engine inefficiency.

*Another system, still being developed, would cope with the nitrogen oxides.



The slide projector that lives in the living room.

Starting now, the slide projector comes out of the closet into the living room—and stays there. Full time. In full view. The Kodak Carousel custom H projector has a handsome smoke-tinted dust cover. Warm wood-grain vinyl panels. Gleaming chrome accents on black. It belongs. Anywhere.

Come curtain time, just take the cover off and put on the 140-slide tray.



And a dazzling show.

Choose from three Carousel custom projectors. All dependable as gravity because gravity lowers each slide into position *gently*. No pushing or pulling. All quiet as a whisper. You have a choice of automatic features, too: Automatic focus. Automatic timing. Remote control. And more.

Prices start at less than \$180. Other Kodak Carousel projectors from less than \$65.

Prices subject to change without notice.



Kodak Carousel custom H projector.

Special offer at your photo dealer's now: "Take Five from Kodak." Buy any Kodak projector, get \$5 back from Kodak.



ENVIRONMENT

ment to the catalytic system," answered Joseph Bidwell, assistant to GM President Edward N. Cole. But rather than force the automakers to equip all of their 1975 models with a still-unproven device, he and Ford executives suggested, a trial run should be made that year only in California, the state most affected by auto pollutants. Bidwell also pointed out that GM was currently pouring \$250 million into researching emission controls and, like the other automakers, vigorously investigating other kinds of engines.* But so far, Bidwell admits, "we haven't solved the emission problem by shifting power plants."

California's Way. Chrysler President John Riccardo takes a different tack, insisting that the only immediate solution is to change the requirements of the Clean Air Act. He argues that California, the state with the worst auto pollution, has a more reasonable law, based on what he says are much more complete public health data than were

	Carbon Monoxide	Hydrocarbons	Nitrogen Oxide
	GRAMS PER VEHICLE MILE		
Actual 1970	46	4.7	6.0
Federal Goal 1976	.41	3.4	.40
California Goal 1976	24	1.0	1.5

available to Congress in 1970. It sets somewhat more lenient standards on pollutants (see chart) than those in the national law.

Given one more year to refine and modify the reciprocating engine, Riccardo insists, Chrysler could probably meet the California standards without using catalytic converters. Thus, he contends, the U.S. could achieve cleaner air without substantial increases in the price of cars and without sacrificing fuel economy; the plan would also make unnecessary the mass purchases of platinum and palladium, and construction of new refining facilities. Furthermore, one more year's production of cars with emissions that have already been significantly reduced would not noticeably degrade air quality. Sensible as Riccardo's proposal sounds, however, changing the provisions of the Clean Air Act would require fast congressional action, which for the moment seems unlikely.

Testimony before the EPA will continue until midweek as the foreign auto manufacturers have their say. After that, Ruckelshaus has 60 days to make what is surely the hardest decision of his career.

*GM's compact Vega may offer a rotary engine as an option on 1975 models. Farther in the future are the steam engine, the gas turbine, the Stirling engine and, perhaps, a battery-powered electric car.

Coast to Coast

70¢

plus tax

Saturday, 8 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Sunday, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Dial-it-yourself Long Distance
is the cheap and easy way to go visiting.
Voices travel both ways on a single fare.
So visit the ones you love by Long Distance.
And dial the call yourself; you'll save.



"Something to
remember..."

"Some interstate
Long Distance rates
have just been in-

creased. But on calls you dial your-
self, rates haven't been increased
at the time when you're most
likely to call. I mean weekends.
At those times, dial-direct
rates are actually \$1.30 less than
the lowest-priced coast-to-
coast call when I was born
in 1950."

Coast to Coast Long Distance rates

	Station-to-Station Dial-it- Yourself	Station-to-Station Operator- Assisted		Person- to- Person
		Operator- Assisted	Operator- Assisted	
Weekends	8 a.m. to 11 p.m. Sat. and 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sun.	70¢ first 3 minutes	\$1.40 first 3 minutes	\$3.55 first 3 minutes
Evenings	5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Sun. through Fri.	85¢ first 3 minutes	\$1.40 first 3 minutes	\$3.55 first 3 minutes
Nights	11 p.m. to 8 a.m. daily	35¢* first minute (minimum call)	\$1.40 minimum call (3 minutes)	\$3.55 minimum call (3 minutes)
Weekdays	8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Mon. through Fri.	\$1.45 first 3 minutes	\$1.85 first 3 minutes	\$3.55 first 3 minutes

Rates shown (tax is not included) are for the days, hours and durations indicated, and for the types of calls specified at the head of the columns. Rates may be even less, of course, on out-of-state calls for shorter distances.

Dial-it-yourself rates apply on all interstate calls (excluding Hawaii and Alaska) completed from a residence or business phone without operator assistance. They also apply on calls placed with an operator from a residence or business phone where direct dialing facilities are not available. Dial-direct rates do not apply to person-to-person, coin, hotel-guest, credit-card, or collect calls, or to calls charged to another number, because an operator must assist on such calls.

*One minute minimum calls available only at the times shown, and additional minutes are 20¢ each, coast to coast.

Dial it yourself and save.



RAILROADS

Light in Amtrak's Tunnel

FOR most of its first two years, Amtrak, the quasi-public corporation created to preserve U.S. railroad passenger service, seemed to be highballing down the final stretch of track toward extinction. Amtrak began operations on May 1, 1971, by discontinuing almost half the nation's rail passenger service; as it rolled through the next 20 months, it lost \$239 million. Last year its long-distance trains ran late 47% of the time, and drew angry complaints from riders about dirty cars, erratic heating systems and rest-room toilets that did not flush.

Stubbornly optimistic, Amtrak President Roger Lewis insists that "we see a business with a future now." Last week his bosses in the Nixon Administration agreed. The Department of Transportation recommended that when Amtrak's original mandate expires July 1, Congress should give the corporation the go-ahead to keep operating its present network.* The department also called on Congress to increase Amtrak's \$100 million in Government loan guarantees to \$500 million and requested that Amtrak be given an "open-ended appropriation" in effect a blank check to finance operations. The department cited "notable gains" for Amtrak, and the praise was not undeserved. Despite its miserable start, Amtrak and its riders can really see light at the end of the long, dark tunnel.

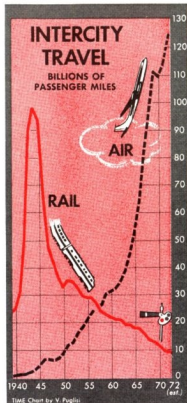
Although total U.S. rail travel continued its almost quarter-century decline last year (see chart), Amtrak logged a slight increase in passenger

miles. In the five months ended last Sept. 30, the company carried 10.4% more riders than in the comparable period of 1971. The increase helped hold Amtrak's deficit in the first half of fiscal 1973 to \$63 million—a huge amount, but down 9% from a year earlier.

Amtrak's Metroliner, which covers the 227 miles between New York and Washington in three hours and runs on schedule 95% of the time, has established itself as a serious competitor to air and bus service. Lewis plans to start similar runs in the Midwest later this year with four turbo trains capable of hitting 170 m.p.h. to be leased from Canadian and French firms. Reservations and ticketing for Eastern Amtrak runs are now handled by a central computer, which by 1974 will take over ticketing for the whole country. Amtrak lately has even been expanding rather than curtailing its services; for example, with Canadian cooperation, it has put sleepers on trains running from Montreal through Boston to Miami.

Attitude. Lewis and a crew of Amtrak marketing men, most of them hired from airlines, are out to promote rather than merely provide rail passenger service. Lewis himself came to Amtrak from the aerospace industry (he was once president of General Dynamics) and has maintained his zeal for rail travel despite a Congress-ordered slash in his salary from \$125,000 to \$60,000 a year. Amtrak is now plugging airline-style package weekend tours that include train and hotel reservations in a single, discount price, and has negotiated car-rental discounts for Amtrak passengers at some destination points. Although these are not exactly startling innovations, the attitude behind them is the exact opposite of the viewpoint of private railroad executives, most of whom believe that passengers only get in the way of freight.

Unfortunately for Amtrak, the corporation must rely for track and equipment maintenance on the 13 investor-owned railroads whose passenger networks it took over. It has got much less than maximum cooperation. One stretch of Penn Central track between Chicago and Cincinnati is in such disrepair that Amtrak's "James Whitcomb Riley" train sometimes can chug along at no more than 10 m.p.h. Louis Menk, chairman of



Times Chart by V. Pugsley

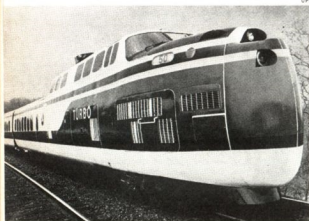
Burlington Northern, who also sits on Amtrak's board, admitted in a television interview earlier this month that he would still not mind seeing rail passenger service ultimately die out.

Lewis thinks that he can convert the public to a different view. He has some strong selling points. Trains can carry people over long distances with less air pollution than any other form of public transportation and impressive economy of increasingly scarce fuel. Besides, they have a potential novelty appeal: a Louis Harris poll last year indicated that only 4% of Americans aged 18 or over had traveled 100 miles or more by train in the previous twelve months. The remaining 96% constitute a vast untapped market.

MONEY

A Floating Fellowship

One crucial question raised by the latest monetary crisis was less financial than political: Could the nine members of Europe's Common Market agree on a joint solution to the speculative assault on the dollar and some of their own currencies? If the answer turned out to be no, the drive toward a more tightly knit Continent would have been dealt a major blow. But last week six



AMTRAK'S TURBO TRAIN ON DEMONSTRATION RUN
Even sleeping cars are making a comeback.

of the nine worked out a plan that they could accept—and the other three eventually may join. As a result, official currency exchanges are scheduled to reopen this week, after an extraordinary shutdown of eleven business days.

The solution, as predicted, was a monetary "float"—a relatively free market in which currency prices are determined by supply and demand. But instead of precipitating a complete free-for-all, the six partners agreed on a joint float, in which their own currencies will remain fixed in value against each other while fluctuating in unison against outside money like the U.S. dollar or Japanese yen. Several nations had to compromise individual policies to make that solution possible. Most notably, West Germany increased the value of the mark 3%. That move, which will make German exports a bit more expensive, has little economic justification except that it may be necessary to calm speculation. France, for its part, reversed its long opposition to any kind of float. West German Finance Minister Helmut Schmidt hailed the agreement as an "optimal solution"; the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* went so far as to label it "group sex."

Ante Up. Since their currencies are already floating individually, Britain and Italy decided not to join; Ireland followed Britain because of the two nations' close trade ties. But after their currencies sink slightly lower, London, Dublin and Rome may decide to join their Common Market allies. Meanwhile, Sweden and Norway asked to be included in the joint float, even though they are not EEC members.

The U.S. should benefit, because the dollar's price has declined slightly even since the February devaluation, making U.S. products correspondingly a bit less expensive in Europe. But Washington may have to ante up in another way. If the \$70 billion in U.S. money now being held abroad is used to finance yet another speculative run on some currency, the U.S. may have to step in and buy up unwanted dollars with marks or other currencies in its reserves—or borrowed from its financial allies. In effect, the U.S. would then be helping the Europeans keep currency rates roughly in line with present positions.

That plan points up a drastic change in the focus of efforts to reform the tattered international monetary system. When exchange rates were supposedly fixed, monetary officials puzzled over how to define rules that would permit inevitable devaluations and revaluations to be made without causing financial and political trauma. That problem has now been solved, at least temporarily, by the float: exchange rates will be adjusted gradually and automatically day by day. Now the major task is to draw up standards governing when, and under what conditions, governments will be justified in intervening in currency markets to keep exchange rates from floating too freely.

UNIONS

The Teamsters' Return

Normally AFL-CIO Chief George Meany treats former Teamster Boss Jimmy Hoffa with the silent contempt he might reserve for a scab laborer. But a few weeks ago, Hoffa delivered a diatribe that Meany could not ignore. Publicly championing a Teamsters assault on Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers Union, Hoffa declared that the fledgling AFL-CIO affiliate must be stamped out because "Chavez is incompetent." An angry Meany responded at a press conference by charging that the Teamsters, whom he booted out of the AFL-CIO 15 years ago, were guilty of "strikebreaking."

Such criticism is not likely to deter the Teamsters. After years of being

Teamsters and the growers had conspired to sabotage the U.F.W., opening the way for Chavez to resume his organizing program. But the Teamsters still claim command of 30,000 farm workers, and forcing them out will be tough.

Unhindered by jurisdictional restraints imposed by membership in the AFL-CIO, the Teamsters are free to roam the labor lot in search of new recruits. Though over-the-road truck drivers continue to be the union's elite, earning up to \$20,000 a year, the majority of its members are now in much lower paid, non-trucking jobs. Card-carrying Teamsters now include hospital workers, bridge tenders and race-track guards in New York, rice-mill workers in Houston, lampmakers in Los Angeles and campus police at the University of Minnesota. The Teamsters will



PRESIDENT FRANK E. FITZSIMMONS

For labor's pariah, a new romance and a new respectability.



FARM LABORERS IN CALIFORNIA FIELD

shunned as the pariah of organized labor, the Teamsters have nourished an ardent romance with the Nixon Administration that has given them a new measure of respectability and influence. An unbridled push for expansion has brought the union more than 2,000,000 members, making it the largest in the non-Communist world. What worries Meany and other labor leaders is that much of the Teamsters' growing strength is coming from raids on AFL-CIO unions.

The move to thwart the U.F.W. drive to organize California lettuce pickers is a prime example of Teamster tactics. Hours before the U.F.W. campaign was to begin, the Teamsters rushed through their own contract with the growers; the union did not bother to fill in the sections on wages and benefits, and the growers said nothing about a representation election. Last December, the California Supreme Court upheld the farm union's charge that the

shortly absorb an entire union, the 47,000-member Brewery Workers. Yet for all their recruiting success, often the result of extravagant promises to workers, the Teamsters in non-trucking fields have the reputation of a do-nothing union that is content to accept area pay patterns and collect dues.

With expansion has come wealth; in its last report in 1971, the union put its net worth at \$95 million. Its annual revenues from dues alone come to \$34 million. Such resources enable the union to publish a slick monthly magazine (Nixon was on the cover of the January issue), maintain a fleet of Lincolns and Cadillacs for its Washington-based staff and keep a pilot for its leased Hawker Siddeley jet on the payroll at \$36,000 a year. The Teamsters' plodding, phlegmatic president Frank Fitzsimmons gets \$125,000 a year in salary, a union-owned house in Chevy Chase, Md., to live in and an all but inexhaustible expense account. Though

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

corruption at the top has ceased to be a major charge against the union, records kept by the Labor Department show that Teamster officials outdo those of all other unions in being arrested, indicted and convicted for crimes that range from embezzlement to taking kickbacks from employers.

None of this has interfered with the warm relationship that has grown up between the Teamsters, especially Fitzsimmons, and the President. As an earnest of his regard, "Fitz" stayed on the President's Pay Board when Meany and three other labor leaders walked off. He led the Teamsters in backing Nixon for re-election. In return, Fitzsimmons gets special White House treatment. Important Teamster functions are often attended by a galaxy of Administration stars, and Fitz has been put on an equal footing with Meany in clearing Labor Department appointees. Fitzsimmons himself was offered appointment as Secretary of Labor, but declined.

As a favor to the union, Nixon commuted former Teamster Boss Hoffa's jail sentence for fraud and jury tampering on condition that he steer clear of union politics at least until 1980. Though the mercurial Hoffa is aching to return to power—as his gratuitous attack on the Chavez union attests—neither Fitzsimmons nor the Administration wants him back in his old seat. Last month Attorney General Richard Kleindienst stated again that the terms of Hoffa's release are not negotiable.

With his new prestige, Fitzsimmons has gained a tight hold on his office. The real test will come when the National Master Freight Agreement, covering 450,000 over-the-road truckers, expires in June. The expectation among union members is that with friends in high places, they will somehow do a little better than most other workers.

PRICES

Housewife Power?

President Nixon has never relished the job of price controller, and last week he turned part of the responsibility over to someone he said had far more clout: the American housewife. At his news conference, the President asserted, in effect, that the Government can do nothing more to stop the spiral in food prices. Controls on agricultural products, he insisted, would only breed a black market. Then he added: "The greatest and most powerful weapon against high prices in this country is the American housewife. Her decisions... whether she buys something that is more expensive or less expensive, have a far greater effect on price control than anything we do here."

Apparently satisfied that he had disposed of part of his price problem, the President took a more activist line on the cost of non-food commodities, which have begun to rise at a worrisome rate. Wholesale prices of industrial commodities, such as copper, lead, zinc and lumber, jumped 1% last month. In this case, buyer power is definitely not the solution: the increases have occurred largely because manufacturers are scrambling to purchase materials to take care of expected increases in production. So Nixon announced that, to help keep prices down, the Government will sell off some of the \$6.5 billion worth of commodities in its stockpiles.

Economists have long been pressing for such a move. The federal hoards were established originally to ensure adequate supplies of strategic materials in wartime. They have since turned into a kind of price prop: Government stockpile purchases have tended to

keep commodity prices from falling. The reserves now comprise not only 15 strategic metals such as aluminum and tin but dozens of anything-but-strategic materials, including even 1,500 tons of feathers. Stockpiling policy in general "is a national joke," says Arthur Okun, a member of TIME's Board of Economists and former adviser to Lyndon Johnson. "We worked like hell in the 1960s to get the stockpiles down. Most of the pressure against reducing them came from industry, anxious to restrict the supply of certain commodities."

How great an impact the new policy will actually have on prices is open to serious doubt. Only \$1.7 billion of the stockpiled commodities can be disposed of easily under current law. Of that amount, more than a third is already promised to industrial buyers under long-term contracts at present prices, including \$369 million of aluminum, \$162 million of lead and \$109 million of zinc. Copper and some other materials cannot be sold from Government stockpiles without explicit approval from Congress, which may not be easy to get. Hendrik Houthakker, a sometime Nixon economic adviser, once lamented: "Every commodity has its political loyalty."

Administration officials voiced hope that the mere threat of stockpile sales would help keep prices in line. The announcement did throw a scare into commodity traders. Prices of copper, silver, zinc and tin futures retreated—but copper and silver had recovered by week's end.

INVESTMENT

Angels of Risk

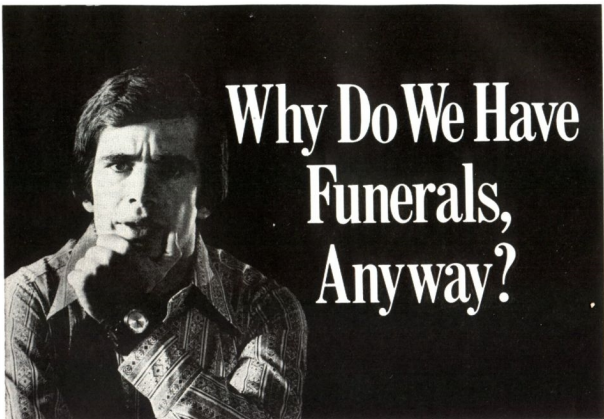
Build a better mousetrap and the world will beat a path to your door—provided that adequate financing can be arranged to cover initial production and marketing expenses. As many an underfinanced entrepreneur has learned, the road to penury is paved with good intentions. Now there is an invention designed especially to provide backing for fledgling tycoons: the venture capital industry. After a decade or so of ups and downs, it is emerging as one of the most important sources of funds for new businesses.

Some 600 firms with total assets of about \$3 billion are devoted solely to raising and dispensing venture capital. Their number is down somewhat from the boom years of the mid-1960s, but up substantially from the recent recession. Venture capitalists now provide as much as \$700 million a year in financing for new or expanding businesses.

The only requisites for joining the ranks of venture capitalists are a large pool of money and a penchant for gambling. The industry is an amorphous collection of risk takers: wealthy families (including the Rockefellers and Whit-



TIN BARS FROM FEDERAL STOCKPILE IN ANNISTON ARMY DEPOT, ALA.
A national joke that even propped up feathers.



Some people would have you think the funeral director invented the funeral. Actually the funeral has existed since the beginning of recorded history. And in a world of constant change nothing endures long that has little value.

The funeral has always been the keystone example of the adage — "Grief shared is grief diminished." For the bereaved, the funeral can be that first, important step toward emotional adjustment to their loss.

There are many impelling reasons why the funeral has remained a ceremony of proven

worth. Most of them are contained in a thoughtful brochure compiled by the National Funeral Directors Association. You ought to read it.

Six other NFDA brochures discuss: arranging a funeral, funeral costs, the presence of the body, the condolence visit, pre-planning funerals, and children and death. You will find them all most helpful because they are based on experience, research and knowledge.

Send for your FREE copies today. You will be glad you did.



TO: NATIONAL FUNERAL DIRECTORS ASSOCIATION
135 West Wells Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53203

Please send me FREE copies of these seven brochures:

- *Someone You Love Has Died*
- *Some Thoughts to Consider*
- *When Arranging a Funeral*
- *The Condolence or Sympathy Visit*
- *Some Questions and Answers About Your Child and Death*
- *The Pre-Arranging and Pre-Financing of Funerals*
- *With the Body Present*
- *What About Funeral Costs?*

NAME _____ (Please Print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



CHICAGO FINANCIER HEIZER (CENTER) DISCUSSING NEW VENTURE
The road to penury is paved with good inventions.

neys), large corporations (Emerson Electric, Dow Chemical, Exxon), groups of private investors and the 320 Small Business Investment Corporations, S.B.I.C.s, which will dispense a total of \$100 million in new financing this year, are groups of private investors who supplement their own capital by issuing Government-guaranteed debentures. This week the Small Business Administration, which regulates S.B.I.C.s and sells their securities, will open bids for \$39 million worth of S.B.I.C. debentures, the largest offering ever.

Ify. Banks and the stock market are still common sources of cash for expanding businesses. But a bank loan burdens an already cash-short entrepreneur with interest payments, and new issues of stock in small, young companies are not as easy to sell as they were in the 1960s. Venture capitalists fill the gap by buying an ownership stake in struggling companies. They will back just about any kind of business that shows a potential for making profits; Narragansett Capital Corp. of Providence, R.I., is now bankrolling ventures in cable television, soft-drink bottling and women's overcoats, while Cumberland Associates of Manhattan is investing in real estate and ice cream-making firms. In return for his money, the venture capitalist gets a piece of what he hopes will become the next Xerox or IBM.

Some investments approach that ideal. Allstate Insurance Co.'s private placement division maintained a growth rate of 40% a year during most of the 1960s by making prescient purchases in such companies as Memorex, Teledyne and Control Data. Chicago Financier E.F. ("Ned") Heizer has put his Heizer Corp. into a 32% ownership of Amdahl Corp., a computer maker that has booked \$30 million of orders in its first year of production. The biggest hit of all was made by former Harvard Business School Professor Georges F. Doriot, who launched American Research and Development Corp. in 1946 as the nation's first publicly held venture capital firm and put \$70,000 into the then tiny Digital Equipment Corp. Today that stake is worth \$350 million.

For every big winner, though, there

is a big loser—and a dozen iffy investments. Narragansett Capital, the nation's largest publicly owned S.B.I.C., has lost \$1,081,000 bankrolling Sam Snead All American Golf, Inc. "A venture capitalist looks for a return of ten times his original investment," says Harlan Anderson, head of Anderson Investment Co. in New Canaan, Conn., "but you're lucky if you get that kind of return in one case out of ten, so it evens out." And some venture capitalists go bust along with the businesses they buy into; 400-odd S.B.I.C.s have perished since 1964.

In an effort to avoid such disasters, venture capitalists do some furious winnowing to keep potential losers out of their portfolios. Business Development Services Inc., a subsidiary of General Electric, has put money into only 16 of the 2,000 firms that have sought its help in the past four years. The most generous venture capitalists aid no more than one of every 30 applicants—and he had better come armed not just with a good idea but a prototype of his product and a detailed survey of the potential market. Even the entrepreneur who passes that test can find that his financial angel is also a dictator who may not let the founder keep a majority of his own company. Says Paul Bancroft III, vice president of the steel-rich Phipps family's Bessemer Securities Corp.: "I do not want the president to have control. If his management is not going to make it, you have to be prepared to remove him."

Apart from the eternal problem of making what by their very nature are high-risk investments, venture capitalists face some other dangers. Rising interest rates are beginning to hurt those who supplement their own capital by borrowing money. Support is growing in Congress for proposals that would curtail the present liberal tax treatment for capital gains—now one of the prime incentives for wealthy investors to form venture capital groups. But as long as cash-strapped entrepreneurs dream of building giant companies, and wealthy investors savor the excitement of backing new ideas, the venture capital industry will be around.

SHIPPING

Israeli Odd Couple

In the late 1940s, Mila Brenner and Ya'acov Meridor would have seemed the least likely candidates imaginable for the job of rescuing the sinking British shipbuilding industry. Both men were then Zionists fighting British forces in Palestine—the Russian-born Brenner as skipper of a blockade-busting refugee ship, the Polish-born Meridor as deputy commander of the bomb-wielding Irgun underground and sometime inmate of British prison camps in Kenya and Eritrea. But last week, Brenner and Meridor's little-known Haifa-based firm, Maritime Fruit Carriers, completed placement of roughly \$700 million in orders and options for 26 ships—the largest transaction from a single customer in British history.

The order, which included ten supertankers of 260,000- to 330,000-ton carrying capacity, is only part of Maritime's plan to add a lucrative business in hauling oil to its rich slice of worldwide fruit shipping. Altogether, Maritime now has 23 VLCCs (very large crude carriers) under construction throughout the world, including three 265,000-ton monsters being built in the U.S. by Bethlehem Steel Corp. for \$235 million.

All of the tankers will be operated by Maritime's newly formed American subsidiary, General Maritime Corp., which will thus become the second U.S. shipper to operate VLCCs. General expects to announce soon the full composition of its board, which already includes Sol Linowitz, former Ambassador to the Organization of American States, and ex-Secretary of the Navy John Chaffee.

As they do with the rest of their

MERIDOR & BRENER WITH REEFER



Mazda presents an unusual alternative to the ordinary "performance" car.

***It started a
Rotary Revolution
on the West Coast
that's sweeping
the nation.***

"Performance" car. All tires and windscoops. A big, gassy V-8 grumbling under an over-extended hood. Very heavy at the Drive-In. Great for extended ego trips.

Mazda's performance car follows a different route... by about 180°. Clean, unpretentious styling. A compact body that seats four very comfortably. Four adults. A strong, simple suspension nicely balanced between "soft" for bumps and "bite" for corners. And under the hood a silvery something that looks like an aluminum beer keg and whirls up a storm of smooth, silent power like nothing else on the road. By George, it's the Revolutionary Mazda Rotary Engine!

Consumer Benefits

The Mazda notion of a performance car is a compact, weldy, family vehicle which combines sports-car scat with the smoothness and silence of a luxury limousine.

Of course, overall performance depends on more than power alone. Standard Mazda features include a fine, 4-speed stick shift, disc brakes



Mazda Rotary RX-2 Coupe—there's nothing else like it on the road today.

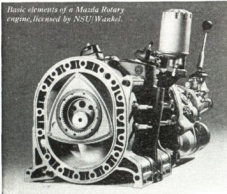
on the front wheels, radial tires all around. Taken as a whole, a Mazda is a thoroughly comfortable and controllable car, whether you're running with the pack on the freeway or poking and parking around town.

The price of performance, Mazda-style, is on the low side of "Medium." And it's a long-term investment. For Mazda cars are put together right—right from the start—on a most unusual assembly line that actually generates enthusiasm in workers rather than mind-numbing boredom.

A word about Mazda Rotary Power Light, compact, Mazda's amazing rotary develops almost twice as much power per pound as an ordinary piston engine. And because its moving mass spins smoothly in the same direction as the drive-shaft, power losses to friction and inertia are minimal.

Driving is believing! See your Mazda Dealer. He lets Mazda Rotary performance speak for itself with a test drive that will astonish you. Back at the showroom he'll give you all the cold, hard facts you'll want to know about rotary reliability, parts and service support. And like that. See him soon, for the fun of it!

Basic elements of a Mazda Rotary engine, licensed by NSU/Wankel.



 **MAZDA**
MOTOR VEHICLE CO., LTD.

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

fleet of 48 ships, the two Israelis hope to sell 70% to 80% shares in the tankers to other shippers—who, they believe, will be eager to invest. Meridor and Brenner expect that the world energy shortage will more than double demand for supertankers over the next decade, and they foresee soaring construction costs for shippers who try to build their own vessels.

Cost-Cutting. Shrewd timing has characterized Maritime's operations since its inception. In 1953, Brenner foresaw the need for fast, modern, refrigerated ships known as "reefers." Meridor, a confident entrepreneur and ex-member of Israel's Parliament, was impressed, but the two moved cautiously, acquiring their first reefer in 1960 and building up an "intelligence network"—a staff of 40 researchers who keep track of world shipping needs and who have predicted temporary declines in shipyard activity. The moment to build at relatively low cost came in June 1963, and the partners ordered from Norway four reefers that were fast enough (21 knots) and big enough (400,000 cu. ft.) to deliver twice as much fruit each season as conventional ships. These "core class" reefers—designed by Israeli engineers and largely financed by government-guaranteed loans—eventually grew into an armada that by 1971 totaled 36. All were then leased to Maritime's main competitor, Sweden's Salen, for \$500 million. The agreement gives the two firms control of more than half the world's privately owned refrigerated ships.

Maritime did not rest on its reefers. While Brenner, now 51, concentrated on operations and planning, Meridor, 59, sniffed out investors, government subsidies and tax loopholes. The pair also perfected the cost-cutting construction techniques that they learned while assembling their reefer fleet. Today, Meridor estimates, they save from 5% to 25% on the cost of every ship by not going into details like "the color of plastic on the walls of the captain's cabin." Last year Maritime netted profits of \$13 million on revenues of \$82 million.

The two Israelis could be in a predicament if, for any reason, demand for their ships suddenly declines. Maritime has built its flotilla on a thin money base: just \$102 million of equity in a fleet that will soon be worth roughly \$1.7 billion. Typically, Maritime covers the down payment on a ship out of government subsidy, leases the vessel while it is still being built, and takes out a mortgage loan to cover the remaining construction costs, with the lease as security.

Meridor and Brenner see nothing but smooth sailing ahead. They point out that Maritime has long-term charter contracts that will bring in \$2 billion over the next 14 years. The two middle-aged guerrillas also predict that peace will soon come to the Middle East—and that in a few years, even Arab nations will be leasing Maritime's tankers.

STRIKES

A Bishop v. Farah

Last May, one-fourth of the 9,500 employees of Farah Manufacturing Co., one of the nation's largest makers of men's pants, walked off the job in El Paso, Texas. The company refused to recognize the strikers' demand to be represented by a union (the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America), much less bargain with them for higher wages. Strike leaders called a national boycott of Farah goods and, since 95% of the company's work force is Mexican-American, the company was soon squirming under the heat of a popular Chicano cause rivaling the California grape and lettuce workers' strikes.

Senators Edward Kennedy and Gaylord Nelson condemned the company. AFL-CIO President George Meany and Senator George McGovern, New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller and Mayor John Lindsay joined in endorsing the boycott. Chicano Leader Cesar Chavez rolled into town in a bus carrying large signs proclaiming support.

The bishop of El Paso, the Most Rev. Sidney M. Metzger, sent a letter to all U.S. Catholic bishops, lambasting Farah for unfair labor practices and asking his fellow clergymen to bring pressure on retailers not to reorder from the company. "I feel that the company is acting unjustly in denying to the workers the basic right to collective bargaining," the bishop declared.

At the center of the controversy is the company president, Willie Farah. The son of a Lebanese dry-goods merchant, he had turned his father's business into a huge success. In 1971, the company ran up a profit of \$6,000,000 on sales of \$164 million. An imaginative businessman, the 53-year-old Farah nevertheless holds decidedly 19th century views about organized labor. He was so offended by the strike that he seemed ready to risk the business in opposing it. Accustomed to making the rounds of his well-lighted, air-conditioned plant on a bicycle, he could see perfectly well that his workers were happy and did not need a union. Did

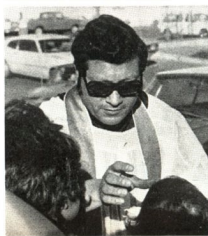
he not pay them well? Farah starts his workers at \$1.70 an hour, 10¢ above the federal minimum wage. And what about his fringe benefits? Free bus service from downtown El Paso, a free medical clinic and a turkey for every employee at Christmas.

Such paternalism, the strikers commonly complain, insults their "dignidad." To get a raise, the workers must fulfill unbearably demanding production quotas, such as sewing six belts per minute onto finished slacks when most say that it is possible to do only five. Bishop Metzger estimates that employees take home an average \$69 per week, while unionized workers at the Levi Strauss and Tex-Togs plants in El Paso net \$102. That, says the bishop, "sounds more like a living wage."

Unraveled. Unmoved, Farah had called the bishop a member of the "rotten old bourgeoisie" and a man who is "lolling in wealth." Farah seems to be thoroughly unimpressed by the fact that his company lost \$8,000,000 last year, largely because of the strike, and that the price of its stock has plummeted to \$10 per share, down from \$30 before the walkout.

Because of El Paso's high employment turnover, Farah has had no trouble replacing those who left their jobs and may yet break the strike. The largest private employer in the city, he has the backing of other local business leaders. But the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, known as a nonstriking union, sees El Paso as the center of the nation's largest unorganized group of clothing workers and has already spent more than \$2,000,000 to further the strike and boycott. Several days ago, at the annual stockholders' meeting, Farah glossed over a 17% decrease in sales for the first quarter of the company's fiscal 1973 and optimistically forecast that new merchandising policies, "which I will describe later," would "restore profitability." An El Paso priest, Father Jesse Munoz of Our Lady of the Light Church, rose to make his own forecast: until the company improves the condition of its workers, Farah shares would continue to unravel. Said the padre: "The stock market doesn't lie."

FATHER MUNOZ MINISTERING TO STRIKERS



PRESIDENT WILLIE FARAH



Your menthol tasting rough?

Only KOOL with pure menthol
has the smooth taste
of extra coolness.



Come up to KOOL

Kool Milds 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method. Kool Kings 18 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine; Kool Longs 18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 72.
© 1972, B&W T & W L LONDON TOBACCO CO. INC.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



14 mg. tar,
1.0 mg. nicotine

Now, lowered tar KOOL Milds

CINEMA

Petty Larceny

THE THIEF WHO CAME TO DINNER

Directed by BUD YORKIN

Screenplay by WALTER HILL

There are enough moments of small pleasure in this muddled enterprise to give it a kind of ruptured vitality. Director Yorkin's movies, like *Start the Revolution Without Me*, are chipper but erratic even at their best. *Thief* vacillates between unhurried suspense and the kind of comedy that is so subdued it seems almost cursory. Yorkin's genially offhand style makes the movie look a little like a TV pilot that got out of control.

Something about TV work—the necessary speed or the emphasis on packaging—fosters inconsistency and irresolution. Yorkin and his partner Norman Lear (*TIME* cover, Sept. 25) take a little more than the usual care with their shows (*All in the Family*, *Sanford and Son*, *Maude*), especially in the areas of production and casting. Not surprisingly, these are the sources of most that is winning in *Thief*.

Ryan O'Neal appears as a computer programmer in Houston who adds dash to his dreary life by becoming a cat burglar, sort of a country cousin to Cary

Grant in *To Catch a Thief*. Fortunately, O'Neal does not try to impersonate Grant, as he did in *What's Up, Doc?*, but instead scuffs through the part with his own vagrant charm. He is given a girl friend, played by Jacqueline Bisset, one of the few young actresses who really can get by on looks alone; and a nemesis, Warren Oates, an actor who can always be trusted to shape a full characterization even from some sketchy motivation and a few scraps of dialogue.

The supporting players all have moments of sly character comedy. Jill Clayburgh is splendid as O'Neal's ex-wife, an inanely flamboyant provincial actress passing through Houston in a touring company of *Plaza Suite*, who resolves to give her former spouse another tumble when she gets word of his criminal exploits. As a big businessman in the process of being blackmailed by O'Neal, Charles Cioffi, who appeared as the villain in *Kluge* and the beleaguered cop in *Shalt*, continues to display a chameleon-like facility. Austin Pendleton as a chess master driven to fits of impotent violence by O'Neal's computerized skill at the game, Ned Beatty as a fast-talking fence and rabid family man ("My boys are gonna grow up goddam fine or I'm gonna know the reason why!"), and Gregory Sierra as a



BISSET & O'NEAL IN "THIEF"
Vagrant charm.

punchy Mexican boxer and amateur booster—all lavish the kind of care on their roles that goes beyond the call of duty and script.

Yorkin was also wily enough to avail himself of the services of Production Designer Polly Platt, whose work, here as elsewhere, shows the kind of visual invention that suggests she might consider giving up the buttressing of other people's movies so she could start doing her own.

■ Jay Cocks

© 1973 McDonald's Corporation

A fish story



Royal Rot

LUDWIG

Directed by LUCHINO VISCONTI

Screenplay by LUCHINO VISCONTI,

UGO SANTALUCIA and SUSO CECCHI D'AMICO

Ludwig runs for three hours, and the only interesting thing that happens during this deliberately enigmatic biography of the 19th century monarch, popularly known as The Mad King of Bavaria, is that his teeth slowly rot and fall out.

They are replaced by increasingly elaborate, architecturally fascinating examples of period bridgework. Since, however, one of the reasons the historical Ludwig failed to brush three times a day and see his dentist twice a year was that he was preoccupied with the construction of those huge, zany castles on which his fame—and much of modern Bavaria's tourist industry—rests, it seems perverse of Director Visconti to give us so many splendid views of the royal mouth, and only one or two postcard snaps of the royal passion.

Still, as demonstrated by Visconti's previous excursions through the darker realms of the German soul (*The Damned*, *Death in Venice*), decay in some form or other is the only thing that really interests him. It is thus natural for him to see Ludwig's molars as the mirror of his soul, while ignoring

the fact that quite another side of the royal character was expressed in such glorious excesses as the romantic *Schloss Neuschwanstein*, the rococo *Linderhof*, and the unfinished imitation of Versailles, *Schloss Herrenchiemsee*. Ludwig's edifice complex may nearly have bankrupted his kingdom and cost him his throne, but he was, lunatic or not, the last great master builder of the Romantic Age.

Yet, as played here by the international beauty Helmut Berger, Ludwig never consults a plan, hectors an architect or drives a construction foreman crazy. Visconti doesn't even make anything humanly or dramatically interesting out of Ludwig's other major project—rescuing Richard Wagner (Trevor Howard) from his debts and subsidizing the premiere of *Tristan* and the beginning of work on the Ring Cycle. Such activities imply a mysterious will and energy that cries out for interpretive speculation; but this would interfere with Visconti's simple view of Ludwig as a moony homosexual victim of his era's political and intellectual climate, a notion he establishes in the film's first moments and never bothers to develop further. Nor does he do much but dawdle over Ludwig's passion for his cousin Elisabeth, Empress of Austria (Romy Schneider).

Maybe Visconti is afraid that complexity of character—he uses all his actors as bits of movable scenery—or dra-



SCHNEIDER & BERGER IN "LUDWIG"
Edifice complex.

matically meaningful sequences would distract attention from his endless, pointless photography of galloping horses, gliding boats, and light-footed lads. Or maybe the movie is a huge metaphorical joke: Ludwig, after all, built empty, rambling castles where no one ever lived. This movie is constructed along a similar plan. There was, though, a certain magnificence in Ludwig's madness. Visconti's movie is merely maddening.

■ Richard Schickel

that's easy to swallow.

McDonald's Fish, Fry 'n Pie Dinner.

Try our Filet O' Fish Sandwich—a flaky fish filet, special sauce and cheese on a tender bun.

A large order of McDonald's world-famous french fries.

A hot apple pie.

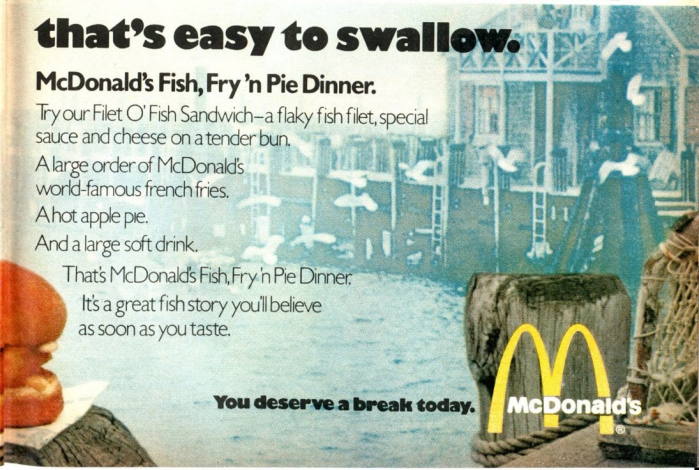
And a large soft drink.

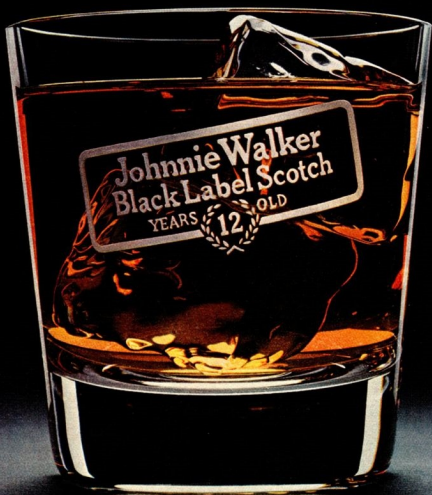
That's McDonald's Fish, Fry 'n Pie Dinner.

It's a great fish story you'll believe as soon as you taste.

You deserve a break today.

McDonald's





Give unto yourself as you give unto the government.



ITALIAN TOMB ROBBERS SURFACING WITH FINDS (RECONSTRUCTION)

ART

Hot from the Tomb: The Antiquities Racket

THE notoriety of the New York Metropolitan Museum's Euphronios vase (*TIME*, March 5) has had at least one beneficial effect: directing attention to the scandalous world market in archaeological thievery. The looting of ancient sites is an ancient custom. A great deal of the treasure in the world's museums was originally pirated by foreign powers or smuggled out. Today the countries of the world officially operate on more elevated principles—but art thievery thrives as never before. It is a multimillion-dollar business that gets amphetamine shots from events like the Met's \$1,000,000 calyx krater purchase. Tragically, it is also leading to the wholesale destruction of archaeological treasures, and occasionally murder along with theft.

Authorities estimate that \$7,000,000 worth of antiquities evaporate from sites in Egypt, Turkey, Greece, Lebanon, Israel and Italy every year. Treasure worth millions of dollars more is plundered from Latin America and the countries of Southeast Asia. Some \$3,000,000 in booty originates in Italy alone, the richest source of plunder in the Mediterranean basin.

The racket in Italy involves a couple of thousand full-time, professional *tombaroli* or tomb robbers, most of them peasants who know their land intimately. They work in teams. There are, for instance, at least twelve organized groups plundering the Etruscan sites in Cerveteri. Their scorn for official archaeologists is extreme.

Since most Etruscan tombs are underground, they are found by pushing a steel probe into the earth or sometimes by stamping and listening for reverberations. Then a hole is opened with a pick and shovel and the prizes dragged out. Just two weeks ago, in the area of

Cerveteri from which the Met's vase is alleged to have come, the police found one group at work; the robbers fled, leaving their haul of 51 valuable Etruscan objects behind.

The flow of Italian artifacts converges on about 50 *mediatori* (middlemen), who make their arrangements primarily with dealers in Switzerland or Italy. Important pots and bronzes are smuggled across the Swiss border in car trunks or, if small enough, in air luggage. Once in Switzerland, the hot object can be "washed" (given a provenance, or certificate of origin) and exported legally to any country in the world. For every dollar a *tombarolo* makes, the *mediatore* will stand to get \$5—and the final dealer \$20 or more.

Collectors often show a frank indifference to the origins of their pots and bronzes. Said an official of the antiquities museum in Basel, Switzerland:

"It's public knowledge that 90% of the certificates of origin accompanying such works of art are totally unreliable. Most certificates are manipulated. The Italians can raise a ruckus, as in the case of the Metropolitan vase. But if they cannot prove anything, their claims are worthless. Unless the Italian authorities can come up with something like a photograph showing a work of art in an identifiable Etruscan tomb, they don't have a leg to stand on."

Meanwhile, the cycle of thievery and corruption repeats itself all over the world. Harvard's Professor G. Ernest Wright, president of the American School of Oriental Research, recalls how in the Middle East he met "the son of an Iranian government official with a suitcase full of ancient works of art," which he was selling to defray his university expenses. Turkey has some 3,000 archaeological sites, of which only a fraction have been excavated by trained and government-sanctioned archaeological teams. The rest are simply raped. Even the official digs are ill-protected by a skeleton force of guards, who are paid an average \$50 per month—not a salary likely to attract qualified men capable of thwarting organized robbers like the trio who, in 1968, broke into the Izmir Fair Archaeological Museum, rifled its collection of antique Aegean jewelry, vases and marble carvings, and crushed the watchman's skull with a stolen statue as they departed.

What infuriates responsible archaeologists about the bootleg trade is not merely its illegality, or its size, but the fact that it involves a wholesale destruction of knowledge about the past. The traditional excuse of collectors—museums as well as private individuals—has been that the way a vase or a bronze is acquired cannot outweigh the benefits of having it on display to the public.

New York Met Director Thomas Hoving proclaimed that with the acquisition of the Euphronios vase, "the histories of art will have to be rewritten." Dr. Giovanni Scichilone, 39, archaeological director of the Italian govern-

TOMBAROLI LOOTING ETRUSCAN TOMB IN TARQUINTA, 1964



ART

ment's antiquities bureau for southern Etruria, rejects this aesthetic evaluation as too narrow. "Maybe a new generation of men will come," says Scichilone, "who are finally ready to appreciate the fact that the Euphronios vase by itself is nothing more than a war trophy, a lion skin. You can't get any historical meaning from archaeology until you deal with tomb groups, not single items. The tomb group of Euphronios might have helped write for the first time a few lines of entirely new history about Etruria, about Etruscan trade and economy of life."

What *tomburoli* disperse and often destroy is precisely that kind of vital information. In this way the unfettered acquisitiveness of museums in America and elsewhere, with their concentration

Met was invited by TIME to comment on the acquisition, it declined to do so.

By and large, the poorer and more primitive the country, the worse the thievery. Says Clemency Coggins, an authority on pre-Columbian art and archaeology: "Not since the 16th century has Latin America been so ruthlessly plundered." Teams descend (sometimes literally, from helicopters) on any of the hundreds of Mayan ceremonial sites that lie scattered throughout Mexico and Guatemala.

The face carvings are ripped away with carbide-toothed power saws; cruder thieves use hammers, wedges or fire to split the irreplaceable sculptures into fragments for easy transport. In March 1971, Archaeologist Ian Graham, a research fellow in Middle American archaeology at Harvard's Peabody Museum, entered La

Maya, a Mayan site in Guatemala; looters opened fire, killing his guide Pedro Sierra. In Costa Rica, says Dr. Dwight Heath of Brown University, who spent a Fulbright year there in 1968-69, "One percent of the labor force was involved in illicit traffic in antiquities—which means there are more bootleggers in that little country than there are professional archaeologists in the whole world."

It was not until 1970 that UNESCO adopted a convention aimed at the thieves' trade. Like other museum men, Hugues de Varine, director of the International Council of Museums in Paris, thinks this document is "better than nothing." But neither he nor anyone else is really optimistic about it as only three of its 26 articles call for real action from the signatory nations; these refer to the need for export certificates, tightening of penalties for theft and prohibiting museums from buying stolen antiquities. So far, only a few countries, like Ecuador and Honduras, have signed the convention. The U.S. signature has been ratified by the Senate but not the House of Representatives.

A more useful potential deterrent to illicit trade is a U.S. law passed by Congress last fall prohibiting the import of pre-Columbian monumental sculpture and murals without the approval of the country of origin. This is a start, but not an end; it does not apply to smaller pieces like pottery and goldwork, and thieves in Latin America will destroy a whole site to find one Mayan gold ornament. One thing is clear: as long as astronomical prices are offered by rich countries, no local laws will keep robbers from plundering. The ultimate responsibility lies with the consumers—private collectors and museums alike. John D. Cooney, the curator of ancient art at the Cleveland Museum, ruffled his colleagues' feathers by publicly declaring earlier this month that "95% of ancient art material in this country has been smuggled." He was only voicing what is common knowledge to every curator, collector and dealer in the world.

The standard defense for smuggling is the Elgin Marbles ploy: if Lord Elgin had not "rescued" the Parthenon sculptures from the Turks in Athens, they would probably no longer exist. The British Museum was built on the Empire's plunder. Napoleon had no qualms about ransacking Egypt for the Louvre. Likewise, since the Latin Americans or Italians "cannot look after" their own archaeological wealth, it is the collectors who preserve it by extracting it from their hands.

Robbers. Offered in 1973, such reasoning drives archaeologists to near frenzy. Said Nicholas Hellmuth, who headed a 1970 dig in the ancient Mayan city of Yaxhá in Guatemala and saw tombs laid waste by robbers: "I'd like to take the next museum art director I see and dip him in honey and tie him up near an anthill." The big collections, say Curators Bennet Bronson and Donald Collier of Chicago's Field Museum of Natural History, are supporting an entire underworld. Collectors usually deal only with the last—and most gentlemanly—middlemen. In an atmosphere of genteel negotiation, it is all too easy for acquisitive collectors to concentrate on the beauty of the object and forget about how it was obtained. This is natural, since the death of the stolen antiquities trade might mean the end of grand-scale collecting.

One possible solution to the dilemma would be an international fund to enable each country to protect its treasures, and then a systematic, international sharing—on a long-loan basis—or swapping, so each country could broaden its collections. Italy, for example, could swap a vase for a French impressionist painting. Failing that, museums must become more scrupulous. A group of museums in the U.S. has already taken the first significant step. In recent years policy statements have been issued by the Field Museum, the University Museum in Carbondale, Ill., the University Museum in Pennsylvania and all the collections of Harvard University. They all agreed not to buy any ancient artifact whose pedigree was in doubt—and their embargo extends to accepting gifts of such pilfered material from collectors.

Although cultivated murmurs of approval have been heard from other U.S. museums, so far only a handful have followed suit. So the bootleg market rises, the plundering goes on and the split between scholars and collectors widens. All of which brings to mind the words of Alfred Jarry's monarch of absurdity, Pa Ubu: "Hornstrumpot! We shall not have succeeded—unless we demolish the ruins as well."



MAYAN STELA DESTROYED BY ROBBERS
Pa Ubu with a chain saw.

on "masterpieces," results in a form of destruction of the past. Connoisseurship and history have become enemies.

Archaeological theft is so open that museums that buy stolen objects do not always bother to conceal it. Their regular policy, says William D. Rogers, a Washington, D.C., attorney concerned with the legal and ethical aspects of acquisition, is "the less you know, the better." The Met itself has a suspect collection of 219 objects ranging from pottery to rare silver ewers and vases. When the collection was bought through a New York dealer, J.J. Klegman, in 1966, it was widely rumored that the Met had at last acquired the so-called Lydian treasure trove. The Lydian collection came out of four 6th century tombs found near the ancient site of Sardis in Turkey. There is no doubt, according to Turkey's Foreign Minister Haluk Bayulken, that the entire Lydian collection was looted. Though the

chances, tightening of penalties for theft and prohibiting museums from buying stolen antiquities. So far, only a few countries, like Ecuador and Honduras, have signed the convention. The U.S. signature has been ratified by the Senate but not the House of Representatives.

A more useful potential deterrent to illicit trade is a U.S. law passed by Congress last fall prohibiting the import of pre-Columbian monumental sculpture and murals without the approval of the country of origin. This is a start, but not an end; it does not apply to smaller pieces like pottery and goldwork, and thieves in Latin America will destroy a whole site to find one Mayan gold ornament. One thing is clear: as long as astronomical prices are offered by rich countries, no local laws will keep robbers from plundering.

The ultimate responsibility lies with the consumers—private collectors and museums alike. John D. Cooney, the cu-

It's happened to everyone. On a quiet Sunday morning, you lurch from bed in a mad panic because it's Monday in your head.

So Panasonic has given its digital clock radio, Model RC-6493, what man inherently lacks. An internal calendar.

So now you'll wake and see that not only is it Sunday. It's Sunday the 18th.

What wakes you depends on how you need to be awakened. If you require your favorite

kind of music to get going on a weekday morning, there's an FM/AM radio alarm. Then on weekends, you can awake the way nature intended man to wake. With a chirping-bird alarm.

Both work from a 24-hour timer. So you won't get a wake-up call at 7:15 in the evening.

Then each night, the RC-6493 can gently lull you into deep slumber. With its 60-minute sleep timer.

Panasonic offers all kinds of

digital clock radios. AM. FM/AM. One with a swivel base. Even a battery-operated digital. And if you still think one with a built-in calendar is going a bit too far, ask yourself this: Quick, what day is it?



Did you ever wake up in the morning and not know what day it was?



Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time.

from the land of erin for today's pipe smoker

For smokers who value good,
rich flavour and distinctive aroma.



New 1 1/4 oz. tin
Suggested retail price 90c



Now you can work out with the same remarkable exerciser Bart Starr uses—

and our Astronauts used in space!

Joe Garico, Director of Physical Conditioning for the Astronauts, had a problem: how to keep his charges fit during the long journey in space.

The answer: EXER-GYM—Isometric/Isotonic exerciser that's light, compact, portable, and exercises the entire body. It adjusts to fit the individual user and can be used anywhere.

Bart Starr, former brilliant quarterback of the Green Bay Packers, works out daily with EXER-GYM. Now, you too can let EXER-GYM put you and your family back in shape and help you have a firm, healthy and athletic body. Work out anywhere—at home, in your office, while travelling. EXER-GYM comes with Bart Starr's 108-page Manual that takes you from the "79-lb. weakling" stage to a splendid physique, with only five minutes of almost effortless exercise a day. Shape up! You owe it to yourself to order EXER-GYM today.

☐ Send me EXER-GYM.

My check for \$26.95 (\$24.95 plus \$2 post. & ins.) is encl. Calif. add tax. Return within two weeks for full refund if not delighted.

Name _____

Address _____

Zip _____

haverhill's

584 Washington, San Francisco 94111

TR0326



289-2

MILESTONES

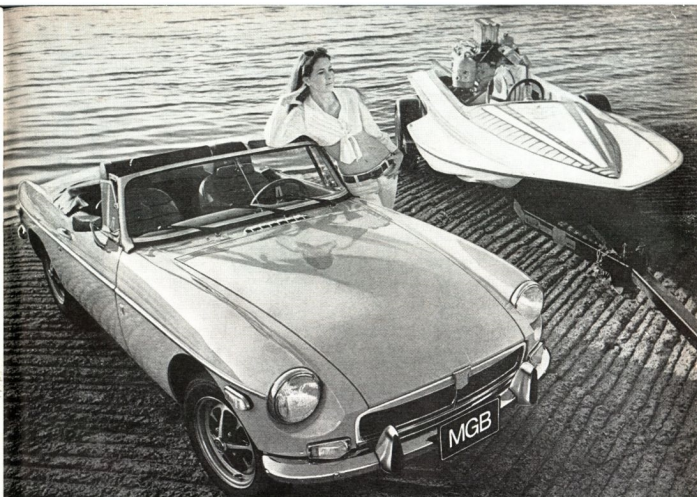
Died. Dr. Kent S. Knutson, 48, a chemical engineer who entered the ministry at 23 in response to what he termed a "haunting call" from God, and in 1970 was elected president of the 2.5 million-member American Lutheran Church; of a rare disease of the central nervous system; in Minneapolis. An energetic, scholarly theologian, Knutson won the presidency from nine older candidates after the first open political campaigning in the denomination's history.

Died. Norvell Gillespie, 59, horticulturist and former garden editor (*Sunset* magazine, *Better Homes and Gardens*, *San Francisco Chronicle*) who designed the jungle camouflage uniforms worn by American G.I.s in the Pacific during World War II; of cancer; in Berkeley, Calif.

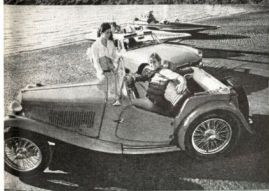
Died. Murat Bernard ("Chic") Young, 72, creator of Dagwood and Blondie, the cartoon couple whose exploits are still followed by some 75 million newspaper readers around the world; of a lung embolism; in St. Petersburg, Fla. Young's original 1930 comic strip portrayed Dagwood Bumstead as a money-hungry, man-chasing flapper. The characters had little appeal for Depression audiences, so Young married the two in 1933, eventually gave them a son and daughter and all the trappings of middle-class life. Dagwood evolved into the harried family man who sought solace in the simple joys of hot baths, gargantuan sandwiches and surreptitious naps on the living room couch; Blondie was his loyal but slightly scramble-witted better half. The central cast and simple plots of *Blondie* remained virtually unchanged for decades, inspired 28 movies and a TV series, and earned Young \$300,000 a year in royalties.

Died. Frank (the "Fordham Flash") Frisch, 74, fiery second baseman for the New York Giants during the 1920s, later player-manager of the St. Louis Cardinals' Gas House Gang (see SPORT).

Died. Tim Buck, 82, leader of Canada's Communist Party from 1929 to 1962; of a stroke; in Cuernavaca, Mexico. The British-born son of a Tory pub owner, Buck immigrated to Canada in 1912 and helped launch the party nine years later. He faithfully toed the Kremlin line on everything from Stalin's prewar purges to the 1956 invasion of Hungary. Although the party managed to poll 111,892 votes in a 1945 federal election, the number of Communists in Canada had dwindled to fewer than 6,000 by the time he gave up the leadership for the honorary title of chairman.



Still built with a marvelous device
called the human hand.



When the MG-TC first came to America, it was love at first sight.

And judging from the reception given today's MGB, we haven't lost our touch.

Because the MGB is still crafted with the same workmanship that has built the MG reputation for tough, reliable, quick-handling sports cars.

In the showroom, you can see the results. Strong design. Solid engineering. And careful, conscientious assembly.

On the road, you can feel the results. The quick precision of rack-and-pinion steering. The stability of race-seasoned suspension. The sure feel of a four-speed, short-throw gearbox. And the performance of the rugged 1798 c.c. engine.

You'll know you're driving a machine built by sports car enthusiasts for sports car enthusiasts.

And as the road narrows to two lanes and begins twisting through rolling mountain meadows, it won't take long for you to get that singular

feeling that you are part of the car, and it is part of you.

The "B's" performance on the track speaks for itself. It's the reigning SCCA National Champion in E Production.

You'll also find a complete array of genuine sports car instrumentation—including electric tachometer and trip odometer.

The steering wheel is fitted with alloy spokes and wrapped in glove-soft vinyl. Also standard: front disc brakes, semi-reclining bucket seats, full carpeting, mag-style wheels, dual mirrors and an oil-cooling system.

So see your MG dealer and try your hand at true sports motoring.

For his name and for information about overseas delivery, dial (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, dial (800) 322-4400. Calls are toll free.

BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, N. J. 07605



The sports car America loved first.

MODERN LIVING

G.I. Dormitories

"Department of the Army, Corps of Engineers, standard barracks, prototype design. Objective: To provide a totally new living environment for the individual soldier of The Modern Volunteer Army." So begins an official Defense Department plan that shows how far Sad Sack has come. With the draft ended, military authorities have made many changes aimed at luring recruits, including pay increases and more relaxed dress codes. The most startling innovation, however, is a new design for Government Issue barracks.

Gone will be the long rows of narrow beds and communal lavatories. In their place, the modern Army envisions three-story townhouse-style buildings with a campus dormitory atmosphere. Each floor will have a central living room surrounded by four apartments. Set up to accommodate three soldiers, each suite consists of a bedroom, bathroom and lounge area. The carpeted, air-conditioned townhouses, furnished in motel-modern plastic and veneer, will be nestled together with landscaped courtyards and lawns as well as training areas.

Construction on the new barracks has already begun at Fort Sill, Okla., Fort Hood, Texas, and Fort Carson, Colo. Three other posts will start on new quarters this year, and 15 more are slated for barracks renewal in 1974. Comments Army Chief of Staff General Creighton Abrams, who undoubtedly has known drabber digs: "It is a splendid design. It is admirably suited to both male and female soldiers and will make their lives better, happier and healthier." Which raises the question of whether co-ed dorms are next for The Modern Volunteer Army.

DESIGNERS' SKETCH OF NEW BARRACKS



The New Old Sports

I noticed she wore her evening dress, all her dresses, like sports clothes—there was a jauntiness... as if she had first learned to walk upon golf courses on clean, crisp mornings.

—Nick Carraway in

The Great Gatsby

For timid—or independent—souls who are still wondering whether to buy those "new" '40s-inspired clunky platform shoes, the question may soon be irrelevant. With its usual fickleness, fashion is already whizzing on. "Down from those three-inch platforms," say the heralds of chic, "and onward to something older!" For many designers and their customers, the In echo is of the '20s—not so much the roaring of the jazz babies in speakeasies as the tinkling of cocktail glasses on Long Island lawns and the rustle of silk against chiffon.

In the U.S., the style is frequently called the Gatsby look, a catch phrase that doubtless will get a boost with the remake this year of a movie based on F. Scott Fitzgerald's novella. French magazines are calling it *le style tennis* or the Deauville look. But it might just as easily be described as the Newport-to-Palm Beach mood, or the John Held Jr. look (after the cartoonist who lampooned the '20s) or the Devereux Milburn look (for the '20s polo hero). Polo, tennis and golf—not as they were played but as they were watched—were central to the sporting-set concept.

Godfather. The idea is elegance—a calculatedly casual, languid elegance suggesting an evanescent Fitzgerald memory of the summer of '22. "To want to walk out on the lawn wearing a white silk shirt and white flannels presents a very rich, dreamlike atmosphere," says New York Designer Ralph Lauren, whose Polo label has looked longingly back at the '20s for some time. There are dissenters inevitably. Designers Galanos and Halston view Gatsby by any name as a banana-oil slick. It is "not an influence on truly fashionable people," says Halston, whose clients include Jackie Onassis and Mrs. William Paley. "Women have finally settled down to pants, and that's the way it will be for a long time. Do you expect a woman today to go back to garters?"

Probably not, but women—as well as men—seem more than willing to go back to the aura, if not all the details, of granddad's illusions. Milan's Walter Albini, who might be called the godfather of the Italian Gatsby look, has drawn on the Fitzgerald era since he first started designing ten years ago. "It was a cultural high-water mark in fashion, decorating, literature, painting," he contends. "Actually, nobody has done anything new since. Everything is still



'20s. CARTOON BY JOHN HELD JR.
Clothes to tango in.

based on Chanel of around 1925." (Designer Coco Chanel revolutionized fashion for both sexes in the early '20s with her loose-fitting, casual styles.)

The current concentration on Fitzgeraldiana seems to have begun in a big way last summer with Paris Designer Kenzo Takada's revival of the classic V-neck, red-and-blue-bordered tennis sweater. It was an instant hit, and Kenzo's spring '73 collection expanded on the tennis theme in earnest.

Rich Wrinkles. The basic elements are similar from designer to designer as they appear in popular ready-to-wear apparel: the tennis sweater, often with a matching long cardigan; three-piece suits in white or pale flannel or muted plaids; wide-legged baggy pants, cuffed or pleated or both; pin-stripe shirts with big butterfly bow ties; and two-tone spectator shoes, all for both sexes. Daytime wear for women relies on little white pleated skirts ending just above the knee, and small cloche hats pulled down to the eyebrow. For evening, everything is soft and flowing in chiffon and crepe de Chine, bias cut to drape close to the body, just the thing for a moonlight tango with a gentleman in an Indian silk suit. The fabrics are natural—wool, linens, pure cotton—and difficult to care for, with a tendency to develop the rumpled badge of the thoroughly bred. "A poor man can't afford to look wrinkled," observes Lauren. "A rich man can."

Favored colors are red or maroon

Opposite, counterclockwise from top left: Ralph Lauren's V-neck cardigan over man's shirt. Lauren's white silk pleated-front pants for her, cashmere twin sweater set for him. Transparent print chiffon for evening by Adolfo, short in front, longer in back. Mia Farrow in one of the test shots that won her the role of Daisy in *The Great Gatsby*.





Left: Ralph Lauren's action-back women's jacket and side-vented suit for men, both in nubby raw silk. Below: Kenzo's kimono-style striped sweater.



Above: Adolfo's zigzag cardigan worn over sleeveless V-neck sweater. Right: Bill Blass's crepe evening dress with plunging neckline.





GOLFING COSTUME, 1923
Watching v. playing.

and navy blue, dark or pale green, and basic black. White predominates in several hues—stark, off- and creamy—a careless nose thumbing at practicality. The message, explains Los Angeles Designer Marilyn Lewis ("Cardinals") is: "I'm not working. I'm disporting myself with physical pleasure because I have the leisure."

Whether clothes meant for lawn parties and limousines will make it big on the buses and subways remains to be seen. Some retailers, like Boston's Jordan Marsh, say that the tennis look is already selling well for resort wear. Lord & Taylor has enthusiastically bought nearly all of the Albini collection, and New York's giant Alexander's, which specializes in translating luxury fashions into mass sales, is promoting the Gatsby theme in every department. Its mannequins wear short or bobbed hair under cloche and Panama hats, Art Deco jewelry in clunky imitation ivory, long rope necklaces of pearl or amber, narrow belts and long, long scarves. "We've just emerged from an ethnic, costume period," says Alexander's Fashion Designer Francine Farkas. "Halloween is over." Even Levi Strauss is making wide-legged, cuffed pants and V-neck sweaters. "We have more white than we've ever had before," says a Levi's official. "The whole tennis look is the coming thing."

The 1973 Levi's version can never be quite the same as Gatsby's "white suit with a silver shirt and a gold-colored tie." But if designers like Albini and Lauren are right, the zigzag cycle of nostalgic fashion has found its next turn. "Can't repeat the past?" cried Gatsby incredulously. "Why, of course you can. I'm going to fix everything just the way it was before." Got that, Sport?

Hot Line of Goods

IRENE

A MUSICAL REVIVAL

Directed by GOWER CHAMPION

The nostalgia craze is on the wane in the theater, and *Irene* demonstrates what happens toward the end of such entertainment boomlets. The content becomes a commodity. Even though it is supposedly set in 1919, the year in which the original musical was produced, the show is not nostalgic about anything. It fails to evoke a mood, a tone, a memory of any clearly definable period or place. It is strictly a product of the Broadway showshops peddling nostalgia per se, just as they peddled nudity per se two or three seasons ago as another hot line of goods.

Peddling is work, sometimes hard work, and anyone attending *Irene* ought to be forewarned that much of it is about as playful as a Detroit assembly line. The assembly-line touch might even be called the essence of Gower Champion. As a director, he is the relentless master of mindless mechanics. He has never paid more than trilling attention to the meaning of a show. A virtually meaningless show like *Irene* is an irresistible challenge to him since he can drive the cast and dancers into assembling the pieces, faster and faster and faster. As a result, his direction, like his choreography, slants all of his work toward farce, since that is a genre that depends on enforced pace rather than organic motion or felt emotion.

This approach suits the temperament of his star, Debbie Reynolds, who is a model of cool, scrubbed-up efficiency rather reminiscent of the Old Dutch cleanser ads. And does she work! It is as if she were performing some selfless public service that precluded the dis-

play of any private pleasure. She sings well, but without enchantment. She dances nimbly, but without any vivifying personal style. She acts acceptably without creating a character.

In all fairness, the distilled silliness of the plot does not aid her. Debbie is Irene O'Dare, an Irish-American piano tuner who lives in a Manhattan Ninth Avenue flat with her widowed mother (Patsy Kelly). On a tuning job at a Long Island mansion, she meets Donald Marshall (Monte Markham), heir to a family fortune. He is so impressed with her commercial savvy that he makes her a partner in a couturier venture sponsoring a man named Madame Lucy (George S. Irving). Love calls; the pair answers. Good night, Donald. Good night, Irene.

With a narrative line like that, scene stealing is almost a salvage operation. Irving steals several scenes with high-camp good humor, and Kelly plies her larcenous wiles outrageously, though if Broadway ever de-accessions him her situation could become perilous.

Those who hope to travel down memory lane with the score will find much of it a dusty detour. Only *Alice Blue Gown*, *You Made Me Love You* and the title song have survived 1919 with melodic vitality. Thanks be to Peter Gennaro's dance numbers for some lively eye openers at points in the story where one might be strongly tempted to doze off. They are executed with zest and finesse, and one number, *The Riviera Rage*, also possesses a saucy elegance.

What with ball scenes and soirées, there are several abortive hints that *Irene* intended to mimic *My Fair Lady*, but for that one needs Shaw as well as scenery. One also needs the sly romantic sorcery of champagne and *Irene* is drunk on Ovaltine.

■ T.E. Kalem

DEBBIE REYNOLDS (CENTER) IN DANCE NUMBER FROM "IRENE"



How radio sells except



Pick a market, any consumer market except one. You'll find radio sells it and sells it better than any other medium. And when we say better, we mean two things: reaching more people with your current ad budget, and reaching them with less waste.

How can we say this, and what's more important, can we prove it?

We can prove it. Later on in this ad, we'll give you some of the data that backs us up. But first, we'd like to give you the common-sense reasons for the tremendous power of radio.

Radio is really a term that applies to as wide a variety of programming as exists in the entertainment world. Actually radio is many media.

There's music radio. 10 kinds, at least. Sports radio. News radio. Talk radio. And combination radio—some or all of the above. Each of these types of radio could be broken down even further. Eventually, you'd come up with the different media that make up radio. Each reaches a market of people who choose that programming because it fits their lifestyle. So by using stations with audiences that match your market profile, you make a no-waste buy.



Now, for some brute facts

We'll start by telling you who listens.

96.6% of all Americans over the age of 12 listen to radio in a week. 96.9% of men 35-49 listen. 96.1% of all persons 18 and over. And so on. Useful information. It proves radio really delivers every major group (see chart just below).

Radio Reaches Over 90% of Every Market Weekly (except one)

Persons 12+	96.6%	Men 50+	93.5%
Teens 12-17	99.3%	Women 18+	95.5%
Persons 18+	96.1%	Women 18-34	99.5%
Men 18+	96.6%	Women 35-49	96.3%
Men 18-34	99.4%	Women 50+	91.5%
Men 35-49	96.9%		

SOURCE: RADAR

But now it's time to give you the daily radio listening habits of some important consumer groups that are hard to reach with other media:

Working women. 82.5% of them listen to radio in one normal weekday, but are hard to reach in tv.

Male professional and managerial people. 87.3% of them listen to radio in a weekday.

Homemakers 25-49 who are cough syrup users with children 6 to 11. 81.5% of them in a single day.

Or you pick a market, any consumer group, including your choice of a lot of light or non tv-watching markets. You'll find that market in radio.

Now that we've established the large percentage of people radio reaches we're going to compare its cost efficiency to tv.

Want to reach men earning \$15,000 plus? Radio 60's cost \$8 per thousand, tv 30's cost \$31. Women 18-34? Radio 60's cost \$4, tv 30's cost \$14. How about men 35-49? Radio, \$8, tv, \$25. Mothers of children under 2? Radio, \$13, tv, \$47. We could keep this up all day. And we're comparing radio prime time with tv prime time. The figures aren't ours. They're BBDO's.

You can see that radio is less expensive to use than tv. And you know that print is also far more costly.

every market, one.

Impact—radio packs a wallop.

A controlled-environment study shows that exposure to a radio commercial improved the brand choice of products by the same amount as equivalent dollars spent on tv.

In another study, this one on-air, it was proven that radio commercials produce about the same amount of recall as one tv spot (8% radio vs. 10% tv, but remember how much less you're paying for radio). So in our cost-per-thousand figures, we played fair. We compared apples with apples.

Except one.

The only market radio doesn't seem to reach as well is the kids . . . 6-to-11-year-olds. The figure for that group is 68.8%. Actually, almost 70% isn't bad at all. Until you start comparing it with the percentages radio reaches of the other demographic groups.

How about results?

We've shown radio should work. The statistics are in its favor. But now we'll tell you how well it has worked as reported by advertisers themselves at the Radio Workshop sponsored by the Association of National Advertisers and Radio Advertising Bureau.

A quality wine increased sales 77% because of an all-radio campaign.

A sausage became a household word in radio.

A national insurance company turned on its agents with heavy radio.

A flavoring product reversed a decline and won back share-of-market with radio.



These are just a few of the case histories picked from the files of Radio Advertising Bureau (RAB), the radio industry's national sales development arm.

RAB can help with media strategy, creative thinking, essential facts—free.

Media strategy: RAB will provide a computer sweep of W.R. Simmons data that will help you compare your present media with radio only, or radio in a mix. Free. We call this service MAPS for Media Alternatives Planning Systems.

Creative: We'll research competitors' commercials in our 10,000-commercial sound library. We'll hand you a reel, or we'll play it for you with comments about marketing problems like yours. Free.

Facts: You need facts. About a buy. Or anything connected with it. Every source devised by man or machine for measuring media is at your disposal.

Mail the coupon below to start an alliance for profit between you and RAB.

"Alliance for Profit" Services Available from RAB

- ☐ We would like to discuss a W.R. Simmons analysis of media alternatives (RAB MAPS service).
- ☐ We need case histories of successful advertisers in radio.
- ☐ We want a tape with examples of outstanding radio commercials.
- ☐ Other help? _____

NAME _____

TITLE _____

COMPANY _____

ADDRESS _____

RAB Mail to Radio Advertising Bureau, Inc.,
555 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

Space for this advertisement donated
in behalf of radio by CBS Radio.

Gimme Shelter

THE RAPE OF THE TAXPAYER

by PHILIP M. STERN

483 pages. Random House, \$10.

The rich are never more different from everyone else, as F. Scott Fitzgerald should have gone on to observe, than on the hateful ides of April. Most wage earners sweat over piles of canceled checks and interest statements just to worm their income total on Form 1040 backward by one bracket. But no self-respecting zillionaire would be caught within several lines of his real income before it has been vastly shaved by deductions, exemptions and exclusions.

According to a Brookings Institution study frequently cited in this book—an up-to-date and nontechnical work for the general reader—a family with an annual income of \$200,000 to \$500,000 in 1972 (IRS tax bracket: 50% to 70%) actually paid only 29.6% of it to the Treasury. That is about the same rate that a single person antes up on an income of \$15,000.

Raid. How is that possible? Author Stern began explaining the not-so-fine art of legal tax loopholing nine years ago in *The Great Treasury Raid*. Along with dozens of further abuses of income tax equity, he now raises the seriousness of his charge from a mere crime against property to an assault on the person—namely, the millions of ordinary people who must pay higher-than-necessary tax rates in order to finance a vast system of “tax welfare” for the super-rich.

Whatever the Rolling Stones had in mind, *Gimme Shelter* is the universal order of the rich to their tax lawyers. Nearly everyone is aware that some Texas oilmen regularly “drill away” their entire tax indebtedness by charging off the same amount as the cost of new drilling projects and at the same time keeping themselves comfortably afloat on the high tax savings allowed seekers of black gold. Less familiar is the fact that Christmas-tree growers successfully persuaded Congress to write a special provision into the tax law granting capital-gains benefits for their product after the IRS had ruled otherwise. Many tax experts believe that for each dollar in interest payments that state and local governments save on their tax-free bonds, the federal Treasury loses two dollars in income taxes; the winners are the super-rich, who own more than 90% of such individually held bonds precisely because of the tax-escape feature. In the highlyling late '60s, one study shows, no less than a third of all U.S. farm acquisitions were made by non-farmers, many of them wealthy city folk seeking a tax dodge.

Parts of this national roulette game fixed in favor of the upper brackets

came to view as an election issue last year, when Senator George McGovern proposed sweeping reforms that would have forced the rich to pay taxes far closer to their supposedly assigned level than they actually do. McGovern's tax goals, rather fuzzily calculated from the start, got badly tangled up in his corollary proposal to redistribute many of the tax proceeds to those on the lower end of the income scale. It happens that Author Stern personally favors a similar plan. But he is careful to point out that money saved by loophole closing could be used to reduce the tax burden on middle-income folk, too.

In fact, if all the escape routes that Stern classifies as loopholes were truly cut off, the Government could continue spending at its present level and still

cut overall personal tax rates by something like 40%. For example, under a table proposed by the Brookings Institution's tax expert, Joseph Pechman, a family of four with \$15,000 annual income would pay \$1,360 in federal income taxes, v. \$1,666 at present.

If, on the other hand, the nation resolved to use the taxes from now-sheltered income to clean up its air or fight crime, the Government, says Stern, would have \$77 billion in new funds, or about one-third of the 1973 federal budget.

No Loophole. That \$77 billion is a highly controversial figure. The largest single chunk of it is \$21.6 billion lost through income-splitting allowances like the advantage of a joint husband-and-wife return permitted to all couples. Stern believes that tax deductions for mortgage and installment-buying interest, to cite just one example that also could affect nearly everyone, should be ended right along with all those intangible drilling costs claimed by the rich. Thus it is clear that in Stern's version of the no-loophole world, by no means all of the howls of pain and rage would come from the fat cats. By far the most drastic change suggested in this book is the abolishment of capital-gains preferences. The proceeds from investments would then be taxed at exactly the same rate as income earned from jobs (though people who sold homes or stock that had accumulated value over many years would be allowed to average their gain over the time span).

Totting up the added billions to be gained from tax reforms, moreover, is only slightly less dangerous than setting out to find El Dorado. For example, it can be argued that if charitable deductions were disallowed, the federal bureaucracy would end up spending more in added social services for refugees from private agencies than it would get in new tax revenues. And if municipalities stopped issuing tax-free bonds, what sort of new subsidies would they need from Washington?

Furthermore, any wholesale tax revision runs the risk of creating economic dislocations. Wealthy families are a notable source of risk capital for new businesses that provide, if successful, new jobs and economic growth. Huge industries like house construction depend on the present tax structure and might be adversely affected for years if it is suddenly changed. In short, tax breaks—and especially the one for capital gains—provide a basic incentive for those who have money to do something more with it than collect interest on a savings account. Stern has clearly considered such arguments against “reform” to his own satisfaction, though not always to the reader's.

He is most trenchant, though, when he presents our present tax system as a national mess, maintained and constantly expanded by politicians who have to rely for their campaign financing on the very people who have the



PHILIP STERN



TAX PROTESTER IN TRADITIONAL GARB
The unfiner art of loopholing.

most to lose from any fair tax plan. It is all the more convincing because Stern, the heir to a Sears, Roebuck fortune who admits to using the shelters he wants to see abolished, would presumably be one of the victims of his own plan.

■ William R. Doerner

All in the Family

THE DIGGER'S GAME

by GEORGE V. HIGGINS
214 pages. Knopf. \$5.95.

The best American crime novelist now at work is George V. Higgins, who is also an Assistant U.S. Attorney for Massachusetts, a state rich in attorneys and in crime. Higgins' superiority seemed certain enough after *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*, his first novel, appeared two years ago. *The Digger's Game*, another wry look at Boston Irish lowlife, is his second try, and it is an even better maleficent than *Eddie Coyle*. No one else is turning out anything remotely like it in the concrete overshoes line.

Well and good. But who cares who killed Roger Ackroyd? The answer is, more will after they have read Higgins, though one should be careful to point out that a crime novel is hardly *Crime and Punishment*. It is not a perilous exploration of society's swamps or the depths of the soul, but a fast ride through the fun house. Scenery is shifted and re-painted, old frights are given new faces. The paying customers disembark laughing about something else after the predictable 200 pages, never having been in danger.

At first *The Digger's Game* seems to follow familiar tracks. It is swift-paced, hard, quickly finished. Yet Higgins' plot exposes character, which deteriorates, producing plot, which further defines character. This describes the intent and achievement, not of a formula thriller, even one that is well written, but of a conventional novel. Of course, one does not want to goad a man who writes well about thugs to write badly about something else. Higgins' most obvious strength, moreover, is a traditional one for crime novelists. His dialogue is brilliant. "All the time, I'm thinking. How do I get out of this? How'd I get into it? Doing something they know better'n something I know. Playing cards. I didn't play cards, fifteen years. I was always getting my brains beat out, playing cards. I don't know cards, cards're not my game. I know sports. I make a buck, it's because I know sports, I'm betting against somebody else, maybe knows sports, don't know sports so good."

That's the Digger, Jerry Doherty. Big, tough, dumb-smart, the owner of a workmen's bar. A sometime crook who has done time for possession of stolen TV sets. Now he's in trouble. He's flown out to Las Vegas and he's signed \$18,000 worth of markers. He doesn't have the money. Digger's immediate

The Orient comes easy — with Northwest Orient Tours.

Tour prices* include round-trip jet fare from West Coast; deluxe hotels (per person, double occupancy), dinners, sightseeing — and more!

Orient Escapade Tours.

To Japan, Taipei, Hong Kong. From 15 days, \$875, to 21 days, \$1185.

Orient Venture Tours.

To Japan, Taipei, Hong Kong. From 15 days, \$1011 to 30 days, \$2060.

Circle Pacific Odyssey.

Includes Australia, New Zealand, Bali and Fiji. 30 days, \$1595.

Deluxe Holiday Tours.

From \$1060 for 15 days in the Orient to \$2446 for 29 days 'round the world.

Luxury Tours.

23 in all, from \$1578 for 16 days in the Orient to \$5865 for 80 days 'round the world.

*Prices listed are subject to change due to currency fluctuation and anticipated air fare adjustments. U.S. transportation tax not included.



Northwest Orient Airlines
Tour Department 600
Minneapolis/St. Paul International Airport
St. Paul, Minnesota 55111

TI-OT-0326

Please send me complete information on:


<input type="checkbox"/> Orient Escapade Tours	<input type="checkbox"/> Orient Venture Tours	<input type="checkbox"/> Luxury Tours
<input type="checkbox"/> Circle Pacific Odyssey	<input type="checkbox"/> Deluxe Holiday Tours	

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

My travel agent is _____



FLY NORTHWEST ORIENT



VOLUNTEER PEACE CORPS/VISTA

Businessmen, lawyers, architects, medical personnel, engineers—you are needed now. Volunteer your skills & experience in developing nations overseas and U.S. One or two years. Expenses paid—travel, vacation, medical, living information: Bruce Mazze, ACTION, OCP Box 283, Washington, D.C. 20525.



GEORGE V. HIGGINS
Concrete overshoes.

problem is the Greek. It is the Greek who must collect the \$18,000 plus \$400 a week vigorish. He's tough, of course, but the idea of twisting the Digger's arm gives him cold sweats.

When their confrontation comes, the Digger tells the Greek to go climb a tree. But he knows he's going to have to pay anyway because the Greek knows people who can be hired to break other people's knees with baseball bats. He goes to see his brother Paul, a monsignor in Boston, who has helped him out of bad spots before.

Paul Doherty is as big as his brother, a plump priest in a pale yellow Lacoste shirt and white slacks, who is the Digger shifted several degrees in the direction of decency. His speech is the Digger's with the obscenity polished away. Before the Digger puts the bite on, they chat. The Digger admires Paul's Buick, and Paul says he always wanted a Cadillac, and the Digger says Cadillacs are nice.

"Yeah, but I can't buy a Cadillac. The parishioners, they wouldn't mind. Most of them have Cadillacs themselves. But Billy Maloney, sold me the Buick, he'd be angry. And Billy's a good friend of mine. Then there's the chanery. They wouldn't like it. You get yourself a Cadillac, in a way it's sort of like saying 'I've got all I want....' But then I started looking at those Limiteds."

Sacrificing this new Limited, Father Paul gives his brother \$3,000. But he won't mortgage his vacation cottage to raise the remaining \$15,000. So the Digger decides to remove the \$15,000 from a fur-storage warehouse. The caper succeeds, up to a point, and the Digger is able to shut up his wife, who has been muttering and crossing herself, by promising her a trip to San Juan.

There is trouble ahead—he knows it, she knows it, and they are right, because someone has tipped off the *federals*—but never mind. This perfect

small novel ends perfectly, as the Digger, a successful provider heavy with sin and satisfaction, follows his wife upstairs to their bedroom to receive his reward.

■ John Skow

Notable

THE RAINBIRD PATTERN
by VICTOR CANNING
244 pages, Morrow, \$6.95.

The engaging villain, sympathetic in his evil, is at least as old as Milton's Satan. But Victor Canning, a master craftsman of English thrillers, has managed to conjure up a variation. He is Edward Shoebridge, a saturnine hunter, a falconer who feels pollution and plastic closing in and coldly uses crime to raise the money to escape to some rustic Scandinavian fortress. His business is kidnapping high political figures in impeccable style. He takes his ransom in uncut diamonds.

Canning's story is brisk, but one cherishes his characters. Blanche Tyler, a blowily sensual gypsy medium, is commissioned, innocently enough, to locate Shoebridge as the heir to a fortune. Amiable George Lumley, a garrulous middle-aged failure, does Blanche's detective work for a fee—and a night in bed. Then there is Miss Rainbird, a conventional spinster and country heiress out of Jane Austen.

The story sometimes suggests James Bond in the 19th century. Blanche practices a tacky spiritualism, but Canning never quite debunks her ghosts. A spirit world flickers on the edges of the plot. The precise rationalism of government investigators softly edges toward the ambiguous realm of séances and contacts with the dead, like a drunk motorist drifting off the road. The total effect is eerily absorbing. At the end, Canning's story is a bit tricky and brutal, but it is somehow charming all the same, and even persuasively ominous.

HOWARD'S BAG
by DOUGLASS WALLOP
208 pages, Norton, \$6.95.

Unlike his fellow passengers on the 7:58 from Welton, Conn., Howard Carrew is no middle-class striver. He commutes to a corporate job in Manhattan each day all right, but he has long since decided that the rat race is tedious, unrewarding and—most important—unnecessary to his survival. Howard does have a vocation, however. He lies for fun and profit.

His deceptions are grand and complicated. He has persuaded his wife and his primary employer that the editorship of an occasionally published house organ constitutes demanding, full-time employment. His Manhattan mistress and his favorite bartender believe he is an agent for the CIA. To keep body and body together in town while financing family life in Connecticut, How-

ard secretly sells real estate. To him an old ruin is a "very good house for learning household skills."

Pinocchio's nose grew longer with each fib. Howard's merely twitches in private glee at each deception.

Up to this point, Douglass Wallop (*The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant*, *The Good Life*) has created an amusing if implausible scoundrel and a book that makes suitable summer reading on those winter flights to Miami or points south. The problem with *Howard's Bag* is how to teach an old gimmick new tricks. With preposterous ease, Howard's truth-loving new secretary catches on to his secret and converts him to her own uncomfortable creed. The reformed sinner sets off to attack conventional hypocrisy, instead of trading on it as he used to. The author apparently intended a series of hard and funny confrontations as Howard, now obsessed with mendacity, tries to force his neighbors to give up even the small lies that make life comfortable. Instead, the book softens to a moralistic goo.

EYE IN THE LAST STORM
by JAMES WILLWERTH
178 pages, Grossman, \$7.95.

It is a classical impulse for young men to test themselves in wartime. Willwerth went to Indochina as a TIME reporter in 1970-71 seeking "a place where I could be truly pulled apart and reassembled...a vision around some corner that will make everything fall into place." Naturally, he does not really find that vision. The sheer energy generated in reporting the Cambodian and Laotian invasions is followed by emptiness. As Willwerth tells it he got sick, homesick, bored and only aroused by the death of a photographer friend. Work is what pulls him through.

The book gives a very appealing sense of a good young reporter's old-fashioned professionalism. Willwerth's spare form, with its effort to "avoid history and politics wherever possible," naturally mixes death with lukewarm eggs, bad Saigon traffic, disappointing bar girls, and the other irritations Willwerth keeps counting. But the book brings the war home with fine, straight reportage on the G.I.s, their Calley debates and fraggings, and a heroin network he stumbles upon. When the year is up, Willwerth leaves Viet Nam, wondering whether his journalism mattered.

The fact that the war is now over will have only a slight effect upon the reader's reaction to the book because *Eye in the Last Storm* is so personal. How you feel about the book finally depends on how you feel about the author, who resembles a G.I. he meets on the way to cover Laos: "An odd mixture of rebellion and conventional attitudes. And he is lonely. He tells stories one after another as we walk to the river, as though no one has listened for a long time."

MEXICO

All the way. Every day.

From*	Leave	Arrive Mexico City	Arrive Acapulco
Chicago	9:55 a.m.	2:53 p.m.	3:06 p.m.
	4:30 p.m.	9:19 p.m.	9:30 p.m.
	9:30 a.m.	2:53 p.m.	3:06 p.m.
Denver	11:55 a.m. (Sat. only)	5:18 p.m.	6:29 p.m.
	12:25 p.m.	—	9:30 p.m.
	2:30 p.m.	9:19 p.m.	—
Des Moines	8:00 a.m.	2:53 p.m.	3:06 p.m.
Detroit	8:00 a.m. (Ex. Sun.)	2:53 p.m.	3:06 p.m.
	1:55 p.m.	9:19 p.m.	—
	8:10 a.m.	—	1:20 p.m.
Kansas City	10:40 a.m.	2:53 p.m.	3:06 p.m.
	12:40 p.m. (Sat. only)	5:18 p.m.	6:29 p.m.
	3:15 p.m.	9:19 p.m.	—
Memphis	10:15 a.m.	2:53 p.m.	3:06 p.m.
	1:10 p.m. (Sat. only)	5:18 p.m.	6:29 p.m.
	1:10 p.m.	9:19 p.m.	9:30 p.m.
Minneapolis-St. Paul	9:00 a.m.	2:53 p.m.	3:06 p.m.
	11:00 a.m. (Sat. only)	5:18 p.m.	6:29 p.m.
	3:15 p.m.	9:19 p.m.	—
Nashville	9:05 a.m.	2:53 p.m.	3:06 p.m.
Omaha	7:48 a.m.	2:53 p.m.	3:06 p.m.
	10:55 a.m. (Sat. only)	5:18 p.m.	6:29 p.m.
	10:55 a.m.	9:19 p.m.	—
Wichita	7:45 a.m.	2:53 p.m.	1:20 p.m.
	11:45 a.m. (Sat. only)	5:18 p.m.	6:29 p.m.
	1:20 p.m.	9:19 p.m.	—

*Flights are direct or via connections at Dallas, San Antonio or Kansas City.



Braniff International now flies more times from the Southwest to Mexico than any other airline.

We have 43 non-stops every week from Dallas-Fort Worth, Houston and San Antonio, Texas.

But what does that mean where you live? Wherever that may be, you're in or near a city we serve with daily flights to Mexico City and Acapulco.

Braniff to Mexico. We go all the way, every day. For reservations, call your travel agent or Braniff International.

You'll like flying Braniff Style.

BRANIFF

U.S. MAINLAND HAWAII MEXICO SOUTH AMERICA

**What makes
Mustang different
is the way
it looks, handles,
and makes you feel.**



Mustang options, many of which are shown on the Grandé model above, include automatic transmission, air conditioning, AM-FM stereo radio, power front disc brakes, white sidewall tires, steel-belted radial-ply tires, and more.



From top: Mustang Hardtop, Convertible, Mach I.



This luxurious Grandé interior is shown with optional arm rest/storage compartment.

Better idea for safety . . . buckle up!



There are at least three reasons why Ford Mustang has been the top-selling car in its class since 1965.

Good looks. Mustang is sporty and sleek. Inside and out. Your choice of five models: Mach I, SportsRoof, Grandé, Hardtop and Convertible.

Good handling. Mustang's low silhouette and compact size make its handling as beautiful as its looks. You get independent front suspension with anti-sway bar, for decisive sporty car handling

Now available with optional engines and power trains.

with a comfortable passenger-car ride.

Great feeling. Driving a Mustang adds up to a statement of personal style. It feels great to you . . . it looks great to whoever's watching.

Discover Mustang for '73, at your Ford Dealer's.

FORD MUSTANG

FORD DIVISION



DAVID RUBINER



EVANGELIST SHIRA LINDSAY

Unwelcome Immigrants

Israel's Law of Return offers automatic citizenship to any Jew who comes there to live. Some of the recent returnees, however, are hardly what Israeli legislators had in mind: zealous young Jews for Jesus (TIME, June 12), whose purpose in coming to the Promised Land is to engage in aggressive Christian evangelism. Some even passed out New Testament tracts at the Wailing Wall last year.

The proselytizers have mostly aimed their message at Israeli youth. Responding to the fears of alarmed Orthodox Jewish parents, Harold Fenton, a Jerusalem pharmacologist, has organized a spiritual counterattack. His committee has infiltrated Jews for Jesus meetings and discovered that some 1,270 youths (predominantly American Jews) are in operation. Fenton and friends now drop in on Christian youth hostels and missionary schools, seek out young Jews wearing Jesus buttons, and try to persuade them to move out.

The most bizarre immigrant is Shira Lindsay, 32, daughter of a Dallas Pentecostal evangelist. Shira converted to Judaism in Boston, then moved to Israel in 1970 to spread the Gospel. The rabbis in Boston have now annulled her conversion. Says Shira: "I do not want Jews to convert to Christianity. I merely want them to believe in Jesus and accept the New Testament."

The Jews for Jesus invasion and Fenton's counterattack have helped revive an Orthodox campaign to expel all Christian missions from Israel. Some of the uproar has spilled over into the Israeli government. Last month four Cabinet ministers were assigned to consider drafting a new law to curb "the Christian missionaries of the Jews for

Jesus movement." But Justice Minister Ya'acov Shapiro believes that Israel must continue its liberal policies toward other religions: "If you want to rule Jerusalem, you must accept this kind of thing." And the Liberal Party's Yitzhak Golan says: "In a democracy like Israel, ideology must be combatted with ideology and education, not by legislation."

Speaking to a trade-union group in Jerusalem, the Ashkenazic Chief Rabbi of Israel, Shlomo Goren, demanded that Israel "uproot this affliction. There is nothing antidemocratic about such legislation, and decent people of all faiths will support it." About the last point the rabbi is partly right, since most established Christian groups have little use for the Jews for Jesus and other overzealous evangelists. In a letter to the Jerusalem Post, Franciscan Father Joseph Cremona, who has lived in Israel for 30 years, protested the missionaries' efforts. "I am not here to suggest that the government curb missionary activity," he wrote, "but to suggest to these sects that they should not be so fanatical and aggressive, but respect the freedom of conscience of everyone."

Some militants are pursuing their own solutions. Two weeks ago, eleven members of the Jewish Defense League were charged with arson against a missionary bookstore. At a protest last at the Wailing Wall, the J.D.L.'s rabble-rousing Rabbi Meir Kahane announced, "If you lose a Jew in Auschwitz or through conversion, it's still a soul lost." He later proclaimed the formation of a 25-member countergroup called "Christians for Moses."

Pike's Medium

The Right Rev. James A. Pike's lifelong spiritual quest led him gradually away from Christian orthodoxy into controversial denials of such basic dogmas as the Trinity and Virgin Birth. Toward the end of his life, he began to explore the occult. Having resigned as Episcopal Bishop of California, he experimented with mediums, and claimed ghostly contacts with his suicide son, James Jr. In January 1971, Pike died after becoming lost in the Judean desert while attempting to retrace Jesus' steps in the wilderness.

In one eerie episode in September 1967, the Canadian Television Network broadcast a séance in which the Rev. Arthur Ford, a Disciples of Christ minister as well as a prominent medium, supposedly brought Pike into communication with his son and a number of other dead

acquaintances. Most critics dismissed the performance as theatrical charlatanism that embarrassingly exposed the bishop's gullibility.

Arthur Ford died in 1971 at the age of 73. Now Allen Spraggett, the Canadian journalist who brought Pike and Ford together for the TV séance, has published his own account of the incident. In *Arthur Ford: The Man Who Talked with the Dead* (New American Library; \$7.95), a biography written with William V. Rauscher, a close friend of Ford's and his literary legatee, Spraggett admits that he is a believer in Ford's psychic powers but says that Ford had the canny habit of cramming for many of his séances.

Gifted. In Pike's case, he came prepared with a headful of research about the bishop's past. Although Pike clearly believed that he was communicating with his son, Spraggett points out that the most elementary investigation into the bishop's background could have given Ford all the information he needed to fake the "contact"—facts about the Pike family's Slavic origins or James Jr.'s precarious mental health. During the séance, Ford purportedly made contact with a former colleague of Pike's, the Rev. Louis W. Pitt. Ford had said, somewhat with an air of mystery: "He tried, or people tried, twice to make a bishop of him, but failed." Spraggett observes that Ford had in his files a clip of Pitt's obituary in the *New York Times* in 1959, which mentioned that he had twice been a candidate for bishop of New York.

Spraggett, on the other hand, insists that there are a few references to people or events in the séance for which he could find no research in Ford's papers. The author concludes: "Personally, I think the evidence supports the hypothesis that Arthur Ford was a genuinely gifted psychic who, for various reasons, scrutable and inscrutable, fell back on trickery when he felt he had to."



FORD (BLINDFOLDED) & PIKE DURING SÉANCE
Sometimes research was useful.

The same broker that handles a big investor's money also handles a little investor's money. One of the ways he helps the little investor is to use us, Carlisle DeCoppet. A name you probably haven't heard before.

We are the little guy specialists. That's all we do. We handle purchases and sales of stock under 100 shares (often called "odd lots") for your New York Stock Exchange broker. And for every other New York Stock Exchange broker, too.

Using us has its advantages. It's our job to make sure every order is executed quickly and automatically. There's no waiting around for 100 shares to accumulate. We guarantee every order is handled with the same skill and care given those of 100 shares or more. That's our business. We guarantee that every small order is executed at the same price as the next sale of 100 shares or more. In addition to the normal commission you pay your broker, we add only 12½¢ per share to the price of the

stock for our services. And remarkably enough, our charge today is no more than it was 40 years ago.

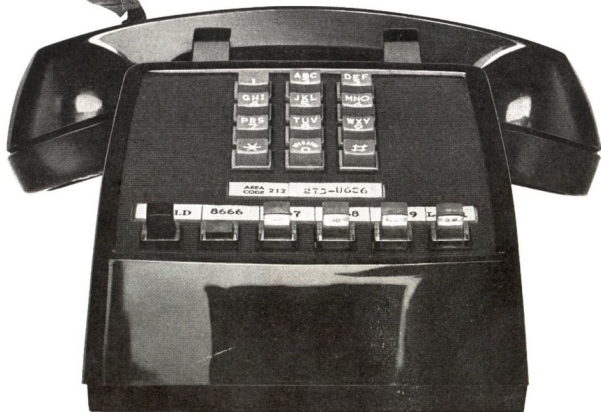
Comforting, isn't it, to know your broker uses Carlisle DeCoppet to handle your investment. Be it little. Or very little.

Carlisle DeCoppet.

We're the little guy specialists.
Members of the New York Stock Exchange, Inc.

**"Sure, when the big guys
call in an order on Wall St.
they get action.**

**But who takes care
of the little guy?"**





True.
But it shouldn't come as
any surprise.
You should expect to be
spoiled by the finest
Canadian whisky in the
world.
You should expect to be
spoiled by the Canadian that
tastes like no other Canadian.
Seagram's Crown Royal.
The legendary Canadian that's
made from the rarest whiskies
Canada has to offer.

The purple sack.
Once you open it you're spoiled for life.

Seagram's Crown Royal. Blended Canadian whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y., N.Y.



The name says it all:

Iceberg 10

Icy menthol flavor and only 10 mg. 'tar'

Less 'tar' than 99% of all menthol cigarettes sold. Yet Iceberg 10
—with the advanced Delta Design filter— delivers the full, fresh icy flavor you want.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.